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J. V.der Gucht Sculp.

Mr. SAMUEL BUTLER

Frontispiece.

Butler 12.

HUDIBRAS.

In THREE PARTS.

Written in the Time of the

LATE WARS.

Corrected and Amended:

WITH

ADDITIONS.

To which are added,

ANNOTATIONS,

And an exact

INDEX to the Whole.

Adorned with CUTTS, designed and engraved by Mr. HOGARTH.

LONDON,

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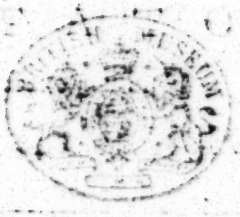

TO THE

READER.

POETA naſcitur non fit is a Sentence of as great Truth as Antiquity; it being moſt certain, that all the acquired Learning imaginable is inſufficient to complete a Poet, without a natural Genius and Propenſity to ſo noble and ſublime an Art. And we may without Offence obſerve, that many very learned Men, who have been ambitious to be thought Poets, have only rendered themſelves obnoxious to that ſatyrical Inſpiration, our Author wittily invokes:

Which made them, tho' it were in Spight
Of Nature and their Stars, to write.

On the other Side, ſome who have had very little human Learning, but were endued with a large Share of natural Wit and Parts, have become the moſt celebrated* Poets of the Age they lived in. But, as theſe laſt are, Raræ aves in terris; ſo when the Muſes have not diſdained the Aſſiſtances of other Arts and Sciences, we are then bleſſed with thoſe laſting Monuments of Wit and Learning, which may juſtly claim a kind of Eternity upon Earth. And our Author, had his Modeſty permitted him, might with HORACE have ſaid,

* *Shakeſpear, D'Avenant,* &c.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius;

Or with OVID,

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas.

The Author of this celebrated Poem was of this laſt Compoſition; for although he had not the Happineſs of an Academical Education, as ſome affirm, it may be perceived, throughout his whole Poem, that he had read much, and was very well accompliſhed in the moſt uſeful Parts of human Learning.

RAPIN (in his Reflections) ſpeaking of the neceſſary Qualities belonging to a Poet, tells us, he muſt have a Genius extraordinary; great natural Gifts; a Wit juſt, fruitful, piercing, ſolid and univerſal; an Underſtanding clear and diſtinct; an Imagination neat and pleaſant; an Elevation of Soul, that depends not only on Art or Study, but is purely the Gift of Heaven, which muſt be ſuſtained by a lively Senſe and Vivacity; Judgment to conſider wiſely of Things, and Vivacity for the beautiful Expreſſion of them, &c.

Now, how juſtly this Character is due to our Author, I leave to the impartial Reader, and thoſe of nicer Judgments, who had the Happineſs to be more intimately acquainted with him.

The Reputation of this incomparable Poem is ſo thoroughly eſtabliſhed in the World, that it would be ſuperfluous, if not impertinent, to endeavour any Panegyrick upon it. King CHARLES II, whom the judicious Part of Mankind will readily acknowledge to be a ſovereign Judge of Wit, was ſo great an Admirer of it, that he would often pleaſantly quote it in his

his Converſation: However, ſince moſt Men have a Curioſity to have ſome Account of ſuch anonymous Authors, whoſe Compoſitions have been eminent for Wit or Learning; I have been deſired to oblige them with ſuch Informations, as I could receive from thoſe who had the Happineſs to be acquainted with him, and alſo to rectify the Miſtakes of the Oxford Antiquary, in his Athenæ Oxonienſes, concerning him.

THE AUTHOR's LIFE.

SAMUEL BUTLER, the Author of this excellent Poem, was born in the Pariſh of Strenſham, in the County of Worceſter, and baptized there the 13th of Feb. 1612. His Father, who was of the ſame Name, was an honeſt Country Farmer, who had ſome ſmall Eſtate of his own, but rented a much greater of the Lord of the Manor where he lived. However, perceiving in this Son an early Inclination to Learning, he made a ſhift to have him educated in the Free-School at Worceſter, under Mr. HENRY BRIGHT; where having paſſed the uſual Time, and being become an excellent School-Scholar, he went for ſome little Time to Cambridge, but was never matriculated into that Univerſity, his Father's Abilities not being ſufficient to be at the Charge of an Academical Education; ſo that our Author returned ſoon into his native Country, and became Clerk to one Mr. JEFFERYS of Earls-Croom, an eminent Juſtice of the Peace for that County, with whom he lived ſome Years, in an eaſy and no contemptible Service. Here, by the Indulgence of a kind Maſter, he had ſufficient Leiſure to apply himſelf to whatever Learning his Inclinations

clinations led him, which were chiefly Hiſtory and Poetry; to which, for his Diverſion, he joined Muſick and Painting; and I have ſeen ſome Pictures, ſaid to be of his Drawing, which remained in that Family; which I mention not for the Excellency of them, but to ſatisfy the Reader of his early Inclinations to that noble Art; for which alſo he was afterwards entirely beloved by Mr. SAMUEL COOPER, one of the moſt eminent Painters of his Time.

He was, after this, recommended to that great Encourager of Learning, ELIZABETH Counteſs of Kent, where he had not only the Opportunity to conſult all manner of learned Books, but to converſe alſo with that living Library of Learning, the great Mr. SELDEN.

Our Author lived ſome Time alſo with Sir SAMUEL LUKE, who was of an ancient Family in Bedfordſhire; but, to his Diſhonour, an eminent Commander under the Uſurper OLIVER CROMWELL: And then it was, as I am informed, he compoſed this loyal Poem. For, though Fate, more than Choice, ſeems to have placed him in the Service of a Knight ſo notorious, both in his Perſon and Politicks, yet, by the Rule of Contraries, one may obſerve throughout his whole Poem, that he was moſt orthodox, both in his Religion and Loyalty. And I am the more induced to believe he wrote it about that Time, becauſe he had then the Opportunity to converſe with thoſe living Characters of Rebellion, Nonſenſe, and Hypocriſy, which he ſo lively and pathetically expoſes throughout the whole Work.

After the Reſtoration of King CHARLES II, thoſe who were at the Helm minding Money more than

Merit, our Author found that Verſe in JUVENAL to be exactly verified in himſelf:

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat
Res anguſta domi:

And being endued with that innate Modeſty, which rarely finds Promotion in Princes Courts; he became Secretary to RICHARD Earl of Carbury, Lord Preſident of the Principality of Wales, who made him Steward of Ludlow-Caſtle, when the Court there was revived. About this Time he married one Mrs. HERBERT, a Gentlewoman of a very good Family, but no Widow, as our Oxford Antiquary has reported: She had a competent Fortune, but it was moſt of it unfortunately loſt, by being put out on ill Securities, ſo that it was little Advantage to him. He is reported by our Antiquary to have been Secretary to his Grace GEORGE Duke of Buckingham, when he was Chancellor to the Univerſity of Cambridge; but whether that be true or no, it is certain, the Duke had a great Kindneſs for him, and was often a Benefactor to him. But no Man was a more generous Friend to him, than that MECÆNAS of all learned and witty Men, CHARLES Lord Buckhurſt, the late Earl of Dorſet and Middleſex, who, being himſelf an excellent Poet, knew how to ſet a juſt Value upon the ingenious Performances of others, and has often taken care privately to relieve and ſupply the Neceſſities of thoſe, whoſe Modeſty would endeavour to conceal them; of which our Author was a ſignal Inſtance, as ſeveral others have been, who are now living. In fine, the Integrity of his Life, the Acuteneſs of his Wit, and Eaſineſs of his Converſation, had rendered him moſt acceptable to all Men; yet he prudently avoided Multiplicity of Acquaintance, and wiſely choſe

ſuch

ſuch only whom his diſcerning Judgment could diſtinguiſh (as Mr. COWLEY expreſſeth it)

From the great Vulgar or the ſmall.

And having thus lived to a good old Age, admired by all, though perſonally known to few, he departed this Life in the Year 1680, and was buried at the Charge of his good Friend Mr. LONGUEVIL of the Temple, in the Yard belonging to the Church of St. PAUL's Covent-Garden, at the Weſt End of the ſaid Yard, on the North Side under the Wall of the ſaid Church, and under that Wall which parts the Yard from the common Highway. And ſince he has no Monument yet ſet up for him, give me leave to borrow his Epitaph from that of MICHAEL DRAYTON the Poet, as the Author of Mr. COWLEY's has partly done before me:

And tho' no Monument can claim
To be the Treaſurer of thy Name;
This Work, which ne'er will die, ſhall be
An everlaſting Monument to thee.

The Characters of this Poem are for the moſt part obvious, even to the meaneſt Pretenders to Learning or Hiſtory; nor can ſcarce any one be ſo ignorant, as not to know that the chief Deſign thereof is a Satyr againſt thoſe Incendiaries of Church and State, who in the late Rebellion, under Pretence of Religion, murdered the beſt of Kings, to introduce the worſt of Governments; deſtroyed the beſt of Churches, that Hypocriſy, Novelty, and Nonſenſe might be predominant amongſt us; and overthrew our wholeſome Laws and Conſtitutions, to make Way for their bleſſed Anarchy and Confuſion, which at

laſt ended in Tyranny. But ſince, according to the Proverb, None are ſo blind as they that will not ſee; ſo thoſe who are not reſolved to be invincibly ignorant, I refer, for their farther Satisfaction, to the Hiſtories of Mr. FOWLIS of Preſbytery, and Mr. WALKER of Independency; but more eſpecially to that incomparable Hiſtory lately publiſhed, wrote by EDWARD Earl of Clarendon; which are ſufficient to ſatisfy any unbiaſſed Perſon, that his general Characters are not fictitious: And I could heartily wiſh theſe Times were ſo reformed, that they were not applicable to ſome even now living. However, there being ſeveral particular Perſons reflected on, which are not commonly known, and ſome old Stories and uncouth Words, which want Explication, we have thought fit to do that Right to their Memories, and, for the better Information of the leſs learned Readers, to explain them in ſome Additional Annotations at the End of this Edition.

How often the Imitation of this Poem has been attempted, and with how little Succeſs, I leave the Readers to judge: In the Year 1663, there came out a ſpurious Book, called the Second Part of HUDIBRAS; which is reflected upon by our Author, under the Character of WHACUM, towards the latter End of his Second Part: Afterwards came out the DUTCH and SCOTCH HUDIBRAS, BUTLER's Ghoſt, the Occaſional HYPOCRITE, and ſome others of the ſame Nature, which compared with this (VIRGIL TRAVESTY excepted) deſerve only to be condemned Ad Ficum & Piperem; or, if you pleaſe, to more baſe and ſervile Offices.

Some

Some vain Attempts have been likewiſe made to tranſlate ſome Parts of it into LATIN, but how far they fall ſhort of that Spirit of the ENGLISH Wit, I leave the meaneſt Capacity, that underſtands them, to judge. The following Similies I have heard were done by the learned Dr. HARMER, once GREEK Profeſſor at Oxon.

So learned TALIACOTIUS from, &c.

Sic adſcititios naſos de clune toroſi
Vectoris, docta ſecuit TALICOTIUS arte:
Qui potuere parem durando æquare parentem,
At poſtquam fato clunis computruit, ipſum
Una ſympathicum cœpit tabeſcere roſtrum.

So Wind in th' HYPOCONDRES pent, &c.

Sic HYPOCONDRIACIS incluſa meatibus aura
Deſinet in crepitum, ſi fertur prona per alvum;
Sed ſi ſumma petat, montiſque invaſerit arcem,
Divinus furor eſt, & conſcia flamma futuri.

So Lawyers, leſt the Bear Defendant, &c.

Sic legum myſtæ, ne forſan pax foret, urſam
Inter furantem ſeſe, actoremque Moloſſum;
Faucibus injiciunt clavos dentiſque refigunt.
Luctanteſque canes coxis, femoriſque revellunt.
Errores juſtaſque moras obtendere certis,
Judiciumque prius revocare ut prorſus iniquum.
Tandem poſt aliquod breve reſpiramen utrinque,
Ut pugnas iterent, crebris hortatibus urgent,
Eja! agite ô cives, iterumque in prælia tradunt.

There are ſome Verſes, which, for Reaſons of State, eaſy to be gueſſed at, were thought fit to be omitted in the firſt Impreſſion, as theſe which follow:

Did not the learned GLYN and MAYNARD,
To make good Subjects Traytors, ſtrain hard?
Was not the King, by Proclamation,
Declar'd a Traytor thro' the Nation?

And now I heartily wiſh I could gratify your farther Curioſity with ſome of thoſe golden Remains, which are in the Cuſtody of Mr. L——VIL; but not having the Happineſs to be very well acquainted with him, nor Intereſt to procure them, I deſire you will be content with the following Copy, which the ingenious Mr. AUBREY aſſures he had from the Author himſelf:

No JESUIT e'er took in hand
To plant a Church in barren Land;
Nor ever thought it worth the while
A SWEDE or RUSS to reconcile:
For where there is no Store of Wealth,
Souls are not worth the Charge of Health.
SPAIN in AMERICA had two Deſigns
To ſell their Goſpel for their Mines:
For had the MEXICANS been poor,
No SPANIARD twice had landed on their Shore.
'Twas Gold the Catholic Religion planted,
Which, had they wanted Gold, they ſtill had wanted.

The OXFORD Antiquary aſcribes to our Author two Pamphlets, ſuppoſed falſly, as he ſays, to be WILLIAM PRYN's: The one intitled, Mola Aſinaria:

or, The unreaſonable and inſupportable Burthen, preſſed upon the Shoulders of this groaning Nation, &c.. London, 1659, in one Sheet 4to. The other, Two Letters, one from JOHN AUDLAND, a Quaker, to WILLIAM PRYN; the other, PRYN's Anſwer, in three Sheets in Folio, 1672.

I have alſo ſeen a ſmall Poem, of one Sheet in Quarto, on DU VALL, a notorious Highwayman, ſaid to be wrote by our Author; but, how truly, I know not.

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of THE FIRST CANTO.

Sir HUDIBRAS *his passing Worth,*
The Manner how he sally'd forth;
His Arms and Equipage are shown;
His Horse's Virtues and his own.
Th' Adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

CANTO I.

WHEN civil a Dungeon first grew high,
And Men fell out they knew not why:
When hard Words, Jealousies, and Fears
Set Folks together by the Ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for Punk;
Whose Honesty they all durst swear for,
Tho' not a Man of them knew wherefore:
When Gospel-Trumpeter, surrounded
With long-ear'd Rout, to Battle sounded,

And

BRITISH
22 DE 40
MUSEUM

And Pulpit, Drum eccleſiaſtic,
Was beat with Fiſt, inſtead of a Stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon Dwelling,
And out he rode a colonelling.
A Wight he was, whoſe very Sight wou'd
Intitle him, Mirrour of Knighthood;
That never bow'd his ſtubborn Knee
To any thing but Chivalry;
Nor put up Blow, but that which laid
Right worſhipful on Shoulder-Blade:
Chief of domeſtick Knights and Errant,
Either for Chartel, or for Warrant:
Great on the Bench, great in the Saddle,
That [b] could as well bind o'er, as ſwaddle;
Mighty he was at both of theſe,
And ſtyl'd of War, as well as Peace.
(So ſome Rats of amphibious Nature
Are either for the Land or Water.)
But here our Authors make a Doubt,
Whether he were more wiſe or ſtout.
Some hold the one, and ſome the other;
But howſoe'er they make a Pother,
The Diff'rence was ſo ſmall, his Brain
Outweigh'd his Rage but half a Grain;
Which made ſome take him for a Tool
That Knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
For't has been held by many, that
As MONTAIGNE [c], playing with his Cat,
Complains ſhe thought him but an Aſs,
Much more ſhe wou'd Sir HUDIBRAS;
(For that's the Name our valiant Knight
To all his Challenges did write.)
But they're miſtaken very much,
'Tis plain enough he was no ſuch:

We

We grant altho' he had much Wit,
H' was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on Holy-days, or so,
As Men their best Apparel do.
Beside, 'tis known he cou'd speak GREEK
As naturally as Pigs squeek:
That LATIN was no more difficile,
Than to a Blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His Bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either wou'd afford
To many, that had not one Word.
For HEBREW Roots, altho' they're found
To flourish most in barren Ground,
He had such Plenty, as suffic'd
To make some [d] think him circumcis'd:
And truly so he was, perhaps,
Not as a Proselyte, but for Claps.
He was in LOGICK a great Critick,
Profoundly skill'd in [e] Analytick;
He cou'd distinguish, and divide
A Hair 'twixt South and South-West Side;
On either which he wou'd dispute,
Confute, change Hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove by Force
Of Argument a Man's no Horse;
He'd prove a Buzzard is no Fowl,
And that a Lord may be an Owl;
A Calf an Alderman, a Goose a Justice,
And Rooks Committee-Men and Trustees.
He'd run in Debt by Disputation,
And pay with Ratiocination.

All

All this by Syllogiſm, true
In Mood and Figure, he wou'd do.
For RHETORICK, he cou'd not ope
His Mouth, but out there flew a Trope:
And when he happen'd to break off
I'th' middle of his Speech, or cough,
H' had hard Words ready to ſhew why,
And tell what Rules he did it by:
Elſe when with greateſt Art he ſpoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other Folk.
For all a Rhetorician's Rules
Teach nothing but to name his Tools.
But, when he pleas'd to ſhew't, his Speech.
In Loftineſs of Sound was rich;
A Babyloniſh [f] Dialect,
Which learned Pedants much affect;
It was a party-colour'd Dreſs
Of patch'd and pye-ball'd Languages:
'Twas Engliſh cut on Greek and Latin,
Like Fuſtian heretofore on Sattin.
It had an odd promiſcuous Tone,
As if h' had talk'd three Parts in one;
Which made ſome think, when he did gabble,
Th' had three Labourers of Babel;
Or [g] CERBERUS himſelf pronounce
A Leaſh of Languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his Stock would ne'er be ſpent;
And truly, to ſupport that Charge,
He had Supplies as vaſt and large:
For he cou'd coin or counterfeit
New Words, with little or no Wit;
Words ſo debas'd and hard, no Stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;

And

And when with haſty Noiſe he ſpoke 'em,
The Ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the [h] Orator, who once
Did fill his Mouth with Pebble-Stones
When he harangu'd, but known his Phraſe,
He wou'd have us'd no other Ways.
In MATHEMATICKS he was greater
Than [i] TYCHO BRAHE, or ERRA PATER:
For he, by Geometrick Scale,
Could take the Size of Pots of Ale;
Reſolve by Sines and Tangents, ſtraight,
If Bread or Butter wanted Weight;
And wiſely tell what Hour o' the Day
The Clock does ſtrike, by Algebra.
Beſide, he was a ſhrewd PHILOSOPHER,
And had read ev'ry Text and Gloſs over:
Whate'er the crabbed'ſt Author hath,
He underſtood b' implicit Faith:
Whatever [k] Sceptick could enquire for,
For ev'ry Why, he had a Wherefore:
Knew more than forty of them do,
As far as Words and Terms cou'd go.
All which he underſtood by Rote,
And, as Occaſion ſerv'd, would quote:
No Matter whether right or wrong,
They might be either ſaid, or ſung.
His Notions fitted Things ſo well,
That which was which he cou'd not tell;
But oftentimes miſtook the one
For th' other, as great Clerks have done.
He cou'd [l] reduce all Things to Acts,
And knew their Natures by Abſtracts;
Where Entity and Quiddity,
The Ghoſts of defunct Bodies, fly;

Where

Where [m] Truth in Perſon does appear,
Like Words [n] congeal'd in Northern Air,
He knew what's what, and that's as high
As Metaphyſick Wit can fly.
In School-Divinity as able
As [o] he that hight, Irrefragable;
A ſecond [p] THOMAS, or at once
To name them all, another DUNCE:
Profound in all the nominal
And real Ways beyond them all;
For he a Rope of Sand cou'd twiſt
As [q] tough as learned SORBONIST;
And weave fine Cobwebs, fit for Scull
That's empty when the Moon is full;
Such as take Lodgings in a Head
That's to be let unfurniſhed.
He cou'd raiſe Scruples dark and nice,
And after ſolve 'em in a Trice,
As if Divinity had catch'd
The Itch, on Purpoſe to be ſcratch'd;
Or, like a Mountebank, did wound
And ſtab herſelf with Douts profound,
Only to ſhew with how ſmall Pain
The Sores of Faith are cur'd again;
Altho' by woful Proof we find,
They always leave a Scar behind.
He knew [r] the Seat of Paradiſe,
Cou'd tell in what Degree it lies:
And, as he was diſpos'd, cou'd prove it,
Below the Moon, or elſe above it.
What ADAM dreamt of, when his Bride
Came from her Cloſet in his Side:
Whether the Devil tempted her
By a [s] High-Dutch Interpreter:

If

If either of them [t] had a Navel:
Who firſt [u] made Muſick malleable:
Whether the Serpent, at the Fall,
Had cloven Feet, or none at all.
All this, without a Gloſs or Comment,
He cou'd unriddle in a Moment,
In proper Terms, ſuch as Men ſmatter,
When they throw out and miſs the Matter.
For his RELIGION, it was fit
To match his Learning and his Wit;
'Twas Preſbyterian True-Blue,
For he was of that ſtubborn Crew
Of Errant Saints, whom all Men grant
To be the true Church militant:
Such as do build their Faith upon
The holy Text of Pike and Gun;
Decide all Controverſies by
Infallible Artillery;
And prove their Doctrine orthodox
By apoſtolick Blows and Knocks;
Call Fire, and Sword, and Deſolation,
A godly thorough Reformation,
Which always muſt be carry'd on,
And ſtill be doing, never done:
As if Religion were intended
For nothing elſe but to be mended.
A Sect whoſe chief Devotion lies
In odd perverſe Antipathies:
In falling out with that or this,
And finding ſomewhat ſtill amiſs:
More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetick,
Than Dog diſtract, or Monkey ſick:
That with more Care keep Holy-day
The wrong, than others the right Way:

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Compound for Sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning thoſe they have no Mind to.
Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
As if they worſhipp'd God for Spight.
The ſelf-ſame Thing they will abhor
One Way, and long another for.
Free-Will they one Way diſavow,
Another, nothing elſe allow.
All Piety conſiſts therein
In them, in other Men all Sin.
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love moſt tenderly;
Quarrel with Minc'd-Pies, and diſparage
Their beſt and deareſt Friend Plum-Porridge;
Fat Pig and Gooſe itſelf oppoſe,
And blaſpheme Cuſtard thro' the Noſe.
Th' Apoſtles of this fierce Religion,
Like MAHOMET's [w], were Aſs and Widgeon.
To whom our Knight, by faſt Inſtinct
Of Wit and Temper, was ſo linkt,
As if Hypocriſy and Nonſenſe
Had got th' Advowſon of his Conſcience.
Thus was he gifted and accouter'd,
We mean on th' Inſide, not the outward,
That next of all we ſhall diſcuſs;
Then liſten, Sirs, it follows thus:
His tawny Beard was th' equal Grace
Both of his Wiſdom and his Face;
In Cut and Dye ſo like a Tile;
A ſudden View it would beguile:
The upper Part thereof was Whey,
The nether Orange mix'd with Grey.
This hairy Meteor did denounce
The Fall of Scepters and of Crowns:

With

With grisly Type did represent
Declining Age of Government;
And tell with hieroglyphick Spade,
Its own Grave and the State's were made.
Like SAMPSON's Heart-Breakers, it grew
In Time to make a Nation rue;
Tho' it contributed its own Fall,
To wait upon the publick Downfal.
It was x monastick, and did grow
In holy Orders by strict Vow;
Of Rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordeliere:
'Twas bound to suffer Persecution,
And Martyrdom with Resolution;
T' oppose itself against the Hate
And Vengeance of th' incensed State:
In whose Defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn,
With red-hot Irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd.
Maugre all which, 'twas to stand fast,
As long as Monarchy should last;
But when the State should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal Steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A Sacrifice to Fall of State;
Whose Thread of Life the Fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its Whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In Life or Death, their Fortunes sever;
But with his rusty Sickle mow
Both down together at a Blow.
So learned TALIACOTIUS y, from
The brawny Part of Porter's Bum,

Cut

Cut ſupplemental Noſes, which
Would laſt as long as Parent Breech;
But when the Date of Nock was out,
Off dropp'd the ſympathetick Snout.
His Back, or rather Burthen, ſhow'd,
As if it ſtoop'd with its own Load.
For as Æneas he bore his Sire,
Upon his Shoulders thro' the Fire,
Our Knight did bear no leſs a Pack
Of his own Buttocks on his Back:
Which now had almoſt got the Upper-
Hand of his Head, for want of Crupper.
To poiſe this equally he bore
A Paunch of the ſame Bulk before:
Which ſtill he had a ſpecial Care
To keep well cramm'd with thrifty Fare;
As White-Pot, Butter-Milk, and Curds,
Such as a Country-Houſe affords;
With other Victual, which anon
We farther ſhall dilate upon,
When of his Hoſe we come to treat,
The Cup-board, where he kept his Meat.
His Doublet was of ſturdy Buff,
And tho' not Sword, yet Cudgel-proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his Uſe,
Who fear'd no Blows, but ſuch as bruiſe.
His Breeches were of rugged Woollen,
And had been at the Siege of Bullen;
To old King Harry ſo well known,
Some Writers held they were his own.
Thro' they were lin'd with many a Piece
Of Ammunition Bread and Cheeſe;
And fat Black-Puddings, proper Food
For Warriors that delight in Blood.

For

For, as we ſaid, he always choſe
To carry Victle in his Hoſe,
That often tempted Rats and Mice
The Ammunition to ſurpriſe:
And when he put a Hand but in
The one or th' other Magazine,
They ſtoutly in Defence on't ſtood,
And from the wounded Foe drew Blood;
And 'till th' were ſtorm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortify'd Redoubt.
And tho' Knights Errant, as ſome think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Becauſe when thorough Deſarts vaſt
And Regions deſolate they paſt,
Where Belly-Timber above Ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unleſs they graz'd, there's not one Word
Of their Proviſion on Record;
Which made ſome confidently write,
They had no Stomachs, but to fight:
'Tis falſe; for a ARTHUR wore in Hall
Round Table like a Farthingal,
On which with Shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good Knights din'd.
Though 'twas no Table ſome ſuppoſe,
But a huge Pair of round Trunk-Hoſe:
In which he carry'd as much Meat
As he and all the Knights cou'd eat,
When laying by their Swords and Truncheons,
They took their Breakfaſts, or their Nuncheons.
But let that paſs at preſent, leſt
We ſhou'd forget where we digreſt,
As learned Authors uſe, to whom
We leave it, and to th' Purpoſe come.

His

His puiſſant Sword unto his Side,
Near his undaunted Heart, was ty'd;
With Baſket-Hilt, that would hold Broth,
And ſerve for Fight and Dinner both:
In it he melted Lead for Bullets,
To ſhoot at Foes, and ſometimes Pullets,
To whom he bore ſo fell a Grutch,
He ne'er gave Quarter t' any ſuch.
The trenchant Blade, [b] Toledo truſty,
For want of fighting was grown ruſty,
And ate into itſelf, for lack
Of ſome body to hew and hack.
The peaceful Scabbard, where it dwelt,
The Rancour of its Edge had felt:
For of the lower End two Handful
It had devoured, 'twas ſo manful,
And ſo much ſcorn'd to lurk in Eaſe,
As if it durſt not ſhew its Face.
In many deſperate Attempts,
Of Warrants, Exigents, Contempts,
It had appear'd with Courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum, invading Shoulder.
Oft had it ta'en Poſſeſſion,
And Pris'ners too, or made them run.
This Sword a Dagger had his Page,
That was but little for his Age:
And therefore waited on him ſo,
As Dwarfs upon Knights Errant do.
It was a ſerviceable Dudgeon,
Either for fighting or for drudging.
When it had ſtabb'd, or broke a Head,
It would ſcrape Trenchers, or chip Bread,
Toaſt Cheeſe or Bacon, tho' it were
To bait a Mouſe-Trap, 'twou'd not care.

'Twould make clean Shoes, and in the Earth
Set Leeks and Onions, and ſo forth.
It had been 'Prentice to a Brewer,
Where this and more it did endure;
But left the Trade [c], as many more
Have lately done on the ſame Score.
In th' Holſters at his Saddle-Bow
Two aged Piſtols he did ſtow,
Among the Surplus of ſuch Meat
As in his Hoſe he could not get.
Theſe would inveigle Rats with th' Scent,
To forage when the Cocks were bent;
And ſometimes catch 'em with a Snap,
As cleverly as th' ableſt Trap.
They were upon hard Duty ſtill,
And ev'ry Night ſtood Centinel,
To guard the Magazine i' th' Hoſe
From two-legg'd and from four-legg'd Foes.
Thus clad and fortify'd, Sir Knight
From peaceful Home ſet forth to fight.
But firſt with nimble active Force
He got on th' Outſide of his Horſe:
For having but one Stirrup ty'd
T' his Saddle, on the further Side,
It was ſo ſhort, h' had much ado
To reach it with his deſp'rate Toe.
But, after many Strains and Heaves,
He got up to the Saddle-Eaves,
From whence he vaulted into th' Seat,
With ſo much Vigour, Strength and Heat,
That he had almoſt tumbled over
With his own Weight, but did recover,
By laying hold on Tail and Main,
Which oft he us'd inſtead of Rein.

But

But now we talk of mounting Steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to ſay ſomething
Of that which bore our valiant Bumkin.
The Beaſt was ſturdy, large, and tall,
With Mouth of Meal, and Eyes of Wall;
I wou'd ſay Eye, for h' had but one,
As moſt agree, tho' ſome ſay none.
He was well ſtay'd, and in his Gate
Preſerv'd a grave, majeſtick State.
At Spur or Switch no more he ſkipt,
Or mended Pace, than Spaniard whipt:
And yet ſo fiery, he wou'd bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the Ground:
That CÆSAR's Horſe d, who, as Fame goes,
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes,
Was not by half ſo tender-hooſt
Nor trod upon the Ground ſo ſoft.
And as that Beaſt would kneel and ſtoop
(Some write) to take his Rider up:
So HUDIBRAS his ('tis well known)
Wou'd often do to ſet him down.
We ſhall not need to ſay what Lack
Of Leather was upon his Back:
For that was hidden under Pad,
And Breech of Knight gall'd full as bad.
His ſtrutting Ribs on both Sides ſhow'd
Like Furrows he himſelf had plow'd:
For underneath the Skirt of Pannel,
'Twixt ev'ry two there was a Channel.
His draggling Tale hung in the Dirt,
Which on his Rider he wou'd flurt,
Still as his tender Side he prick'd
With arm'd Heel, or with unarm'd kick'd:

For HUDIBRAS wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing cou'd he stir
To active Trot one Side of's Horse,
The other wou'd not hang an Arse.
A Squire he had, whose Name was RALPH,
That in th' Adventure went his half.
Though Writers, for more stately Tone,
Do call him RALPHO, 'tis all one:
And when we can with Metre safe,
We'll call him so; if not, plain RAPH,
(For Rhyme the Rudder is of Verses,
With which, like Ships, they steer their Courses.)
An equal Stock of Wit and Valour
He had laid in, by Birth a Taylor.
The mighty Tyrian Queen, that gain'd
With subtle Shreds a Tract of Land,
Did leave it with a Castle fair
To his great Ancestor, her Heir;
From him descended cross-legg'd Knights,
Fam'd for their Faith, and warlike Fights
Against the bloody Canibal,
Whom they destroy'd both great and small.
This sturdy Squire, he had, as well
As the f bold Trojan Knight, seen Hell,
Not with a counterfeited Pass
Of golden Bough, but true Gold-Lace.
His Knowledge was not far behind
The Knight's, but of another Kind,
And he another Way came by't:
Some call it GIFTS, and some NEW-LIGHT.
A liberal Art, that costs no Pains
Of Study, Industry, or Brains.
His Wit was sent him for a Token,
But in the Carriage crack'd and broken.

Like

Like Commendation Nine-pence crook'd
With—To and from my Love—it look'd.
He ne'er conſider'd it, as loth
To look a Gift-Horſe in the Mouth:
And very wiſely wou'd lay forth
No more upon it than 'twas worth.
But as he got it freely, ſo
He ſpent it frank and freely too.
For Saints themſelves will ſometimes be,
Of Gifts that coſt them nothing, free.
By means of this, with Hem and Cough,
Prolongers to enlighten'd Snuff,
He cou'd deep Myſteries untriddle,
As eaſily as thread a Needle.
For as of Vagabonds we ſay,
That they are ne'er beſide their Way;
Whate'er Men ſpeak by this new Light,
Still they are ſure to be i' th' Right.
'Tis a Dark-Lanthorn of the Spirit,
Which none ſee by but thoſe that bear it:
A Light that falls down from on high,
For ſpiritual Trades to cozen by:
An Ignis Fatuus, that bewitches,
And leads Men into Pools and Ditches,
To make them dip themſelves, and ſound
For Chriſtendom, in dirty Pond;
To dive like Wild-Fowl, for Salvation,
And fiſh to catch Regeneration.
This Light inſpires and plays upon
The Noſe of Saint, like Bag-Pipe Drone,
And ſpeaks through hollow empty Soul,
As through a Trunk, or whiſp'ring Hole,
Such Language as no mortal Ear
But ſpirit'al Eaves-Droppers can hear:

So PHOEBUS, or ſome friendly Muſe,
Into ſmall Poets Song infuſe,
Which they at ſecond hand rehearſe
Thro' Reed or Bag-Pipe, Verſe for Verſe.
Thus RALPH became infallible:
As g three or four-legg'd Oracle,
The ancient Cup, or modern Chair,
Spoke Truth point-blank, tho' unaware.
For MYSTIC LEARNING, wond'rous able
In h magick Taliſman and Cabal,
Whoſe primitive Tradition reaches,
As far as i ADAM's firſt green Breeches:
Deep-ſighted in Intelligences,
Ideas, Atoms, Influences;
And much of Terra Incognita,
Th' intelligible World, cou'd ſay;
A deep OCCULT PHILOSOPHER,
As learn'd k as the wild Iriſh are,
Or Sir AGRIPPA l, for profound
And ſolid Lying much renown'd:
He m ANTHROPOSOPHUS, and FLOUD,
And JACOB BEHMEN underſtood:
Knew many an Amulet and Charm,
That wou'd do neither Good nor Harm:
In ROSY-CRUCIAN n Lore as learned,
As he that Vere Adeptus earned:
He underſtood the Speech of Birds
As well as they themſelves do Words:
Cou'd tell what ſubtleſt Parrots mean,
That ſpeak and think contrary clean:
What Member 'tis of whom they talk,
When they cry Rope, and Walk, Knave, walk.
He'd extract Numbers out of Matter,
And keep them in a Glaſs, like Water;

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Of ſov'reign Pow'r to make Men wiſe;
For drop'd in blear thick-ſighted Eyes,
They'd make them ſee in darkeſt Night,
Like Owls, tho' purblind in the Light.
By Help of theſe (as he profeſs'd)
He had Firſt Matter ſeen undreſs'd:
He took her naked all alone,
Before one Rag of Form was on.
The Chaos too he had deſcry'd,
And ſeen quite thro', or elſe he ly'd:
Not that of Paſte-Board, which Men ſhew
For Groats, at Fair of Barthol'mew;
But its Great-Grandſire, firſt o' th' Name,
Whence that and REFORMATION came,
Both Couſin-Germans, and right able
T' inveigle and draw in the Rabble.
But Reformation was, ſome ſay,
O' th' younger Houſe to Puppet-Play.
He cou'd foretel whats'ever was
By Conſequence to come to paſs;
As Death of great Men, Alterations,
Diſeaſes, Battles, Inundations;
All this without th' Eclipſe o' th' Sun,
Or dreadful Comet, he hath done,
By inward Light, a Way as good,
And eaſy to be underſtood.
But with more lucky Hit than thoſe
That uſe to make the Stars depoſe,
Like Knights o' th' Poſt, and falſly charge
Upon themſelves, what others forge:
As if they were conſenting to
All Miſchiefs in the World Men do:
Or, like the Devil, did tempt and ſway 'em
To Rogueries, and then betray 'em.

They'll ſearch a Planet's Houſe to know
Who broke and robb'd a Houſe below:
Examine VENUS, and the MOON,
Who ſtole a Thimble or a Spoon:
And tho' they nothing will confeſs,
Yet by their very Looks can gueſs,
And tell what guilty Aſpect bodes,
Who ſtole, and who receiv'd the Goods.
They'll queſtion MARS, and, by his Look,
Detect who 'twas that nimm'd a Cloke:
Make MERCURY confeſs, and peach
Thoſe Thieves which he himſelf did teach.
They'll find, i' th' Phyſiognomies
O' th' Planets, all Men's Deſtinies;
Like him that took the Doctor's Bill,
And ſwallow'd it inſtead o' th' Pill:
Caſt the Nativity o' th' Queſtion,
And from Poſitions to be gueſs'd on,
As ſure as if they knew the Moment
Of Native's Birth, tell what will come on't.
They'll feel the Pulſes of the Stars,
To find out Agues, Coughs, Catarrhs;
And tell what Criſis does divine
The Rot in Sheep, or Mange in Swine;
In Men, what gives or cures the Itch,
What makes them Cuckolds, poor or rich:
What gains or loſes, hangs or ſaves;
What makes Men great, what Fools or Knaves,
But not what wiſe; for only of thoſe
The Stars (they ſay) cannot diſpoſe,
No more than can the Aſtrologians:
There they ſay right, and like true Trojans.
This RALPHO knew, and therefore took
The other Courſe, of which we ſpoke.

Thus

Thus was th' accompliſh'd Squire endu'd
With Gifts and Knowledge, per'lous ſhrewd.
Never did truſty Squire with Knight,
Or Knight with Squire, e'er jump more right.
Their Arms and Equipage did fit,
As well as Virtues, Parts, and Wit:
Their Valours too were of a Rate;
And out they ſally'd at the Gate.
Few Miles on Horſeback had they jogged,
But Fortune unto them turn'd dogged;
For they a ſad Adventure met,
Of which anon we mean to treat:
But e're we venture to unfold
Atchievements ſo reſolv'd and bold,
We ſhou'd, as learned Poets uſe,
Invoke th' Aſſiſtance of ſome Muſe;
However Critics count it fillier
Than Jugglers talking to Familiar:
We think 'tis no great Matter which,
They're all alike, yet we ſhall pitch
On one that fits our Purpoſe moſt,
Whom therefore thus do we accoſt:
Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didſt inſpire WITHERS, PRYN, and VICKARS,
And force them, tho' it was in Spite
Of Nature and their Stars, to write;
Who, as we find in ſullen Writs,
And croſs-grain'd Works of modern Wits,
With Vanity, Opinion, Want,
The Wonder of the Ignorant,
The Praiſes of the Author, penn'd
B' himſelf, or Wit-inſuring Friend;
The Itch of Picture in the Front,
With Bays and wicked Rhyme upon't,

All that is left o' th' forked Hill,
To make Men ſcribble without Skill;
Canſt make a Poet, 'ſpite of Fate,
And teach all People to tranſlate;
Tho' out of Languages, in which
They underſtand no Part of Speech:
Aſſiſt me but this once, I'mplore,
And I ſhall trouble thee no more.
In Weſtern Clime there is a Town,
To thoſe that dwell therein well known.
Therefore there needs no more be ſaid here,
We unto them refer our Reader;
For Brevity is very good,
When w' are, or are not underſtood.
To this Town People did repair
On Days of Market, or of Fair;
And to crack'd Fiddle, and hoarſe Tabor,
In Merriment did drudge and labour:
But now a Sport more formidable
Had rak'd together Village Rabble:
'Twas an old Way of recreating,
Which learned Butchers call Bear-Baiting:
A bold advent'rous Exerciſe,
With ancient Heroes in high Prize;
For Authors do affirm it came
From Iſthmian or Nemean Game;
Others derive it from the Bear
That's fix'd in Northern Hemiſphere,
And round about the Pole does make
A Circle like a Bear at Stake,
That at the Chain's End wheels about,
And overturns the Rabble-Rout.
For after ſolemn Proclamation
In the Bear's Name (as is the Faſhion

Accord-

According to the Law of Arms,
To keep Men from inglorious Harms)
That none preſume to come ſo near
As forty Foot of Stake of Bear;
If any yet be ſo fool-hardy,
T' expoſe themſelves to vain Jeopardy;
If they come wounded off, and lame,
No Honour's got by ſuch a Maim;
Altho' the Bear gain much, b'ing bound
In Honour to make good his Ground,
When he's engag'd, and takes no Notice,
If any preſs upon him, who 'tis;
But lets them know, at their own Coſt,
That he intends to keep his Poſt.
This to prevent, and other Harms,
Which always wait on Feats of Arms,
(For in the Hurry of a Fray,
'Tis hard to keep out of Harm's Way)
Thither the Knight his Courſe did ſteer,
To keep the Peace 'twixt Dog and Bear;
As he believ'd he was bound to do
In Conſcience and Commiſſion too.
And therefore thus beſpoke the Squire:
We that P are wiſely mounted higher
Than Conſtables in Curule Wit,
When on Tribunal Bench we ſit,
Like Speculators ſhou'd foreſee,
From Pharos of Authority,
Portended Miſchiefs farther than
Low Proletarian Tything-Men.
And therefore being inform'd by Bruit,
That Dog and Bear are to diſpute;
For ſo of late Men fighting name,
Becauſe they often prove the ſame:

(For where the firſt does hap to be,
The laſt does coincidere:)
Quantum in nobis, have thought good,
To ſave th' Expence of Chriſtian Blood,
And try if we, by Mediation
Of Treaty and Accommodation,
Can end the Quarrel, and compoſe
The bloody Duel, without Blows.
Are not our Liberties, our Lives,
The Laws, Religion, and our Wives,
Enough at once to lie at Stake
For Cov'nant and the Cauſe's ſake?
But in that Quarrel Dogs and Bears,
As well as we, muſt venture theirs?
This Feud, by Jeſuits invented,
By evil Counſel is fomented;
There is a MACHIAVILIAN Plot
(Tho' ev'ry Nare olfact is not)
A deep Deſign in't to divide
The Well affected that conſide,
By ſetting Brother againſt Brother,
To claw and curry one another.
Have we not Enemies plus ſatis,
That Cane & and Angue pejus hate us?
And ſhall we turn our Fangs and Claws
Upon our own ſelves, without Cauſe?
That ſome occult Deſign doth lie
In bloody q Cynarctomachy,
Is plain enough to him that knows,
How Saints lead Brothers by the Noſe.
I wiſh myſelf a Pſeudo-Prophet,
But ſure ſome Miſchief will come of it;
Unleſs by providential Wit,
Or Force, we r averruncate it.

For

For what Deſign, what Intereſt
Can Beaſt have to encounter Beaſt?
They fight for no eſpouſed Cauſe,
Frail Privilege, fundamental Laws,
Nor for a thorough Reformation,
Nor Covenant, nor Proteſtation,
Nor Liberty of Conſciences,
Nor Lords and Commons Ordinances;
Nor for the Church, nor for Church-Lands,
To get them in their own no Hands;
Nor evil Counſellors to bring
To Juſtice, that ſeduce the King;
Nor for the Worſhip of us Men,
Though we have done as much for them.
Th' Ægyptians worſhipp'd Dogs, and for
Their Faith made internecine War.
Others ador'd a Rat, and ſome
For that Church ſuffer'd Martyrdom.
The [s] Indians fought for the Truth
Of th' Elephant and Monkey's Tooth:
And many, to defend that Faith,
Fought it out mordicus to Death:
But no Beaſt ever was ſo ſlight,
For Man, as for his God, to fight.
They have more Wit, alas! and know
Themſelves and us better than ſo.
But we, who only do infuſe
The Rage in them like [t] Boute-feus;
'Tis our Example that inſtils
In them th' Infection of our Ills.
For as ſome late Philoſophers
Have well obſerv'd, Beaſts, that converſe
With Man, take after him, as Hogs
Get Pigs all th' Year, and Bitches Dogs.

Juſt ſo, by our Example, Cattle
Learn to give one another Battle.
We read, in NERO's Time, the Heathen
When they deſtroy'd the Chriſtian Brethren,
They ſew'd them in the Skins of Bears,
And then ſet Dogs about their Ears:
From thence, no doubt, th' Invention came
Of this lewd Antichriſtian Game,
To this, quoth RALPHO, verily
The Point ſeems very plain to me:
It is an Antichriſtian Game,
Unlawful both in Thing and Name.
Firſt for the Name, the Word Bear-Baiting
Is carnal, and of Man's creating:
For certainly there's no ſuch Word
In all the Scripture on Record:
Therefore unlawful, and a Sin;
And ſo is (ſecondly) the Thing.
A vile Aſſembly 'tis, that can
No more be prov'd by Scripture, than
Provincial, Claſſick, National,
Mere Human-Creature Cobwebs all.
Thirdly, It is idolatrous;
For when Men run a whoring thus
With their Inventions, whatſoe'er
The Thing be, whether Dog or Bear,
It is idolatrous and pagan,
No leſs than worſhipping of DAGON.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I ſmell a Rat;
RALPHO, thou doſt prevaricate:
For though the Theſis which thou lay'ſt
Be true ad amuſſim, as thou ſayſt;
For that Bear-Baiting ſhould appear
Jure divino lawfuller

Than

Than Synods are, thou doſt deny,
Totidem verbis; ſo do I:)
Yet there's a Fallacy in this,
For if by ſly Homæosis,
Tuſſis pro crepitu, an Art
Under a Cough to ſlur a F——t,
Thou wou'dſt ſophiſtically imply,
Both are unlawful, I deny.
And (I quoth Ralpho) do not doubt
But Bear-Baiting may be made out
In Goſpel-Times, as lawful as is
Provincial or Parochial Claſſis:
And that both are ſo near of kin,
And like in all, as well as Sin,
That put them in a Bag and ſhake e'm,
Yourſelf o' th' ſudden would miſtake 'em,
And not know which is which, unleſs
You meaſure by their Wickedneſs:
For 'tis not hard t'imagine whether
O' th' two is worſt, tho' I name neither.
Quoth Hudibras, Thou offer'ſt much,
But art not able to keep Touch.
Mira de lente, as 'tis i' th' Adage,
Id eſt, to make a Leek a Cabbage;
Thoul't be at beſt but ſuch a Bull,
Or Shear-Swine, all Cry and no Wool;
For what can Synods have at all,
With Bear that's analogical?
Or what Relation has Debating
Of Church-Affairs with Bear-Baiting?
A juſt Compariſon ſtill is
Of Things ejuſdem generis.
And then what Genus rightly doth
Include and comprehend them both?

If Animal, both of us may
As juſtly paſs for Bears as they;
For we are Animals no leſs,
Altho' of different Specieſes.
But, RALPHO, this is not fit Place
Nor Time to argue out the Caſe:
For now the Field is not far off,
Where we muſt give the World a Proof
Of Deeds, not Words, and ſuch as ſute
Another Manner of Diſpute.
A Controverſy that affords
Actions for Arguments, not Words:
Which we muſt manage at a Rate
Of Proweſs and Conduct adequate
To what our Place and Fame doth promiſe,
And all the Godly expect from us.
Nor ſhall they be deceiv'd, unleſs
We're ſlurr'd and outed by Succeſs:
Succeſs, the Mark no mortal Wit,
Or ſureſt Hand, can always hit:
For whatſoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're ſteer'd by Fate,
Which in Succeſs oft diſinherits,
For ſpurious Cauſes, nobleſt Merits.
Great Actions are not always true Sons
Of great and mighty Reſolutions,
Nor do the boldeſt Attempts bring forth
Events ſtill equal to their Worth:
But ſometimes fail, and in their Stead
Fortune and Cowardice ſucceed.
Yet we have no great Cauſe to doubt,
Our Actions ſtill have borne us out:
Which, tho' they're known to be ſo ample,
We need not copy from Example;

We're not the only Perſons durſt
Attempt this Province, nor the firſt.
In Northern Clime a val'rous Knight
Did whilom kill his Bear in Fight,
And wound a Fidler: We have both
Of theſe the Objects of our Wroth,
And equal Fame and Glory from
Th' Attempt of Victory to come.
'Tis ſung, there is a valiant [u] Mamaluke
In foreign Land, yclep'd——
To whom we have been oft compar'd
For Perſon, Parts, Addreſs, and Beard;
Both equally reputed ſtout,
And in the ſame Cauſe both have fought;
He oft in ſuch Attempts as theſe
Came off with Glory and Succeſs;
Nor will he fail in th' Execution,
For want of equal Reſolution.
Honour is like a [w] Widow, won
With briſk Attempt and Putting on,
With Ent'ring manfully, and Urging,
Not ſlow Approaches, like a Virgin.
'Tis ſaid, as yerſt the Phrygian Knight,
So ours, with ruſty Steel did ſmite
His Trojan Horſe, and juſt as much
He mended Pace upon the Touch;
But from his empty Stomach groan'd
Juſt as that hollow Beaſt did ſound,
And angry anſwer'd from behind,
With brandiſh'd Tail and Blaſt of Wind.
So have I ſeen, with armed Heel,
A Wight beſtride a Common-Weal;
Who ſtill the more he kick'd and ſpurr'd
The leſs the ſullen Jade has ſtirr'd.

HUDIBRAS.

HUDIBRAS.

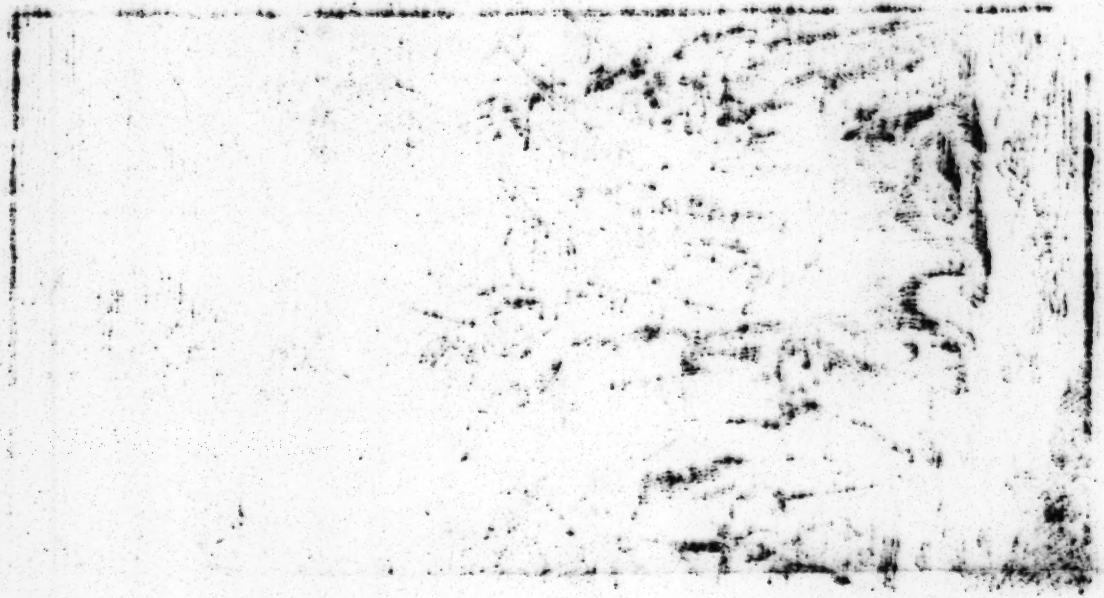
The ARGUMENT of THE SECOND CANTO.

The Catalogue and Character
Of th' Enemies beſt Men of War;
Whom, in bold Harangue, the Knight
Defies, and challenges to fight:
H' encounters Talgol, routs the Bear,
And takes the Fidler Priſoner,
Conveys him to inchanted Caſtle,
There ſhuts him faſt in wooden Baſtile.

CANTO II.

1 THERE was a ſage Philoſopher,
That had read ALEXANDER Ross over,
And ſwore the World, as he cou'd prove,
Was made of Fighting and of Love;
5 Juſt ſo Romances are, for what elſe
Is in them all, but Love and Battels?
O" th' firſt of theſe w' have no great Matter
To treat of, but a World o' th' latter;

In



In which to do the Injur'd Right,
We mean, in what concerns juſt Fight.
Certes our Authors are to blame,
For to make ſome well-ſounding Name
A Pattern, fit for modern Knights
To copy out in Frays and Fights,
(Like thoſe that a whole Street do raze,
To build a Palace in the Place,)
They never care how many others
They kill, without Regard of Mothers,
Or Wives, or Children, ſo they can
Make up ſome fierce, dead-doing Man,
Compos'd of many ingredient Valours,
Juſt like the Manhood of nine Taylors:
So a wild Tartar, when he ſpies
A Man that's handſome, valiant, wiſe,
If he can kill him, thinks t' inherit
His Wit, his Beauty, and his Spirit:
As if juſt ſo much he enjoy'd,
As in another is deſtroy'd.
For when a Giant's ſlain in Fight,
And mow'd o'erthwart, or cleft downright,
It is a heavy Caſe, no doubt,
A Man ſhould have his Brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large Bones:
As Men kill Beavers for their Stones.
But as for our Part, we ſhall tell
The naked Truth of what befel;
And as an equal Friend to both
The Knight and Bear, but more to Troth,
With neither Faction ſhall take Part,
But give to each his due Deſert:
And never coin a formal Lye on't,
To make the Knight o'ercome the Giant.

This

This b'ing profeſt, we've Hopes enough,
And now go on where we left off.
They rode, but Authors having not
Determin'd, whether Pace or Trot,
(That is to ſay, whether * Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succuſſation)
We leave it, and go on, as now
Suppoſe they did, no Matter how:
Yet ſome from ſubtle Hints have got
Myſterious Light, it was a Trot.
But let that paſs: They now begun
To ſpur their living Engines on.
For as whipp'd Tops, and bandy'd Balls,
The Learned hold, are Animals:
So Horſes they affirm to be
Mere Engines made by Geometry;
And were invented firſt from Engines,
As y Indian Britons were from Penguins.
So let them be: And, as I was ſaying,
They their live Engines ply'd, not ſtaying
Until they reach'd the fatal Champain,
Which th' Enemy did then incamp on:
The * dire Pharſalian Plain, where Battle
Was to be wag'd 'twixt puiſſant Cattle,
And fierce auxiliary Men,
That came to aid their Brethren,
Who now began to take the Field;
As Knight from Ridge of Steed beheld.
For as our modern Wits behold,
Mounted a pick-back on the old,
Much further off; much further he,
Rais'd on his aged Beaſt, cou'd ſee:
Yet not ſufficient to deſcry
All Poſtures of the Enemy;

Where-

Wherefore he bids the Squire ride further,
T' obſerve their Numbers, and their Order:
That, when their Motions he had known,
He might know how to fit his own.
Mean while he ſtopp'd his willing Steed,
To fit himſelf for martial Deed:
Both kinds of Metal he prepar'd,
Either to give Blows, or to ward;
Courage and Steel, both of great Force,
Prepar'd for better, or for worſe.
His Death-charg'd Piſtols he did fit well,
Drawn out from Life-preſerving Vittle.
Theſe being prim'd, with Force he labour'd
To free 's Sword from retentive Scabbard:
And after many a painful Pluck,
From ruſty Durance he bail'd Tuck.
Then ſhook himſelf, to ſee that Proweſs
In Scabbard of his Arms ſat looſe;
And rais'd upon his deſp'rate Foot,
On Stirrup-Side he gaz'd about,
Portending Blood, like blazing Star,
The Beacon of approaching War.
RALPHO rode on with no leſs Speed
Than Hugo in the Foreſt did:
But far more in returning made,
For now the Foe he had ſurvey'd,
Rang'd as to him they did appear,
With Van, Main Battle, Winge, and Rear.
I' the Head of all this warlike Rabble,
CROWDERO march'd, expert and able.
Inſtead of Trumpet and of Drum,
That makes the Warrior's Stomach come,
Whoſe Noiſe whets Valour ſharp, like Beer
By Thunder turn'd to Vinegar;

(For

(For if a Trumpet ſound, or Drum beat,
Who has not a Month's Mind to combat?)
A ſqueaking Engine he apply'd
Unto his Neck, on North-Eaſt Side,
Juſt where the Hangman does diſpoſe,
To ſpecial Friends, the Knot of Nooſe:
For 'tis great Grace, when Stateſmen ſtraight
Diſpatch a Friend, let others wait.
His warped Ear hung o'er the Strings,
Which was but Souſe to Chitterlings:
For Guts, ſome write, e're they are ſodden,
Are fit for Muſick, or for Pudden:
From whence Men borrow ev'ry Kind
Of Minſtrelſy, by String or Wind.
His Griſly Beard was long and thick,
With which he ſtrung his Fiddle-ſtick:
For he to Horſe-Tail ſcorn'd to owe,
For what on his own Chin did grow.
Chiron [a] the four-legg'd Bard, had both
A Beard and Tail of his own Growth;
And yet by Authors 'tis averr'd,
He made uſe only of his Beard.
In [b] Staffordſhire, where virtuous Worth
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth;
Where Bulls do chuſe the boldeſt King,
And Ruler, o'er the Men of String;
(As once in Perſia, 'tis ſaid,
Kings were proclaim'd by a Horſe that neigh'd)
He bravely vent'ring at a Crown,
By Chance of War, was beaten down,
And wounded ſore: His Leg then broke,
Had got a Deputy of Oak:
For when a Shin in Fight is cropp'd,
The Knee with one of Timber's propp'd,

Eſteem'd more honourable than the other,
And takes Place though the younger Brother.
Next march'd brave ORSIN, famous for
Wiſe Conduct, and Succeſs in War:
A ſkilful Leader, ſtout, ſevere,
Now Marſhal to the Champion Bear.
With Truncheon tipp'd with Iron Head,
The Warrior to the Liſts he led;
With ſolemn March, and ſtately Pace,
But far more grave and ſolemn Face.
Grave as Emperor of Pegu,
Or Spaniſh Potentate Don Diego.
This Leader was of Knowledge great,
Either for Charge, or for Retreat.
He knew when to fall on Pell-mell,
To fall back and retreat as well.
So Lawyers, leſt the Bear Defendant,
And Plaintiff Dog, ſhou'd make an End on't,
Do ſtave and tail with Writs of Error,
Reverſe of Judgment, and Demurrer,
To let them breathe a while, and then
Cry whoop, and ſet them on agen.
As ROMULUS a Wolf did rear,
So he was dry-nurs'd by a Bear,
That fed him with the purchas'd Prey
Of many a fierce and bloody Fray;
Bred up, where Diſcipline moſt rare is,
In military Garden Paris.
For Soldiers heretofore did grow
In Gardens, juſt as Weeds do now;
Until ſome ſplay-foot Politicians
T' APOLLO offer'd up Petitions,
For licenſing a new Invention
Th' 'ad found out of an antique Engine,

To

To root out all the Weeds that grow
In publick Gardens at a Blow,
And leave the Herbs ſtanding. Quoth Sir Sun,
My Friends, that is not to be done.
Not done! quoth Stateſmen; yes, an't pleaſe ye,
When 'tis once known, you'll ſay 'tis eaſy;
Why then let's know it, quoth Apollo:
We'll beat a Drum, and they'll all follow.
A Drum! (quoth PHOEBUS) troth that's true,
A pretty Invention, quaint and new.
But though of Voice and Inſtrument
We are th' undoubted Preſident;
We ſuch loud Muſick don't profeſs:
The Devil's Maſter of that Office,
Where it muſt paſs, if't be a Drum;
He'll ſign it with Cler. Parl. Dom. Com.
To him apply yourſelves, and he
Will ſoon diſpatch you for his Fee.
They did ſo, but it prov'd ſo ill,
Th'ad better let 'em grow there ſtill.
But to reſume what we diſcourſing
Were on before, that is, ſtout ORSIN;
That which ſo oft by ſundry Writers
Has been apply'd t' almoſt all Fighters,
More juſtly may b' aſcrib'd to this,
Than any other Warrior, (viz.)
None ever acted both Parts bolder,
Both of a Chieftain and a Soldier.
He was of great Deſcent, and high
For Splendor and Antiquity,
And from celeſtial Origine
Deriv'd himſelf in a right Line.
Not as the ancient Heroes did,
Who, that their Baſe-Births might be hid,

(Know-

(Knowing they were of doubtful Gender,
And that they came in at a Windore)
Made Jupiter himſelf, and others
O' th' Gods, Gallants to their own Mothers,
To get on them a Race of Champions;
(Of which old Homer firſt made Lampoons.)
ARCTOPHYLAX in Northern Sphere
Was his undoubted Anceſtor:
From him his great Fore-fathers came,
And in all Ages bore his Name.
Learned he was in Med'c'nal Lore,
For by his Side a Pouch he wore,
Replete with ſtrange Hermetick Powder,
That Wounds nine Miles point-blank wou'd ſolder.
By ſkilful Chymiſt with great Coſt
Extracted from a rotten Poſt;
But of a heav'nlier Influence
Than that which Mountebanks diſpenſe;
Tho' by Promethean Fire made,
As they do quack that drive that Trade.
For, as when Slovens do amiſs
At other Doors, by Stool or Piſs,
The learned write, a red-hot Spit
B'ing prudently apply'd to it,
Will convey Miſchief from the Dung
Unto the Part that did the Wrong:
So this did Healing, and as ſure
As that did Miſchief, this would cure.
Thus virtuous ORSIN was endu'd
With Learning, Conduct, Fortitude,
Incomparable: And as the Prince
Of Poets, HOMER, ſung long ſince,
A ſkilful Leech is better far
Than half a hundred Men of War;

So

So he appear'd, and by his Skill,
No leſs than Dint of Sword, cou'd kill.
The gallant BRUIN march'd next him,
With Viſage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own Kin;
Clad in a Mantle della Guerre
Of rough impenetrable Fur;
And in his Noſe, like Indian King,
He wore, for Ornament, a Ring;
About his Neck a threefold Gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern Target;
Armed, as Heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the Vulgar ſay, ſharp-fanged.
For as the Teeth in Beaſts of Prey
Are Swords, with which they fight in Fray;
So Swords, in Men of War, are Teeth,
Which they do eat their Victle with.
He was by Birth, ſome Authors write,
A Ruſſian, ſome a Muſcovite;
And 'mong the Coſſacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That ſerve to fill up Pages here,
As with their Bodies Ditches there.
SCRIMANSKY was his Couſin-German,
With whom he ſerv'd, and fed on Vermin:
And when theſe fail'd, he'd ſuck his Claws,
And quarter himſelf upon his Paws.
And tho' his Countrymen the Huns
Did ſtew their Meat between their Bums
And th' Horſes Backs o'er which they ſtraddle,
And ev'ry Man eat up his Saddle:
He was not half ſo nice as they,
But eat it raw when 't came in's Way.

He

He had trac'd Countries far and near,
More than LE BLANC the Traveller;
Who writes, He ſpous'd in India,
Of noble Houſe, a Lady gay,
And got on her a Race of Worthies,
As ſtout as any upon Earth is.
Full many a Fight for him between
TALGOL and ORSIN oft had been;
Each ſtriving to deſerve the Crown
Of a fav'd Citizen; the one
To guard his Bear, the other fought
To aid his Dog; both made more ſtout
By ſev'ral Spurs of Neighbourhood,
Church-Fellow-Membership, and Blood:
But TALGOL, mortal Foe to Cows,
Never got aught of him but Blows;
Blows, hard and heavy, ſuch as he
Had lent, repaid with Uſury.
Yet TALGOL was of Courage ſtout,
And vanquiſh'd oft'ner than he fought:
Inur'd to Labour, Sweat, and Toil,
And like a Champion ſhone with Oil.
Right many a Widow his keen Blade,
And many Fatherleſs, had made.
He many a Boar and huge Dun-Cow
Did, like another GUY, o'erthrow:
But GUY, with him in Fight compar'd,
Had like the Boar, or Dun-Cow, far'd.
With greater Troops of Sheep h' had fought
Than AJAX, or bold DON QUIXOTE:
And many a Serpent of fell Kind,
With Wings before, and Stings behind,
Subdu'd: As Poets ſay, long agone
Bold Sir GEORGE, St. GEORGE did the Dragon.

Nor Engine, nor Device Polemick,
Diſeaſe, nor Doctor Epidemick,
Tho' ſtor'd with deletery Med'cines,
(Which whoſoever took is dead ſince)
E'er ſent ſo vaſt a Colony
To both the under Worlds as he:
For he was of that noble Trade,
That Demi-Gods and Heroes made,
Slaughter and Knocking on the Head;
The Trade to which they all were bred,
And is, like others, glorious when
'Tis great and large, but baſe if mean.
The former rides in Triumph for it;
The latter in a two-wheel'd Chariot,
For daring to profane a Thing
So ſacred with vile Bungling.
Next theſe the brave MAGNANO came,
MAGNANO, great in Martial Fame.
Yet when with ORSIN he wag'd Fight,
'Tis ſung, he got but little by't.
Yet he was fierce as Foreſt Boar,
Whoſe Spoils upon his Back he wore,
As thick as AJAX' ſeven-fold Shield,
Which o'er his Brazen Arms he held:
But Braſs was feeble to reſiſt
The Fury of his armed Fiſt;
Nor cou'd the hardeſt Ir'n hold out
Againſt his Blows, but they wou'd through't.
In MAGICK he was deeply read,
As he that made the Brazen-Head;
Profoundly ſkill'd in the Black Art,
As ENGLISH MERLIN for his Heart;
But far more ſkilful in the Spheres,
Than he was at the Sieve and Shears.

He

He cou'd transform himſelf in Colour,
As like the Devil as a Collier:
As like as Hypocrites in Show
Are to true Saints, or Crow to Crow.
Of WARLIKE ENGINES he was Author,
Deviſ'd for quick Diſpatch of Slaughter:
The Cannon, Blunderbuſs, and Saker,
He was th' Inventor of and Maker:
The Trumpet and the Kettle-Drum
Did both from his Invention come.
He was the firſt that e'er did teach
To make, and how to ſtop a Breach.
A Lance he bore with iron Pike,
Th' one Half wou'd thruſt, the other ſtrike:
And, when their Forces he had join'd,
He ſcorn'd to turn his Parts behind.
He TRULLA lov'd, TRULLA more bright
Than burniſh'd Armour of her Knight:
A bold Virago, ſtout and tall,
As d JOAN of France, or Engliſh MALL,
Thro' Perils both of Wind and Limb,
Thro' thick and thin ſhe follow'd him,
In ev'ry Adventure h' undertook,
And never him or it forſook.
At Breach of Wall, or Hedge Surprize,
She ſhar'd i' th' Hazard and the Prize:
At beating Quarters up, or Forage,
Behav'd herſelf with matchleſs Courage,
And laid about in Fight more buſily,
Than e th' Amazonian Dame Penthefile.
And though ſome Criticks here cry Shame,
And ſay our Authors are to blame,
That (ſpight of all Philoſophers,
Who hold no Females ſtout, but Bears;

And heretofore did ſo abhor
That Women ſhou'd pretend to War,
They wou'd not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame
To ſwear [f] by HERCULES's Name)
Make feeble Ladies, in their Works,
To fight like Termagants and Turks:
To lay their native Arms aſide,
Their Modeſty, and ride aſtride;
To run a-tilt at Men, and wield
Their naked Tools in open Field;
As ſtout [g] ARMIDA, bold THALESTRIS,
And ſhe that wou'd have been the Miſtreſs
Of [h] GUNDIBERT; but he had Grace,
And rather took a Country Laſs:
They ſay, 'tis falſe, without all Senſe,
But of pernicious Conſequence
To Government, which they ſuppoſe
Can never be upheld in Proſe:
Strip Nature naked to the Skin,
You'll find about her no ſuch Thing.
It may be ſo, yet what we tell
Of TRULLA, that's improbable,
Shall be depos'd by thoſe have ſeen't,
Or, what's as good, produc'd in Print:
And, if they will not take our Word,
We'll prove it true upon Record.
The upright CERDON next advanc't,
Of all his Race the valiant'ſt:
CERDON the Great, renown'd in Song,
Like HERC'LES, for Repair of Wrong:
He rais'd the Low, and fortify'd
The weak againſt the ſtrongeſt Side:
Ill has he read, that never hit
On him, in Muſes deathleſs Writ.

He had a Weapon keen and fierce,
That through a Bull-Hide Shield would pierce,
And cut it in a thouſand Pieces,
Tho' tougher than the Knight of Greece his,
With whom his black-thumb'd Anceſtor
Was Comrade in the ten-years War:
For when the reſtleſs Greeks ſat down
So many Years before Troy Town,
And were renown'd, as HOMER writes,
For well-ſoal'd Boots, no leſs than Fights;
They ow'd that Glory only to
His Anceſtor, that made them ſo.
Faſt Friend he was to REFORMATION,
Until 'twas worn quite out of Faſhion.
Next Rectifier of wry LAW,
And wou'd make three to cure one Flaw.
Learned he was, and could take Note,
Tranſcribe, collect, tranſlate, and quote.
But PREACHING was his chiefeſt Talent,
Or Argument, in which b'ing valiant,
He us'd to lay about and ſtickle,
Like Ram, or Bull, at Conventicle:
For Diſputants, like Rams and Bulls,
Do fight with Arms that ſpring from Sculls.
Laſt COLON came, bold Man of War,
Deſtin'd to Blows by fatal Star;
Right expert in Command of Horſe,
But cruel, and without Remorſe.
That which of CENTAUR long ago
Was ſaid, and has been wreſted to
Some other Knights, was true of this,
He and his Horſe were of a Piece.
One Spirit did inform them both,
The ſelf-ſame Vigour, Fury, Wroth:

Yet he was much the rougher Part,
And always had a harder Heart;
Although his Horſe had been of thoſe
That fed on Man's Fleſh, as Fame goes;
Strange Food for Horſe! and yet, alas,
It may be true, for Fleſh is Graſs.
Sturdy he was, and no leſs able
Than HERCULES to clean a Stable;
As great a Drover, and as great
A Critick too, in Hog or Neat.
He ripp'd the Womb up of his Mother,
Dame Tellus, 'cauſe ſhe wanted Fother,
And Provender, wherewith to feed
Himſelf, and his leſs cruel Steed.
It was a Queſtion whether he
Or 's Horſe were of a Family
More worſhipful: 'Till Antiquaries
(After th' 'ad almoſt por'd out their Eyes)
Did very learnedly decide
The Bus'neſs on the Horſe's Side,
And prov'd not only Horſe, but Cows,
Nay Pigs, were of the elder Houſe:
For Beaſts, when Man was but a Piece
Of Earth himſelf, did th' Earth poſſeſs.
These Worthies were the chief that led
The Combatants, each in the Head
Of his Command, with Arms and Rage,
Ready, and longing to engage.
The num'rous Rabble was drawn out
Of ſev'ral Counties round about,
From Villages remote, and Shires,
Of Eaſt and Weſtern Hemiſpheres:
From foreign Pariſhes and Regions,
Of different Manners, Speech, Religions,

Came

Came Men and Maſtiffs; ſome to fight
For Fame and Honour, ſome for Sight.
And now the Field of Death, the Liſts,
Were enter'd by Antagoniſts,
And Blood was ready to be broach'd;
When HUDIBRAS in haſte approach'd,
With Squire and Weapons to attack 'em:
But firſt thus from his Horſe beſpake 'em,
What Rage, O Citizens! what Fury
Doth to theſe dire Actions hurry?
What! OEſtrum, what phrenetick Mood
Makes you thus laviſh of your Blood,
While the proud Vies your Trophies boaſt,
And unreveng'd walks —— Ghoſt?
What Towns, what Garriſons might you
With Hazard of this Blood ſubdue,
Which now y'are bent to throw away
In vain, untriumphable Fray?
Shall SAINTS in civil Bloodſhed wallow
Of Saints, and let the CAUSE lie fallow?
The Cauſe, for which we fought and ſwore
So boldly, ſhall we now give o'er?
Then, becauſe Quarrels ſtill are ſeen
With Oaths and Swearings to begin,
The SOLEMN LEAGUE and COVENANT
Will ſeem a mere God-dam-me Rant:
And we that took it, and have fought,
As lewd as Drunkards that fall out.
For as we make war For The King
Againſt Himſelf, the ſelf-ſame Thing;
Some will not ſtick to ſwear we do
For God, and for Religion too;
For, if Bear-Baiting we allow,
What Good can Reformation do?

The Blood and Treaſure, that's laid out,
Is thrown away, and goes for nought.
Are theſe the Fruits o' th' PROTESTATION,
The Prototype of Reformation,
Which all the Saints, and ſome, ſince Martyrs,
Wore [k] in their Hats like Wedding-Garters,
When 'twas [l] reſolv'd by either Houſe
Six Members Quarrel to eſpouſe?
Did they, for this, draw down the Rabble,
With Zeal, and Noiſes formidable;
And make all Cries about the Town
Join Throats to cry the Biſhops down?
Who having round begirt the Palace,
(As once a Month they do the Gallows)
As Members gave the Sign about,
Set up their Throats with hideous Shout.
When Tinkers bawl'd aloud to ſettle
Church-Diſcipline, for patching Kettle:
No Sow-Gelder did blow his Horn
To geld a Cat, but cry'd Reform.
The Oyſter-Women lock'd their Fiſh up,
And trudg'd away, to cry, No Biſhop.
The Mouſe-Trap Men laid Save-alls by,
And 'gainſt Ev'l Counſellors did cry.
Botchers left old Cloaths in the Lurch,
And fell to turn and patch the Church.
Some cry'd the Covenant, inſtead
Of Pudding-Pies and Ginger-Bread.
And ſome for Brooms, old Boots and Shoes,
Baul'd out to Purge the Common-Houſe:
Inſtead of Kitchen-Stuff, ſome cry,
A Goſpel-preaching Miniſtry;
And ſome for Old Suits, Coats, or Cloak,
No Surplices nor Service-Book.

A ſtrange

A ſtrange harmonious Inclination
Of all Degrees to Reformation.
And is this all? Is this the End
To which theſe Carr'ngs on did tend?
Hath Publick Faith, like a young Heir,
For this tak'n up all Sorts of Ware,
And run int' every Tradeſman's Book,
'Till both turn'd Bankrupts, and are broke?
Did Saints, for this, bring in their Plate;
And crowd as if they came too late?
For, when they thought the Cauſe had need on't,
Happy was he that could be rid on't.
Did they coin Piſs-Pots, Bowls, and Flaggons,
Int' Officers of Horſe and Dragoons;
And into Pikes and Muſqueteers
Stamp Beakers, Cups, and Porringers?
A Thimble, Bodkin, and a Spoon,
Did ſtart up living Men, as ſoon
As in the Furnace they were thrown,
Juſt like the Dragon's Teeth b'ing ſown.
Then was the Cauſe of Gold and Plate,
The Brethren's Off'rings, conſecrate,
Like th' Hebrew Calf, and down before it
The Saints fell proſtrate to adore it:
So ſay the Wicked—and will you
Make that [m] Sarcaſmus Scandal true,
By running after Dogs and Bears,
Beaſts more unclean than Calves or Steers?
Have pow'rful Preachers ply'd their Tongues,
And laid themſelves out and their Lungs?
Us'd all Means, both direct and ſiniſter,
I' th' Pow'r of Goſpel-preaching Miniſter?
Have they invented Tones to win
The Women, and make them draw in

The Men, as Indians with a Female
Tame Elephant inveigle the Male?
Have they told Prov'dence what it muſt do,
Whom to avoid, and whom to truſt to?
Diſcover'd th' Enemy's Deſign,
And which Way beſt to countermine?
Preſcrib'd what Ways it hath to work,
Or it will ne'er advance the Kirk?
Told it the News o' th' laſt Expreſs,
And, after good or bad Succeſs,
Made Prayers, not ſo like Petitions,
As Overtures and Propoſitions,
(Such as the Army did preſent
To their Creator, th' Parliament)
In which they freely will confeſs,
They will not, cannot acquieſce,
Unleſs the Work be carry'd on
In the ſame Way they have begun,
By ſetting Church and Common-Weal
All on a Flame, bright as their Zeal,
On which the Saints were all a-gog,
And all this for a Bear and Dog?
The Parliament drew up Petitions
T' itſelf, and ſent them, like Commiſſions,
To Well-affected Perſons down,
In ev'ry City and great Town;
With Pow'r to levy Horſe and Men,
Only to bring them back agen;
For this did many, many a Mile,
Ride manfully in Rank and File,
With Papers in their Hats, that ſhow'd
As if they to the Pillory rode.
Have all theſe Courſes, theſe Efforts,
Been try'd by People of all Sorts,

Velis

Velis & remis, omnibus nervis,
And all t' advance the Cauſe's Service?
And ſhall all now be thrown away
In petulant inteſtine Fray?
Shall we, that in the Cov'nant ſwore
Each Man of us to run before
Another, ſtill in Reformation,
Give Dogs and Bears a Diſpenſation?
How will Diſſenting Brethren reliſh it?
What will Malignants ſay? videlicet,
That each Man ſwore to do his beſt,
To damn and perjure all the reſt?
And bid the Devil take the hin'moſt:
Which at this Race is like to win moſt.
They'll ſay our Bus'neſs, to reform
The Church and State, is but a Worm;
For to ſubſcribe, unfight, unſeen,
To an unknown Church Diſcipline,
What is it elſe, but before-hand
T'engage, and after underſtand?
For when we ſwore to carry on
The preſent Reformation,
According to the pureſt Mode
Of Churches beſt reform'd abroad,
What did we elſe but make a Vow
To do we know not what, nor how?
For no three of us will agree
Where, or what Churches theſe ſhou'd be.
And is indeed [n] the ſelf-ſame Caſe
With theirs that ſwore Et cætera's;
Or the [o] French League, in which Men vow'd
To fight to the laſt Drop of Blood.
Theſe Slanders will be thrown upon
The Cauſe and Work we carry on,

If we permit Men to run headlong
T' Exorbitances fit for Bedlam;
Rather than Goſpel-walking Times,
When ſlighteſt Sins are greateſt Crimes.
But we the Matter ſo ſhall handle,
As to remove that odious Scandal:
In Name of King and Parliament,
I charge ye all, no more foment
This Feud, but keep the Peace between
Your Brethren and your Countrymen;
And to thoſe Places ſtraight repair
Where your reſpective Dwellings are.
But to that Purpoſe firſt ſurrender
The FIDLER, as the prime Offender,
Th' Incendiary vile, that is chief
Author and Engineer of Miſchief;
That makes Diviſion between Friends,
For profane and malignant Ends.
He and that Engine of vile Noiſe,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall (dictum factum) both be brought
To condign Puniſhment, as they ought.
This muſt be done, and I would fain ſee
Mortal ſo ſturdy as to gain-ſay:
For then I'll take another Courſe,
And ſoon reduce you all by Force,
This ſaid, he clapp'd his Hand on Sword,
To ſhew he meant to keep his Word.
But TALGOL, who had long ſuppreſt
Inflamed Wrath in glowing Breaſt,
Which now began to rage and burn as
Implacably as Flame in Furnace,
Thus anſwer'd him: Thou Vermin wretched
As e'er in meaſled Pork was hatched;

Thou Tail of Worſhip, that doſt grow
On Rump of Juſtice as of Cow;
How dar'ſt thou with that ſullen Luggage
O' th' ſelf, old Ir'n, and other Baggage,
With which thy Steed of Bones and Leather
Has broke his Wind in halting hither;
How durſt th', I ſay, adventure thus
T' oppoſe thy Lumber againſt us?
Could thine Impertinence find out
No Work t'employ itſelf about,
Where thou, ſecure from wooden Blow,
Thy buſy Vanity might'ſt ſhow?
Was no Diſpute a-foot between
The Caterwauling Brethren?
No ſubtle Queſtion rais'd among
Thoſe out o' their Wits, and thoſe i'th' Wrong;
No Prize between thoſe Combatants
O' th' Times, the Land and Water-Saints;
Where thou might'ſt ſtickle without Hazard
Of Outrage to thy Hide and Mazzard;
And not for want of Buſ'neſs come
To us to be ſo troubleſome,
To interrupt our better Sort
Of Diſputants, and ſpoil our Sport?
Was there no Felony, no Bawd,
Cut-Purſe, nor Burglary abroad?
No ſtolen Pig, nor plunder'd Gooſe,
To tie thee up from breaking looſe?
No Ale unlicens'd, broken Hedge,
For which thou Statute might'ſt alledge,
To keep thee buſy from foul Evil,
And Shame due to thee from the Devil?
Did no Committee ſit, where he
Might cut out Journey-Work for thee?

And ſet th' a Taſk, with Subornation,
To ſtitch up Sale and Sequeſtration,
To cheat, with Holineſs and Zeal,
All Parties and the Common-Weal?
Much better had it been for thee,
H' had kept thee where th'art us'd to be:
Or ſent th' on Bus'neſs any whither,
So he had never brought thee hither.
But if th' haſt Brain enough in Skull
To keep itſelf in Lodging whole,
And not provoke the Rage of Stones
And Cudgels to thy Hide and Bones;
Tremble, and vaniſh, while thou may'ſt,
Which I'll not promiſe if thou ſtay'ſt.
At this the Knight grew high in Wroth,
And, lifting Hands and Eyes up both,
Three Times he ſmote on Stomach ſtout,
From whence at length theſe Words broke out:
Was I for this intitled Sir,
And girt with truſty Sword and Spur,
For Fame and Honour to wage Battle,
Thus to be bray'd by Foe to Cattle?
Not all that Pride that makes thee ſwell
As big as thou doſt blown-up Veal;
Nor all thy Tricks and Sleights to cheat,
And ſell thy Carrion for good Meat;
Not all thy Magick to repair
Decay'd Old Age in tough lean Ware,
Make natural appear thy Work,
And ſtop the Gangrene in ſtale Pork;
Not all that Force that makes thee proud,
Becauſe by Bullock ne'er withſtood;
Though arm'd with all thy Cleavers, Knives,
And Axes made to hew down Lives,

Shall

Shall ſave or help thee to evade
The Hand of Juſtice, or this Blade,
Which I, her Sword-Bearer, do carry,
For civil Deed and military.
Nor ſhall theſe Words of Venom baſe,
Which thou haſt from their native Place,
Thy Stomach, pump'd to ſling on me,
Go unreveng'd, though I am free.
Thou down the ſame Throat ſhalt devour 'em,
Like tainted Beef, and pay dear for 'em.
Nor ſhall it e'er be ſaid, that Wight
With Gantlet blue, and Baſes white,
And round blunt Truncheon by his Side,
So great a Man at Arms defy'd
With Words far bitterer than Wormwood,
That would in Job or Grizel ſtir Mood.
Dogs with their Tongues their Wounds do heal,
But Men with Hands, as thou ſhalt feel.
This ſaid, with haſty Rage he ſnatch'd
His Gun-Shot, that in Holſters watch'd;
And, bending Cock, he levell'd full
Againſt th' Outſide of TALGOL's Skull;
Vowing that he ſhou'd ne'er ſtir further,
Nor henceforth Cow or Bullock murther.
But PALLAS came in Shape of Ruſt,
And 'twixt the Spring and Hammer thruſt
Her Gorgon Shield, which made the Cock
Stand ſtiff, as t'were transform'd to Stock.
Mean while fierce TALGOL gath'ring Might,
With rugged Truncheon, charg'd the Knight;
But he with Petronel upheav'd,
Inſtead of Shield, the Blow receiv'd.
The Gun recoil'd, as well it might,
Not us'd to ſuch a kind of Fight,

And ſhrunk from its great Maſter's Gripe,
Knock'd down and ſtunn'd by mortal Stripe.
Then HUDIBRAS, with furious Haſte,
Drew out his Sword; yet not ſo faſt,
But TALGOL firſt with hardy Thwack
Twice bruis'd his Head, and twice his Back.
But, when his nut-brown Sword was out,
With Stomach huge he laid about,
Imprinting many a Wound upon
His mortal Foe, the Truncheon;
The truſty Cudgel did oppoſe
Itſelf againſt dead-doing Blows,
To guard its Leader from fell Bane,
And then reveng'd itſelf again.
And tho' the Sword (ſome underſtood)
In Force had much the Odds of Wood,
'Twas nothing ſo; both Sides were balanc't
So equal, none knew which was valiant'ſt:
For Wood, with Honour b'ing engag'd,
Is ſo implacably enrag'd;
Though Iron hew and mangle ſore,
Wood wounds and bruiſes Honour more.
And now both Knights were out of Breath,
Tir'd in the hot Purſuit of Death;
Whilſt all the reſt amaz'd ſtood ſtill,
Expecting which ſhould take, or kill.
This HUDIBRAS obſerv'd, and fretting,
Conqueſt ſhould be ſo long a getting,
He drew up all his Force into
One Body, and that into one Blow.
But TALGOL wiſely avoided it
By cunning Sleight; for, had it hit,
The upper Part of him the Blow
Had ſlit, as ſure as that below.

Mean

Mean while the incomparable COLON,
To aid his Friend, began to fall on;
Him RALPH encounter'd, and ſtraight grew
A diſmal Combat 'twixt them two:
Th' one arm'd with Metal, th' other with Wood,
This fit for Bruiſe, and that for Blood.
With many a ſtiff Thwack, many a Bang,
Hard Crab-Tree and old Iron rang;
While none that ſaw them cou'd divine
To which Side Conqueſt would incline,
Until MAGNANO, who did envy
That two ſhould with ſo many Men vie,
By ſubtle Stratagem of Brain
Perform'd what Force cou'd ne'er attain;
For he, by foul Hap, having found
Where Thiſtles grew on barren Ground,
In Haſte he drew his Weapon out,
And, having cropp'd them from the Root,
He clapp'd them underneath the Tail
Of Steed, with Pricks as ſharp as Nail.
The angry Beaſt did ſtraight reſent
The Wrong done to his Fundament;
Began to kick, and fling, and wince,
As if h' had been beſide his Senſe,
Striving to diſengage from Thiſtle,
That gaul'd him ſorely under his Tail:
Inſtead of which, he threw the Pack
Of Squire and Baggage from his Back;
And, blund'ring ſtill with ſmarting Rump,
He gave the Knight's Steed ſuch a Thump
As made him reel. The Knight did ſtoop,
And ſat on further Side aſlope.
This TALGOL viewing, who had now
By Sleight eſcap'd the fatal Blow,

He

He rally'd, and again fell to't;
For, catching Foe by nearer Foot,
He lifted with ſuch Might and Strength,
As would have hurl'd him thrice his Length,
And daſh'd his Brains (if any) out;
But MARS, that ſtill protects the Stout,
In Pudding-Time came to his Aid,
And under him the Bear convey'd;
The Bear, upon whoſe ſoft Fur-Gown
The Knight with all his Weight fell down.
The friendly Rug preſerv'd the Ground,
And headlong Knight, from Bruiſe or Wound:
Like Feather-Bed betwixt a Wall,
And heavy Brunt of Cannon-Ball.
As Sancho on a Blanket fell,
And had no Hurt; our's far'd as well
In Body, though his mighty Spirit,
B'ing heavy, did not ſo well bear it.
The Bear was in a greater Fright,
Beat down and worſted by the Knight.
He roar'd and rag'd, and flung about,
To ſhake off Bondage from his Snout.
His Wrath inflam'd, boil'd o'er, and from
His Jaws of Death he threw the Foam;
Fury in ſtranger Poſtures threw him,
And more than Herald ever drew him:
He tore the Earth which he had ſav'd
From Squelch of Knight, and ſtorm'd and rav'd,
And vex'd the more, becauſe the Harms
He felt were 'gainſt the Law of Arms:
For Men he always took to be
His Friends, and Dogs the Enemy:
Who never ſo much Hurt had done him,
As his own Side did falling on him:

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3

It griev'd him to the Guts, that they
For whom h' had fought ſo many a Fray,
And ſerv'd with Loſs of Blood ſo long,
Shou'd offer ſuch inhumane Wrong;
Wrong of unſoldier-like Condition:
For which he flung down his Commiſſion;
And laid about him, till his Noſe
From Thrall of Ring and Cord broke looſe.
Soon as he felt himſelf enlarg'd,
Through thickeſt of his Foes he charg'd,
And made way through th' amazed Crew,
Some he o'erran, and ſome o'erthrew,
But took none; for by haſty Flight
He ſtrove t' eſcape Purſuit of Knight:
From whom he fled with as much Haſte
And Dread, as he the Rabble chac'd.
In Haſte he fled, and ſo did they,
Each and his Fear a ſev'ral Way.
CROWDERO only kept the Field,
Not ſtirring from the Place he held,
Though beaten down, and wounded ſore
I' th' Fiddle, and a Leg that bore
One Side of him, not that of Bone;
But much its better, th' wooden one.
He ſpying HUDIBRAS lie ſtrow'd
Upon the Ground, like Log of Wood,
With Fright of Fall, ſuppoſed Wound,
And Loſs of Urine, in a Swound,
In Haſte he ſnatch'd the wooden Limb
That hurt in th' Ankle lay by him,
And, fitting it for ſudden Fight,
Straight drew it up, t' attack the Knight;
For, getting up on Stump and Huckle,
He with the Foe began to buckle,

Vowing

Vowing to be reveng'd for Breach
Of Crowd and Skin upon the Wretch,
Sole Author of all Detriment
He and his Fiddle underwent.
But RALPHO (who had now begun
T' adventure Reſurrection
From heavy Squelch, and had got up
Upon his Legs, with ſprained Crup)
Looking about, beheld Pernicion
Approaching Knight from fell Muſician.
He ſnatch'd his Whinyard up, that fled
When he was falling off his Steed,
(As Rats do from a falling Houſe,)
To hide itſelf from Rage of Blows;
And wing'd with Speed and Fury flew
To reſcue Knight from black and blew.
Which e're he could atchieve, his Sconce
The Leg encounter'd twice and once;
And now 'twas rais'd to ſmite agen,
When RALPHO thruſt himſelf between.
He took the Blow upon his Arm,
To ſhield the Knight from further Harm;
And, joining Wrath with Force, beſtow'd
On th' wooden Member ſuch a Load,
That down it fell, and with it bore
CROWDERO, whom it propp'd before.
To him the Squire right nimbly run,
And, ſetting conqu'ring Foot upon
His Trunk, thus ſpoke: What deſp'rate Frenzy
Made thee (thou Whelp of Sin) to fancy
Thyſelf, and all that coward Rabble,
T' encounter us in Battle able?
How durſt th', I ſay, oppoſe thy Curſhip
'Gainſt Arms, Authority, and Worſhip?

And

And HUDIBRAS, or me provoke,
Though all thy Limbs were Heart of Oak,
And th' other half of thee as good
To bear out Blows, as that of Wood?
Cou'd not the Whipping-Poſt prevail
With all its Rhet'ric, nor the Jail,
To keep from flaying Scourge thy Skin,
And Ankle free from Iron Gin?
Which now thou ſhalt—but firſt our Care
Muſt ſee how HUDIBRAS doth fare.
This ſaid, he gently rais'd the Knight,
And ſet him on his Bum upright:
To rouze him from lethargick Dump,
He tweak'd his Noſe, with gentle Thump
Knock'd on his Breaſt, as if 't had been
To raiſe the Spirits lodg'd within.
They, waken'd with the Noiſe, did fly
From inward Room, to Window Eye,
And gently op'ning Lid, the Caſement,
Look'd out, but yet with ſome Amazement.
This gladded RALPHO much to ſee,
Who thus beſpoke the Knight: Quoth he,
Tweaking his Noſe, You are, great Sir,
A ſelf-denying Conqueror;
As high, victorious, and great,
As e'er fought for the Churches yet,
If you will give yourſelf but Leave
To make out what y' already have;
That's Victory. The Foe, for Dread
Of your Nine-Worthineſs, is fled,
All, ſave CROWDERO, for whoſe ſake
You did th' eſpous'd Cauſe undertake:
And he lies Priſ'ner at your Feet,
To be diſpos'd, as you think meet,

Either

Either for Life, or Death, or Sale,
The Gallows, or perpetual Jail.
For one Wink of your pow'rful Eye
Muſt ſentence him to live or die.
His Fiddle is your proper Purchaſe,
Won in the Service of the Churches;
And by your Doom muſt be allow'd
To be, or be no more, a Crowd.
For though Succeſs did not confer
Juſt Title on the Conqueror;
Though Diſpenſations were not ſtrong
Concluſions, whether right or wrong;
Although Out-Goings did confirm,
And Owning were but a meer Term:
Yet as the Wicked have no Right
To th' Creature, though uſurp'd by Might,
The Property is in the Saint,
From whom th' injuriouſly detain 't:
Of him they hold their Luxuries,
Their Dogs, their Horſes, Whores and Dice,
Their Riots, Revels, Maſks, Delights,
Pimps, Buffoons, Fidlers, Paraſites;
All which the Saints have Title to,
And ought t' enjoy, if th' had their D
What we take from them is no more
Than what was our's by Right before.
For we are their true Landlords ſtill,
And they our Tenants but at Will.
At this the Knight began to rouze,
And by Degrees grow valorous.
He ſtar'd about, and ſeeing none
Of all his Foes remain, but one,
He ſnatch'd his Weapon that lay near him,
And from the Ground began to rear him;

Vowing to make CROWDERO pay
For all the reſt that ran away.
But RALPHO now, in colder Blood,
His Fury mildly thus withſtood:
Great Sir, quoth he, your mighty Spirit
Is rais'd too high: This Slave does merit
To be the Hangman's Buſ'neſs, ſooner
Than from your Hand to have the Honour
Of his Deſtruction: I, that am
A Nothingneſs in Deed and Name,
Did ſcorn to hurt his forfeit Carcaſe,
Or ill intreat his Fiddle or Caſe:
Will you, great Sir, that Glory blot
In cold Blood, which you gain'd in hot?
Will you employ your conqu'ring Sword,
To break a Fiddle and your Word?
For though I fought, and overcame,
And Quarter gave, 'twas in your Name.
For great Commanders only own
What's proſperous by the Soldier done.
To ſave, where you have Pow'r to kill,
Argues your Pow'r above your Will;
And that your Will and Pow'r have leſs
Than both might have of Selfiſhneſs.
This Pow'r, which now alive with Dread
He trembles at, if he were dead
Wou'd no more keep the Slave in Awe,
Than if you were a Knight of Straw:
For Death wou'd then be his Conqueror,
Not you, and free him from that Terror.
If Danger from his Life accrue,
Or Honour from his Death, to you;
'Twere Policy and Honour too
To do as you reſolv'd to do:

But,

But, Sir, 'wou'd wrong your Valour much,
To ſay it needs, or fears a Crutch.
Great Conquerors greater Glory gain
By Foes in Triumph led, than ſlain:
The Laurels that adorn their Brows
Are pull'd from living, not dead Boughs,
And living Foes: The greateſt Fame
Of Cripple ſlain can be but lame.
One Half of him's already ſlain,
The other is not worth your Pain;
Th' Honour can but on one Side light,
As Worſhip did, when y' were dubb'd Knight,
Wherefore I think it better far
To keep him Priſoner of War;
And let him faſt in Bonds abide,
At Court of Juſtice to be try'd;
Where if h' appear ſo bold or crafty,
There may be Danger in his Safety;
If any Member there diſlike
His Face, or to his Beard have Pique;
Or if his Death will ſave or yield,
Revenge or fright, it is reveal'd;
Though he has Quarter, ne'ertheleſs
Y'have Pow'r to hang him when you pleaſe;
This has been often done by ſome
Of our great Conqu'rors, you know whom:
And has by moſt of us been held
Wiſe Juſtice, and to ſome reveal'd.
For Words and Promiſes, that yoke
The Conqueror, are quickly broke:
Like SAMPSON's Cuffs, though by his own
Direction and Advice put on.
For if we ſhould fight for the CAUSE
By Rules of military Laws,

And

And only do what they call Juſt,
The Cauſe would quickly fall to Duſt.
This we among ourſelves may ſpeak;
But, to the Wicked or the Weak,
We muſt be cautious to declare
Perfection-Truths, ſuch as theſe are.
This ſaid, the high outrageous Mettle
Of Knight began to cool and ſettle.
He lik'd the Squire's Advice, and ſoon
Reſolv'd to ſee the Bus'neſs done:
And therefore charg'd him firſt to bind
CROWDERO's Hands on Rump behind,
And to its former Place and Uſe
The wooden Member to reduce:
But force it take an Oath before,
Ne'er to bear Arms againſt him more.
RALPHO diſpatch'd with ſpeedy Haſte,
And, having ty'd CROWDERO faſt,
He gave Sir Knight the End of Cord
To lead the Captive of his Sword
In Triumph, whilſt the Steeds he caught,
And them to further Service brought.
The Squire in State rode on before,
And on his nut-brown Whinyard bore
The Trophee-Fiddle and the Caſe,
Leaning on Shoulder like a Mace.
The Knight himſelf did after ride,
Leading CROWDERO by his Side;
And tow'd him, if he lagg'd behind,
Like Boat againſt the Tide and Wind.
Thus grave and ſolemn they march on,
Until quite thro' the Town th' had gone;
At further End of which there ſtands
An ancient Caſtle, that commands

Th' adjacent Parts; in all the Fabrick
You ſhall not ſee one Stone, nor a Brick,
But all of Wood, by pow'rful Spell
Of Magick made impregnable:
There's neither Iron-Bar nor Gate,
Portcullis, Chain, nor Bolt, nor Grate;
And yet Men Durance there abide,
In Dungeon ſcarce three Inches wide,
With Roof ſo low, that under it
They never ſtand, but lie or ſit;
And yet ſo foul, that whoſo is in
Is to the middle Leg in Priſon
In Circle Magical confin'd,
With Walls of ſubtile Air and Wind;
Which none are able to break thorough,
Until they're freed by Head of Borough.
Thither arriv'd, th' advent'rous Knight
And bold Squire from their Steeds alight,
At th' outward Wall, near which there ſtands
A Baſtile, built t' impriſon Hands;
By ſtrange Enchantment made to fetter
The leſſer Parts, and free the greater:
For, though the Body may creep through,
The Hands in Grate are faſt enough.
And, when a Circle 'bout the Wriſt
Is made by Beadle Exorciſt,
The Body feels the Spur and Switch,
As if 'twere ridden Poſt by Witch,
At twenty Miles an Hour Pace,
And yet ne'er ſtirs out of the Place.
On Top of this there is a Spire,
On which Sir Knight firſt bids the Squire,
The Fiddle, and its Spoils, the Caſe,
In Manner of a Trophee place.

That

That done, they ope the Trap-Door-Gate,
And let CROWDERO down thereat,
CROWDERO making doleful Face,
Like Hermit poor in penſive Place.
To Dungeon they the Wretch commit,
And the Survivor of his Feet:
But th' other, that had broke the Peace
And Head of Knighthood, they releaſe,
Though a Delinquent falſe and forged,
Yet, b'ing a Stranger, he's enlarged;
While his Comrade, that did no Hurt,
Is clapp'd up faſt in Priſon for't.
So Juſtice, while ſhe winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of THE THIRD CANTO.

The ſcatter'd Rout return and rally,
Surround the Place; the Knight does ſally,
And is made Priſ'ner: Then they ſeize
Th' inchanted Fort by Storm, releaſe
CROWDERO, *and put the Squire in's Place;*
I ſhould have firſt ſaid HUDIBRAS.

CANTO III.

AY me! what Perils do environ
The Man that meddles with cold Iron;
What plaguy Miſchiefs and Miſhaps
Do dog him ſtill with After-claps!
For though Dame Fortune ſeem to ſmile,
And leer upon him for a while,
She'll after ſhew him, in the Nick
Of all his Glories, a Dog-Trick.
This any Man may ſing or ſay,
I' th' Ditty call'd, What if a Day:

For

For HUDIBRAS, who thought h' had won
The Field, as certain as a Gun,
And, having routed the whole Troop,
With Victory was Cock-a-hoop:
Thinking h' had done enough to purchaſe
Thankſgiving-Day among the Churches;
Wherein his Mettle and brave Worth
Might be explain'd by Holder-forth,
And regiſter'd by Fame eternal,
In deathleſs Pages of Diurnal:
Found in few Minutes, to his Coſt,
He did but count without his Hoſt:
And that a Turn-Stile is more certain,
Than, in Events of War, Dame Fortune.
For now the late faint-hearted Rout,
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd round about,
Chac'd by the Horror of their Fear
From bloody Fray of Knight and Bear,
(All but the Dogs, who in Purſuit
Of the Knight's Victory ſtood to't,
And moſt ignobly fought to get
The Honour of his Blood and Sweat)
Seeing the Coaſt was free and clear
O' th' Conquer'd and the Conqueror,
Took heart again, and fac'd about,
As if they meant to ſtand it out:
For by this Time the routed Bear,
Attack'd by th' Enemy i' th' Rear,
Finding their Number grew too great
For him to make a ſafe Retreat,
Like a bold Chieftain fac'd about;
But, wiſely doubting to hold out,
Gave way to Fortune, and with Haſte
Fac'd the proud Foe, and fled, and fac'd;

Retiring ſtill, until he found
H' had got th' Advantage of the Ground;
And then as valiantly made Head
To check the Foe, and forthwith fled;
Leaving no Art untry'd, nor Trick
Of Warrior ſtout and politick;
Until, in Spight of hot Purſuit,
He gain'd a Paſs, to hold Diſpute
On better Terms, and ſtop the Courſe
Of the proud Foe. With all his Force
He bravely charg'd, and for a while
Forc'd their whole Body to recoil;
But ſtill their Numbers ſo increas'd,
He found himſelf at length oppreſs'd,
And all Evaſions ſo uncertain,
To ſave himſelf for better Fortune,
That he reſolv'd, rather than yield,
To die with Honour in the Field,
And ſell his Hide and Carcaſs at
A Price as high and deſperate
As e'er he could. This Reſolution
He forthwith put in Execution,
And bravely threw himſelf among
The Enemy i' th' greateſt Throng:
But what cou'd ſingle Valour do,
Againſt ſo numerous a Foe?
Yet much he did, indeed too much
To be believ'd, where th' Odds were ſuch.
But one againſt a Multitude
Is more than Mortal can make good.
For, while one Party he oppos'd,
His Rear was ſuddenly inclos'd;
And no Room left him for Retreat,
Or Fight againſt a Foe ſo great.

For

For now the Maſtives, charging home,
To Blows and Handy-Gripes were come:
While manfully himſelf he bore,
And, ſetting his right Foot before,
He rais'd himſelf to ſhew how tall
His Perſon was above them all.
This equal Shame and Envy ſtirr'd
In th' Enemy, that one ſhould beard
So many Warriors, and ſo ſtout,
As he had done, and ſtav'd it out,
Diſdaining to lay down his Arms,
And yield on honourable Terms.
Enraged thus, ſome in the Rear
Attack'd him, and ſome ev'ry-where,
Till down he fell; yet falling fought,
And, being down, ſtill laid about:
As WIDDRINGTON, in doleful Dumps,
Is ſaid to fight upon his Stumps.
But all, alas! had been in vain,
And he inevitably ſlain,
If TRULLA and CERDON, in the Nick,
To reſcue him had not been quick:
For TRULLA, who was light of Foot,
As Shafts which long-field Parthians ſhoot,
(But not ſo light as to be born
Upon the Ears of ſtanding Corn,
Or trip it o'er the Water quicker
Than Witches, when their Staves they liquor,
As ſome report) was got among
The foremoſt of the martial Throng:
There pitying the vanquiſh'd Bear,
She call'd to CERDON, who ſtood near,
Viewing the bloody Fight; to whom,
Shall we (quoth ſhe) ſtand ſtill hum-drum,

And ſee ſtout Bruin all alone,
By Numbers baſely overthrown?
Such Feats already h' has atchiev'd,
In Story not to be believ'd;
And 'twould to us be Shame enough,
Not to attempt to fetch him off.
I would (quoth he) venture a Limb
To ſecond thee, and reſcue him:
But then we muſt about it ſtraight,
Or elſe our Aid will come too late;
Quarter he ſcorns, he is ſo ſtout,
And therefore cannot long hold out.
This ſaid, they wav'd their Weapons round
About their Heads, to clear the Ground;
And, joining Forces, laid about
So fiercely, that th' amazed Rout
Turn'd Tail again, and ſtraight begun,
As if the Devil drove, to run.
Mean while th' approach'd the Place where Bruin
Was now engag'd to mortal Ruin:
The conqu'ring Foe they ſoon aſſail'd,
Firſt TRULLA P ſtav'd, and CERDON tail'd,
Until their Maſtives loos'd their Hold:
And yet, alas! do what they could,
The worſted Bear came off with Store
Of bloody Wounds, but all before:
For as ACHILLES, dipt in Pond,
Was ANABAPTIZ'D free from Wound,
Made Proof againſt dead-doing Steel
All over, but the Pagan Heel:
So did our Champion's Arms defend
All of him, but the other End;
His Head and Ears, which in the martial
Encounter loſt a leathern Parcel:

For

For as an Auſtrian Archduke once
Had one Ear (which in Ducatoons
Is half the Coin) in Battle par'd
Cloſe to his Head; ſo Bruin far'd:
But tugg'd and pull'd on th' other Side,
Like Scriv'ner newly crucify'd:
Or like the late ꝙ corrected leathern
Ears of the Circumciſed Brethren.
But gentle TRULLA, into th' Ring
He wore in's Noſe, convey'd a String,
With which ſhe march'd before, and led
The Warrior to a graſſy Bed,
As Authors write, in a cool Shade,
Which Eglantine and Roſes made;
Cloſe by a ſoftly murm'ring Stream,
Where Lovers us'd to loll and dream.
There leaving him to his Repoſe,
Secur'd from Purſuit of Foes,
And wanting nothing but a Song,
And a well-tun'd Theorbo hung
Upon a Bough, to eaſe the Pain
His tugg'd Ears ſuffer'd, with a Strain;
They both drew up, to march in Queſt
Of his great Leader, and the reſt.
For ORSIN (who was more renown'd
For ſtout maintaining of his Ground
In ſtanding Fight, than for Purſuit,
As being not ſo quick of Foot)
Was not long able to keep Pace
With others that purſu'd the Chace;
But found himſelf left far behind,
Both out of Heart, and out of Wind:
Griev'd to behold his Bear purſu'd
So baſely by a Multitude;

And like to fall, not by the Proweſs,
But Numbers of his coward Foes.
He rag'd, and kept as heavy a Coil as
Stout HERCULES for Loſs of HYLAS:
Forcing the Vallies to repeat
The Accents of his ſad Regret.
He beat his Breaſt, and tore his Hair,
For Loſs of his dear Crony Bear:
That Eccho, from the hollow Ground,
His doleful Wailings did reſound
More wiſtfully, by many Times,
Than in ſmall Poets ſplay-foot Rhimes,
That make her, in their ruthful Stories,
To anſwer to Int'rogatories,
And moſt unconſcionably depoſe
To Things of which ſhe nothing knows;
And, when ſhe has ſaid all ſhe can ſay,
'Tis wreſted to the Lover's Fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin!
Art thou fled to my—Eccho, Ruin?
I thought th' hadſt ſcorn'd to budge a Step,
For Fear. (Quoth Eccho) Marry guep.
Am not I here to take thy Part?
Then what has quail'd thy ſtubborn Heart?
Have theſe Bones rattled, and this Head
So often in thy Quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear Sake. (Quoth ſhe) Mum budget.
Think'ſt thou 'twill not be laid i' th' Diſh
Thou turn'dſt thy Back? Quoth Eccho, Piſh.
To run from thoſe th' haſt overcome
Thus cowardly? Quoth Eccho, Mum.
But what a vengeance makes thee fly
From me too, as thine Enemy?

Or

Or if thou haſt no Thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee,
Yet Shame and Honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning Tail:
For who would grudge to ſpend his Blood in
His Honour's Cauſe? Quoth ſhe, A Puddin,
This ſaid, his Grief to Anger turn'd,
Which in his manly Stomach burn'd;
Thirſt of Revenge, and Wrath, in Place
Of Sorrow, now began to blaze.
He vow'd the Authors of his Woe
Should equal Vengeance undergoe;
And with their Bones and Fleſh pay dear
For what he ſuffer'd, and his Bear.
This b'ing reſolv'd, with equal Speed
And Rage he haſted to proceed
To Action ſtraight, and giving o're
To ſearch for Bruin any more,
He went in Queſt of HUDIBRAS;
To find him out where-e'er he was;
And, if he were above Ground, vow'd
He'd ferret him, lurk where he wou'd.
But ſcarce had he a Furlong on
This reſolute Adventure gone,
When he encounter'd with that Crew
Whom HUDIBRAS did late ſubdue.
Honour, Revenge, Contempt, and Shame
Did equally their Breaſts inflame.
'Mong theſe the fierce MAGNANO was,
And TALGOL, Foe to HUDIBRAS:
CERDON and COLON, Warriors ſtout,
And reſolute, as ever fought;
Whom furious ORSIN thus beſpoke:
Shall we (quoth he) thus baſely brook

The vile Affront that paultry Aſs,
And feeble Scoundrel, HUDIBRAS,
With that more paultry Ragamuffin,
RALPHO, with Vapouring and Huffing,
Have put upon us, like tame Cattle,
As if th' had routed us in Battle?
For my Part, it ſhall ne'er be ſaid,
I for the Waſhing gave my Head:
Nor did I turn my Back for Fear
O' th' Raſcals, but Loſs of my Bear,
Which now I'm like to undergo;
For whether theſe fell Wounds, or no,
He has receiv'd in Fight, are mortal,
Is more than all my Skill can foretell;
Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
But if I can but find them out
That caus'd it (as I ſhall no doubt,
Where-e'er th' in hugger-mugger lurk)
I'll make them rue their Handy-work;
And wiſh that they had rather dar'd
To pull the Devil by the Beard.
Quoth CERDON, Noble ORSIN, th' haſt
Great Reaſon to do as thou ſay'ſt,
And ſo has ev'ry Body here,
As well as thou haſt, or thy Bear:
Others may do as they ſee good;
But if this Twig be made of Wood
That will hold Tack, I'll make the Fur
Fly 'bout the Ears of that old Cur;
And th' other mungrel Vermin, RALPH,
That brav'd us all in his Behalf.
Thy Bear is ſafe, and out of Peril,
Though hugg'd indeed, and wounded very ill;

Myſelf

Myſelf and TRULLA made a Shift
To help him out at a dead Lift;
And, having brought him bravely off,
Have left him where he's ſafe enough:
There let him reſt; for if, we ſtay,
The Slaves may hap to get away.
This ſaid, they all engag'd to join
Their Forces in the ſame Deſign:
And forthwith put themſelves in Search
Of HUDIBRAS upon their March.
Where leave we them a while, to tell
What the victorious Knight befell:
For ſuch, CROWDERO being faſt
In Dungeon ſhut, we left him laſt.
Triumphant Laurels ſeem'd to grow
No-where ſo green as on his Brow:
Laden with which, as well as tir'd
With conqu'ring Toil, he now retir'd
Unto a neighb'ring Caſtle by
To reſt his Body, and apply
Fit Med'cines to each glorious Bruiſe
He got in Fight, Reds, Blacks, and Blues,
To mollify th' uneaſy Pang
Of ev'ry honourable Bang,
Which b'ing by ſkilful Midwife dreſt,
He laid him down to take his Reſt.
But all in vain. H' had got a Hurt
O' th' Inſide, of a deadlier Sort,
By CUPID made, who took his Stand
Upon a Widow's Jointure Land,
(For he, in all his am'rous Battels,
No 'dvantage finds like Goods and Chattels)
Drew home his Bow, and, aiming right,
Let fly an Arrow at the Knight;

The

The Shaft againſt a Rib did glance,
And gall him in the Purtenance.
But Time had ſomewhat 'ſwag'd his Pain,
After he found his Suit in vain.
For that proud Dame, for whom his Soul
Was burnt in 's Belly like a Coal,
(That Belly that ſo oft did ake,
And ſuffer Griping for her Sake,
Till purging Comfits and Ants-Eggs
Had almoſt brought him off his Legs)
Us'd him ſo like a baſe Raſcallion,
That r old Pyg-- (what d' y' call him) malion,
That cut his Miſtreſs out of Stone,
Had not ſo hard a-hearted one.
She had a thouſand Jadiſh Tricks,
Worſe than a Mule that flings and kicks;
'Mong which one croſs-grain'd Freak ſhe had,
As inſolent, as ſtrange and mad;
She could love none but only ſuch
As ſcorn'd and hated her as much.
'Twas a ſtrange Riddle of a Lady,
Not love, if any lov'd her: Hey-day!
So Cowards never uſe their Might,
But againſt ſuch as will not fight:
So ſome Diſeaſes have been found
Only to ſeize upon the Sound.
He, that gets her by Heart, muſt ſay her
The back Way, like a Witch's Prayer.
Mean while the Knight had no ſmall Taſk
To compaſs what he durſt not aſk:
He loves, but dares not make the Motion;
Her Ignorance is his Devotion:
Like Caitiff vile, that for Miſdeed
Rides with his Face to Rump of Steed,

Or

Or rowing Scull, he's fain to love,
Look one Way, and another move;
Or like a Tumbler, that does play
His Game, and look another Way,
Until he ſeize upon the Coney:
Juſt ſo he does by Matrimony.
But all in vain; her ſubtle Snout
Did quickly wind his Meaning out;
Which ſhe return'd with too much Scorn,
To be by Man of Honour born:
Yet much he bore, until the Diſtreſs
He ſuffer'd from his ſpightful Miſtreſs
Did ſtir his Stomach, and the Pain
He had endur'd from her Diſdain,
Turn'd to Regret ſo reſolute
That he reſolv'd to wave his Suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or for a while play leaſt in Sight.
This Reſolution b'ing put on,
He kept ſome Months, and more had done:
But, being brought ſo nigh by Fate,
The Victory he atchiev'd ſo late
Did ſet his Thoughts agog, and ope
A Door to diſcontinu'd Hope,
That ſeem'd to promiſe he might win
His Dame too, now his Hand was in;
And that his Valour, and the Honour
H' had newly gain'd, might work upon her:
Theſe Reaſons made his Mouth to water
With am'rous Longings to be at her.
Quoth he, unto himſelf, Who knows
But this brave Conqueſt o'er my Foes
May reach her Heart and make that ſtoop,
As I but now have forc'd the Troop?

If

If nothing can oppugn Love,
And Virtue invious Ways can prove,
What may not he confide to do
That brings both Love and Virtue too?
But thou bring'ſt Valour too and Wit,
Two Things that ſeldom fail to hit.
Valour's a Mouſe-Trap, Wit a Gin,
Which Women oft are taken in.
Then, HUDIBRAS, why ſhould'ſt thou fear
To be, that art a Conqueror?
Fortune th' Audacious doth juvare,
But lets the Timidous miſcarry.
Then while the Honour thou haſt got
Is ſpick and ſpan new, piping hot,
Strike her up bravely thou hadſt beſt,
And truſt thy Fortune with the reſt.
Such Thoughts as theſe the Knight did keep
More than his Bangs, or Fleas, from Sleep.
And as an Owl, that in a Barn
Sees a Mouſe creeping in the Corn,
Sits ſtill, and ſhuts his round blue Eyes,
As if he ſlept, until he ſpies
The little Beaſt within his Reach,
Then ſtarts, and ſeizes on the Wretch;
So from his Couch the Knight did ſtart,
To ſeize upon the Widow's Heart,
Crying with haſty Tone, and hoarſe,
RALPHO diſpatch, To Horſe, To Horſe.
And 'twas but Time; for now the Rout,
We left engag'd to ſeek him out,
By ſpeedy Marches were advanc'd
Up to the Fort, where he entranc'd:
And all th' Avenues had poſſeſt
About the Place, from Eaſt to Weſt,

That

That done, a while they made a Halt,
To view the Ground, and where t' aſſault;
Then call'd a Council, which was beſt,
By Siege or Onſlaught, to inveſt
The Enemy; and 'twas agreed,
By Storm and Onſlaught to proceed.
This b'ing reſolv'd, in comely Sort
They now drew up t' attack the Fort;
When HUDIBRAS, about to enter
Upon another Gate's Adventure,
To RALPHO call'd aloud to arm,
Not dreaming of approaching Storm.
Whether Dame Fortune, or the Care
Of Angel bad, or tutelar,
Did arm, or thruſt him on a Danger,
To which he was an utter Stranger;
That Foreſight might, or might not blot
The Glory he had newly got;
Or to his Shame it might be ſed,
They took him napping in his Bed:
To them we leave it to expound,
That deal in Sciences profound.
His Courſer ſcarce he had beſtrid,
And RALPHO that on which he rid,
When ſetting ope the Poſtern Gate,
Which they thought beſt to ſally at,
The Foe appear'd, drawn up and drill'd,
Ready to charge them in the Field.
This ſomewhat ſtartled the bold Knight,
Surpriz'd with th' unexpected Sight.
The Bruiſes of his Bones and Fleſh
He thought began to ſmart afreſh:
Till, recollecting wonted Courage,
His Fear was ſoon converted to Rage,

And

And thus he ſpoke: The Coward Foe,
Whom we but now gave Quarter to,
Look, yonder's rally'd, and appears,
As if they had out-run their Fears;
The Glory we did lately get
The Fates command us to repeat:
And to their Wills we muſt ſuccumb,
Quocunque trahunt, 'tis our Doom.
This is the ſame numeric Crew
Which we ſo lately did ſubdue;
The ſelf-ſame Individuals, that
Did run, as Mice do from a Cat,
When we courageouſly did wield
Our martial Weapons in the Field
To tug for Victory: And, when
We ſhall our ſhining Blades agen
Brandiſh in Terror o'er our Heads,
They'll ſtraight reſume their wonted Dreads:
Fear is an Ague, that forſakes
And haunts by Fits thoſe whom it takes:
And they'll opine they feel the Pain
And Blows they felt To-day, again.
Then let us boldly charge them home,
And make no Doubt to overcome.
This ſaid, his Courage to inflame,
He call'd upon his Miſtreſs' Name.
His Piſtol next he cock'd a-new,
And out his nut-brown Whinyard drew:
And, placing RALPHO in the Front,
Reſerv'd himſelf to bear the Brunt;
As expert Warriors uſe: Then ply'd
With iron Heel his Courſer's Side,
Conveying ſympathetick Speed
From Heel of Knight to Heel of Steed.

Mean

Mean while the Foe, with equal Rage
And Speed, advancing to engage,
Both Parties now were drawn ſo cloſe,
Almoſt to come to Handy-Blows:
When ORSIN firſt let fly a Stone
At RALPHO; not ſo huge a one
As that which DIOMED did maul
ÆNEAS on the Bum withal;
Yet big enough, if rightly hurl'd,
T' have ſent him to another World,
Whether above-ground, or below,
Which Saints Twice Dipt are deſtin'd to.
The Danger ſtartled the bold Squire,
And made him ſome few Steps retire.
But HUDIBRAS advanc'd to's Aid,
And rouz'd his Spirits half diſmay'd:
He wiſely doubted leſt the Shot
Of th' Enemy, now growing hot,
Might at a Diſtance gall, preſs'd cloſe,
To come pell-mell to Handy-Blows,
And, that he might their Aim decline,
Advanc'd ſtill in an oblique Line;
But prudently forbore to fire,
Till Breaſt to Breaſt he had got nigher;
As expert Warriors uſe to do,
When Hand to Hand they charge their Foe.
This Order the advent'rous Knight,
Moſt Soldier-like, obſerv'd in Fight,
When Fortune (as ſhe's wont) turn'd fickle,
And for the Foe began to ſtickle.
The more Shame for her Goody-ſhip
To give ſo near a Friend the Slip.
For COLON, chuſing out a Stone,
Levell'd ſo right, it thump'd upon

His

His manly Paunch, with ſuch a Force,
As almoſt beat him off his Horſe.
He loos'd his Whinyard, and the Rein;
But, laying faſt hold on the Mane,
Preſerv'd his Seat: And, as a Gooſe
In Death contracts his Talons cloſe,
So Did the Knight, and with one Claw
The Tricker of his Piſtol draw.
The Gun went off: And, as it was
Still fatal to ſtout HUDIBRAS,
In all his Feats of Arms, when leaſt
He dreamt of it, to proſper beſt;
So now he far'd: The Shot let fly
At random 'mong the Enemy,
Pierc'd TALGOL's Gabberdine, and grazing
Upon his Shoulder, in the paſſing,
Lodg'd in MAGNANO's braſs Habergeon,
Who ſtraight A Surgeon cry'd, A Surgeon:
He tumbled down, and, as he fell,
Did M::rther, Murther, Murther yell.
This ſtartled their whole Body ſo,
That if the Knight had not let go
His Arms, but been in warlike Plight,
H' had won (the ſecond Time) the Fight.
As, if the Squire had but fall'n on,
He had inevitably done:
But he, diverted with the Care
Of HUDIBRAS his Hurt, forbare
To preſs th' Advantage of his Fortune,
While Danger did the reſt diſhearten.
For, he with CERDON b'ing engag'd
In cloſe Encounter, they both wag'd
The Fight ſo well, 'twas hard to ſay,
Which Side was like to get the Day.

And

And now the buſy Work of Death
Had tir'd them ſo, th' agreed to breath,
Preparing to renew the Fight;
When the Diſaſter of the Knight
And the other Party did divert
Their fell Intent, and forc'd them part.
RALPHO preſs'd up to HUDIBRAS,
And CERDON where MAGNANO was;
Each ſtriving to confirm his Party
With ſtout Encouragements, and hearty.
Quoth RALPHO, Courage, valiant Sir,
And let Revenge and Honour ſtir
Your Spirits up; once more fall on,
The ſhatter'd Foe begins to run:
For if but half ſo well you knew
To uſe your Victory, as ſubdue,
They durſt not, after ſuch a Blow
As you have giv'n them, face us now;
But from ſo formidable a Soldier
Had fled like Crows when they ſmell Powder:
Thrice have they ſeen your Sword aloft
Wav'd o'er their Heads, and fled as oft.
But if you let them recollect
Their Spirits, now diſmay'd and check't,
You'll have a harder Game to play
Than yet y' have had, to get the Day.
Thus ſpoke the ſtout Squire; but was heard
By HUDIBRAS with ſmall Regard.
His Thoughts were fuller of the Bang
He lately took, than RALPH's Harangue;
To which he anſwer'd, Cruel Fate
Tells me thy Counſel comes too late.
The knotted Blood within my Hoſe,
That from my wounded Body flows,

With

With mortal Crisis doth portend
My Days to appropinque an End;
I am for Action now unfit,
Either of Fortitude or Wit;
Fortune my Foe begins to frown,
Resolv'd to pull my Stomach down.
I am not apt, upon a Wound
Or trival Basting, to despond:
Yet I'd be loth my Days to curtail;
For if I thought my Wounds not mortal,
Or that we'd Time enough as yet
To make an honourable Retreat;
'Twere the best Course: But if they find
We fly, and leave our Arms behind,
For them to seize on; the Dishonour,
And Dnager too, is such, I'll sooner
Stand to it boldly, and take Quarter,
To let them see I am no Starter.
In all the Trade of War, no Feat
Is nobler than a brave Retreat:
For those that run away, and fly,
Take Place at least of th' Enemy.
This said, the Squire with active Speed
Dismounted from his bonny Steed
To seize the Arms, which by Mischance
Fell from the bold Knight in a Trance:
These being found out, and restor'd
To HUDIBRAS, their natural Lord,
As a Man may say, with Might and Main
He hasted to get up again.
Thrice he assay'd to mount aloft,
But, by his weighty Bum, as oft
He was pull'd back, till, having found
Th' Advantage of the rising Ground,

Thither he led his warlike Steed,
And, having plac'd him right, with Speed
Prepar'd again to ſcale the Beaſt;
When ORSIN, who had newly dreſt
The bloody Scar upon the Shoulder
Of TALGOL, with Promethean Powder,
And now was ſearching for the Shot
That laid MAGNANO on the Spot,
Beheld the ſturdy Squire aforeſaid
Preparing to climb up his Horſe-Side;
He left his Cure, and laying hold
Upon his Arms, with Courage bold,
Cry'd out, 'Tis now no Time to dally,
The Enemy begin to rally:
Let us that are unhurt and whole
Fall on, and happy Man be's Dole.
This ſaid, like to a Thunderbolt
He flew with Fury to th' Aſſault,
Striving th' Enemy to attack
Before he reach'd his Horſe's Back.
RALPHO was mounted now, and gotten
O'erthwart his Beaſt with active Vau'ting,
Wriggling his Body to recover
His Seat, and caſt his right Leg over;
When ORSIN, ruſhing in, beſtow'd
On Horſe and Man ſo heavy a Load,
The Beaſt was ſtartled, and begun
To kick and fling like mad, and run,
Bearing the tough Squire like a Sack,
Or ſtout King RICHARD, on his Back:
Till, ſtumbling, he threw him down,
Sore bruis'd, and caſt into a Swoon.
Mean while the Knight began to rouſe
The Sparkles of his wonted Proweſs:

He

He thruſt his Hand into his Hoſe,
And found both by his Eyes and Noſe,
'Twas only Choler, and not Blood,
That from his wounded Body flow'd.
This, with the Hazard of the Squire,
Inflam'd him with deſpighful Ire.
Courageouſly he fac'd about,
And drew his other Piſtol out;
And now had half way bent the Cock,
When CERDON gave ſo fierce a Shock,
With ſturdy Truncheon, 'thwart his Arm,
That down it fell, and did no Harm:
Then ſtoutly preſſing on with Speed,
Aſſay'd to pull him off his Steed.
The Knight his Sword had only left,
With which he CERDON's Head had cleft,
Or at the leaſt cropt off a Limb,
But ORSIN came, and reſcu'd him.
He, with his Lance, attack'd the Knight
Upon his Quarters oppoſite.
But as a Barque, that in foul Weather,
Toſs'd by two adverſe Winds together,
Is bruis'd and beaten to and fro,
And knows not which to turn him to;
So far'd the Knight between two Foes,
And knew not which of them t'oppoſe;
Till ORSIN, charging with his Lance
At HUDIBRAS, by ſpightful Chance
Hit CERDON ſuch a Bang, as ſtunn'd
And laid him flat upon the Ground.
At this the Knight began to chear up,
And, raiſing up himſelf on Stirrup,
Cry'd out, Victoria; Lie thou there,
And I ſhall ſtraight diſpatch another,

To bear thee Company in Death:
But firſt I'll halt a while, and breath.
As well he might; for ORSIN, griev'd
At th' Wound that CERDON had receiv'd,
Ran to relieve him with his Lore,
And cure the Hurt he gave before.
Mean while the Knight had wheel'd about,
To breathe himſelf, and next find out
Th' Advantage of the Ground, where he
He might the ruffled Foe infeſt.
This b'ing reſolv'd, he ſpurr'd his Steed,
To run at ORSIN with full Speed,
While he was buſy in the Care
Of CERDON's Wound, and unaware:
But he was quick, and had already
Unto the Part apply'd Remedy:
And, ſeeing th' Enemy prepar'd,
Drew up and ſtood upon his Guard.
Then, like a Warrior right expert
And ſkilful in the martial Art,
The ſubtle Knight ſtraight made a Halt,
And judg'd it beſt to ſtay th' Aſſault,
Until he had reliev'd the Squire,
And then in Order to retire;
Or, as Occaſion ſhould invite,
With Forces join'd renew the Fight.
RALPHO, by this Time diſentranc'd,
Upon his Bum himſelf advanc'd,
Though ſorely bruis'd; his Limbs all o're
With ruthleſs Bangs were ſtiff and ſore.
Right fain he would have got upon
His Feet again, to get him gone;
When HUDIBRAS to aid him came,
Quoth he, (and call'd him by his Name)

Courage, the Day at length is our's,
And we once more, as Conquerors,
Have both the Field and Honour won,
The Foe is profligate and run:
I mean all ſuch as can, for ſome
This Hand has ſent to their long Home;
And ſome lie ſprauling on the Ground,
With many a Gaſh and bloody Wound.
CÆSAR himſelf could never ſay
He got Two Victories in a Day,
As I have done, that can ſay, Twice I
In one Day, Veni, Vidi, Vici.
The Foe's ſo numerous, that we
Cannot ſo often vincere,
As they perire, and yet enow
Be left to ſtrike an After-Blow;
Then, leſt they rally, and once more
Put us to fight the Buſ'neſs o're,
Get up and mount thy Steed, diſpatch,
And let us both their Motions watch.
Quoth RALPH, I ſhould not, if I were
In caſe for Action, now be here;
Nor have I turn'd my Back, or hang'd
An Arſe, for fear of being bang'd.
It was for You I got theſe Harms,
Advent'ring to fetch off your Arms.
The Blows and Drubs I have receiv'd
Have bruis'd my Body, and bereav'd
My Limbs of Strength: Unleſs you ſtoop,
And reach your Hand to pull me up,
I ſhall lie here, and be a Prey
To thoſe who are now run away.
That thou ſhalt not (quoth HUDIBRAS;)
We read, the Ancients held it was

MUSEUM

More honourable far, Servare
Civem, than ſlay an Adverſary;
The one we oft To-day have done,
The other ſhall diſpatch anon:
And, though th' art of a diff'rent Church,
I will not leave thee in the Lurch.
This ſaid, he jogg'd his good Steed nigher,
And ſteer'd him gently toward the Squire,
Then, bowing down his Body, ſtretch'd
His Hand out, and at RALPHO reach'd;
When TRULLA, whom he did not mind,
Charg'd him like Lightening behind.
She had been long in Search about
MAGNANO's Wound, to find it out;
But could find none, nor where the Shot,
That had ſo ſtartled him, was got.
But, having found the worſt was paſt,
She fell to her own Work at laſt,
The Pillage of the Priſoners,
Which in all Feats of Arms was her's;
And now to plunder RALPH ſhe flew,
When HUDIBRAS his hard Fate drew
To ſuccour him; for, as he bow'd
To help him up, ſhe laid a Load
Of Blows ſo heavy, and plac'd ſo well,
On t' other Side, that down he fell.
Yield, Scoundrel baſe, (quoth ſhe) or die;
Thy Life is mine, and Liberty;
But, if thou think'ſt I took thee tardy,
And dar'ſt preſume to be ſo hardy
To try thy Fortune o'er a-freſh,
I'll wave my Title to thy Fleſh,
Thy Arms and Baggage now my Right;
And, if thou haſt the Heart to try't,

I'll lend thee back thyſelf a while,
And once more, for that Carcaſs vile,
Fight upon Tick—quoth HUDIBRAS,
Thou offer'ſt nobly, valiant Laſs,
And I ſhall take thee at thy Word.
Firſt let me riſe, and take my Sword:
That Sword which has ſo oft this Day
Through Squadrons of my Foes made way,
And ſome to other Worlds diſpatch'd,
Now with a feeble Spinſter match'd,
Will bluſh with Blood ignoble ſtain'd,
By which no Honour's to be gain'd.
But, if thou'lt take m' Advice in this,
Conſider whilſt thou may'ſt, what 'tis
To interrupt a Victor's Courſe,
B' oppoſing ſuch a trivial Force:
For, if with Conqueſt I come off,
(And that I ſhall do ſure enough)
Quarter thou can'ſt not have, nor Grace
By Law of Arms in ſuch a Caſe;
Both which I now do offer freely.
I ſcorn, (quoth ſhe) thou Coxcomb ſilly,
(Clapping her Hand upon her Breech,
To ſhew how much ſhe priz'd his Speech)
Quarter, or Counſel from a Foe:
If thou can'ſt force me to it, do.
But leſt it ſhould again be ſaid,
When I have once more won thy Head,
I took thee napping, unprepar'd,
Arm, and betake thee to thy Guard.
This ſaid, ſhe to her Tackle fell,
And on the Knight let fall a Peal
Of Blows ſo fierce, and preſs'd ſo home,
That he retir'd, and follow'd 's Bum.

Stand

Stand to't (quoth ſhe) or yield to Mercy;
It is not fighting Arſie-verſie
Shall ſerve thy Turn—This ſtirr'd his Spleen
More than the Danger he was in,
The Blows he felt, or was to feel,
Although th' already made him reel:
Honour, Deſpight, Revenge, and Shame,
At once into his Stomach came;
Which fir'd it ſo, he rais'd his Arm
Above his Head, and rain'd a Storm
Of Blows ſo terrible and thick,
As if he meant to haſh her quick.
But ſhe upon her Truncheon took them,
And by oblique Diverſion broke them,
Waiting an Opportunity
To pay all back with Uſury,
Which long ſhe fail'd not of; for now
The Knight with one dead-doing Blow
Reſolving to decide the Fight,
And ſhe with quick and cunning Slight
Avoiding it, the Force and Weight
He charg'd upon it was ſo great,
As almoſt ſway'd him to the Ground:
No ſooner ſhe th' Advantage found,
But in ſhe flew; and, ſeconding
With home-made Thruſt the heavy Swing,
She laid him flat upon his Side;
And mounting on his Trunk a-ſtride,
Quoth ſhe, I told thee what would come
Of all thy Vapouring, baſe Scum.
Say, will the Law of Arms allow
I may have Grace and Quarter now?
Or wilt thou rather break thy Word,
And ſtain thine Honour, than thy Sword?

A Man of War to damn his Soul,
In baſely breaking his Parole!
And when, before the Fight, th' had'ſt vow'd
To give no Quarter in cold Blood:
Now thou haſt got me for a Tartar,
To make m' againſt my Will take Quarter:
Why doſt not put me to the Sword,
But cowardly fly from thy Word?
Quoth HUDIBRAS, The Day's thine own;
Thou and thy Stars have caſt me down:
My Laurels are tranſplanted now,
And flouriſh on thy conqu'ring Brow:
My Loſs of Honour's great enough,
Thou need'ſt not brand it with a Scoff:
Sarcaſms may eclipſe thine own,
But cannot blur my loſt Renown:
I am not now in Fortune's Power,
He that is down can fall no lower.
The ancient Heroes were illuſtrious
For being benign, and not bluſtrous
Againſt a vanquiſh'd Foe: their Swords
Were ſharp and trenchant, not their Words;
And did in Fight but cut Work out
T' employ their Courteſies about.
Quoth ſhe, Although thou haſt deſerv'd,
Baſe Slubberdegullion, to be ſerv'd
As thou did'ſt vow to deal with me,
If thou had'ſt got the Victory;
Yet I ſhall rather act a Part,
That ſuits my Fame, than thy Deſert.
Thy Arms, thy Liberty, beſide
All that's on th' Outſide of thy Hide,
Are mine by military Law,
Of which I will not 'bate one Straw:

The reſt, thy Life and Limbs, once more,
Though doubly forfeit, I reſtore.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, It is too late
For me to treat, or ſtipulate;
What thou command'ſt I muſt obey.
Yet thoſe whom I expugn'd To-day,
Of thine own Party, I let go,
And gave them Life and Freedom too;
Both Dogs and Bear, upon their Parol,
Whom I took Priſ'ners in this Quarrel.
Quoth TRULLA, Whether thou or they
Let one another run away
Concerns not me; but was't not thou
That gave CROWDERO Quarter too?
CROWDERO, whom in Irons bound
Thou baſely threw'ſt into LOB's Pound,
Where ſtill he lies, and with Regret
His gen'rous Bowels rage and fret.
But now thy Carcaſs ſhall redeem,
And ſerve to be exchang'd for him.
This ſaid, the Knight did ſtraight ſubmit,
And laid his Weapons at her Feet.
Next he diſrob'd his Gaberdine,
And with it did himſelf reſign.
She took it, and, forthwith diveſting
The Mantle that ſhe wore, ſaid jeſting,
Take that, and wear it for my Sake;
Then threw it o'er his ſturdy Back.
And as ſ the FRENCH we conquer'd once
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons,
The Length of Breeches, and the Gathers,
Port-Cannons, Perriwigs, and Feathers;
Juſt ſo the proud inſulting Laſs
Array'd and dighted HUDIBRAS.

Mean while the other Champions, yerſt
In Hurry of the Fight diſperſt,
Arriv'd, when TRULLA won the Day,
To ſhare in th' Honour and the Prey,
And out of HUDIBRAS's Hide
With Vengeance to be ſatisfy'd;
Which now they were about to pour
Upon him in a wooden Show'r,
But TRULLA thruſt herſelf between,
And, ſtriding o'er his Back agen,
She brandiſh'd o'er her Head his Sword,
And vow'd they ſhould not break her Word;
Sh' had giv'n him Quarter, and her Blood
Or their's ſhould make that Quarter good.
For ſhe was bound by Law of Arms
To ſee him ſafe from further Harms.
In Dungeon deep CROWDERO, caſt
By HUDIBRAS, as yet lay faſt;
Where, to the hard and ruthleſs Stones,
His great Heart made perpetual Moans;
Him ſhe reſolv'd that HUDIBRAS
Should ranſom, and ſupply his Place.
This ſtopt their Fury, and the Baſting
Which toward HUDIBRAS was haſting.
They thought it was but juſt and right,
That what ſhe had atchiev'd in Fight
She ſhould diſpoſe of how ſhe pleas'd:
CROWDERO ought to be releas'd;
Nor could that any way be done
So well as this ſhe pitch'd upon:
For who a better could imagine?
This therefore they reſolv'd t' engage in.
The Knight and Squire firſt they made
Riſe from the Ground where they were laid;

Then

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Then mounted both upon their Horſes,
But with their Faces to the Arſes,
Orsin led Hudibras's Beaſt,
And Talgol that which Ralpho preſt;
Whom ſtout Magnano, valiant Cerdon,
And Colon waited as a Guard on;
All uſh'ring Trulla in the Rear,
With the Arms of either Priſoner.
In this proud Order and Array
They put themſelves upon their Way,
Striving to reach th' inchanted Caſtle,
Where ſtout Crowdero in Durance lay ſtill.
Thither with greater Speed, than Shows
And Triumph over conquer'd Foes
Do uſe t' allow; or than the Bears,
Or Pageants borne before Lord-Mayors,
Are wont to uſe; they ſoon arriv'd
In Order, ſoldier-like contriv'd;
Still marching in a warlike Poſture,
As fit for Battle as for Muſter,
The Knight and Squire they firſt unhorſe,
And, bending 'gainſt the Fort their Force,
They all advanc'd, and round about
Begirt the Magical Redoubt.
Magnan' led up in this Adventure,
And made way for the reſt to enter.
For he was ſkilful in Black Art,
No leſs than he that built the Fort:
And with an Iron Mace laid flat
A Breach, which ſtraight all enter'd at:
And in the wooden Dungeon found
Crowdero laid upon the Ground.
Him they releaſe from Durance baſe,
Reſtor'd t' his Fiddle and his Caſe,

And Liberty, his thirſty Rage
With luſcious Vengeance to aſſwage:
For he no ſooner was at large,
But TRULLA ſtraight brought on the Charge,
And in the ſelf-ſame Limbo put
The Knight and Squire, where he was ſhut.
Where leaving them in Hockley i' th' Hole,
Their Bangs and Durance to condole,
Confin'd and conjur'd into narrow
Enchanted Manſion to know Sorrow,
In the ſame Order and Array
Which they advanc'd, they march'd away.
But HUDIBRAS, who ſcorn'd to ſtoop
To Fortune, or be ſaid to droop,
Chear'd up himſelf with Ends of Verſe
And Sayings of Philoſophers.
Quoth he, Th' one half of Man, his Mind,
Is, ſui Juris, unconfin'd,
And cannot be laid by the Heels,
Whate'er the other Moiety feels.
'Tis not Reſtraint or Liberty,
That makes Men Priſoners or free;
But Perturbations that poſſeſs
The Mind, or Æquanimities.
The whole World was not half ſo wide
To ALEXANDER, when he cry'd,
Becauſe he had but one to ſubdue,
As was a paultry narrow Tub to
DIOGENES; who is not ſaid
(For aught that ever I could read)
To whine, put Finger i' th' Eye and ſob,
Becauſe h' had ne'er another Tub.
The Ancients make two ſev'ral Kinds
Of Proweſs in heroick Minds,

The Active, and the Passive valiant;
Both which are pari libra gallant:
For both to give Blows, and to carry,
In Fights, are æqui-necessary:
But, in Defeats, the Passive stout
Are always found to stand it out
Most desp'rately, and to out-doe
The Active, 'gainst a conqu'ring Foe.
Tho' we with Blacks and Blues are suggill'd,
Or, as the Vulgar say, are cudgell'd:
He that is valiant and dares fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no Honour by't.
Honour's a Lease for Lives to come,
And cannot be extended from
The legal Tenant: 'Tis a Chattel
Not to be forfeited in Battle.
If he, that in the Field is slain,
Be in the Bed of Honour lain;
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in Honour's Truckle-Bed.
For as we see th' eclipsed Sun
By Mortals is more gaz'd upon,
Than when, adorn'd with all his Light,
He shines in serene Sky most bright:
So Valour, in a low Estate,
Is most admir'd and wonder'd at.
Quoth RALPH, How great I do not know
We may by being beaten grow;
But none, that see how here we sit,
Will judge us overgrown with Wit.
As Gifted Brethren, preaching by
A Carnal Hour-Glass, do imply
Illumination can convey
Into them what they have to say,

But not how much; ſo well enough
Know you to charge, but not draw off:
For who without a Cap and Bauble,
Having ſubdu'd a Bear and Rabble,
And might with Honour have come off,
Would put it to a ſecond Proof?
A politick Exploit, right fit
For Preſbyterian Zeal and Wit.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, That Cuckow's Tone,
RALPHO, thou always harp'ſt upon:
When thou at any thing would'ſt rail,
Thou mak'ſt Preſbytery thy Scale
To take the Height on't, and explain
To what Degree it is prophane;
Whats'ever will not with (thy what d'ye call)
Thy Light jump right, thou call'ſt Synodical.
As if Preſbytery were a Standard,
To ſeize whats'ever's to be ſlander'd.
Doſt not remember how this Day
Thou to my Beard waſt bold to ſay,
That thou cou'd'ſt prove Bear-Baiting equal
With Synods, Orthodox and Legal?
Do, if thou canſt, for I deny't,
And dare thee to't with all thy Light.
Quoth RALPHO, Truly that is no
Hard Matter for a Man to do,
That has but any Guts in 's Brains,
And cou'd believe it worth his Pains:
But, ſince you dare and urge me to it,
You'll find I've Light enough to do it.
Synods are myſtical Bear-Gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-Wardens,
And other Members of the Court,
Manage the Babyloniſh Sport;

For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-Ward,
Do differ only in a meer Word.
Both are but ſev'ral Synagogues
Of Carnal Men, and Bears and Dogs:
Both Antichriſtian Aſſemblies,
To Miſchief bent as far's in them lies:
Both ſtave and tail, with fierce Conteſts,
The one with Men, the other Beaſts.
The Diff rence is, the one fights with
The Tongue, the other with the Teeth;
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th' other Souls and Conſciences;
Where Saints themſelves are brought to Stake
For Goſpel-Light, and Conſcience-Sake;
Expos'd to Scribes and Preſbyters,
Inſtead of Maſtive Dogs and Curs,
Than whom th' have leſs Humanity,
For theſe at Souls of Men will fly.
This to the Prophet did appear,
Who in a Viſion ſaw a Bear,
Prefiguring the beaſtly Rage
Of Church-Rule, in this latter Age:
As is demonſtrated at full
By him that baited the't Pope's Bull.
Bears naturally are Beaſts of Prey,
That live by Rapine; ſo do they.
What are their Orders, Conſtitutions,
Church-Cenſures, Curſes, Abſolutions,
But ſev'ral myſtick Chains they make,
To tie poor Chriſtians to the Stake,
And then ſet Heathen Officers,
Inſtead of Dogs, about their Ears?
For to Prohibit and Diſpence,
To find out or to make Offence;

Of

Of Hell and Heaven to diſpoſe,
To play with Souls at faſt and looſe;
To ſet what Characters they pleaſe,
And Mulcts on Sin or Godlineſs;
Reduce the Church to Goſpel-Order,
By Rapine, Sacrilege, and Murther;
To make Preſbytery ſupreme,
And Kings themſelves ſubmit to them;
And force all People, though againſt
Their Conſciences, to turn Saints;
Muſt prove a pretty thriving Trade,
When Saints Monopoliſts are made.
When pious Frauds and holy Shifts
Are Diſpenſations and Gifts,
Their Godlineſs becomes mere Ware,
And ev'ry Synod but a Fair.
Synods are Whelps of th' Inquiſition,
A mungrel Breed of like Pernicion,
And, growing up, became the Sires
Of Scribes, Commiſſioners, and Triers;
Whoſe Bus'neſs is, by cunning Slight,
To caſt a Figure for Man's Light;
To find, in Lines of Beard and Face,
The Phyſiognomy of Grace;
And by the Sound and Twang of Noſe,
If all be ſound within, diſcloſe;
Free from a Crack or Flaw of ſinning,
As Men try Pipkins by the Ringing;
By Black Caps underlaid with White,
Give certain Gueſs at inward Light,
Which Serjeants at the Goſpel wear,
To make the Spiritual Calling clear;
The Handkerchief about the Neck
(Canonical Cravat of u SMECK,

From

From whom the Inſtitution came,
When Church and State they ſet on Flame,
And worn by them as Badges then
Of Spiritual Warfaring Men)
Judge rightly if Regeneration
Be of the neweſt Cut in Faſhion.
Sure 'tis an orthodox Opinion,
That Grace is founded in Dominion.
Great Piety conſiſts in Pride;
To Rule is to be Sanctify'd:
To domineer, and to controul,
Both o'er the Body and the Soul,
Is the moſt perfect Diſcipline
Of Church-Rule, and by Right Divine.
Bell and the Dragon's Chaplains were
More moderate than theſe by far:
For they (poor Knaves) were glad to cheat,
To get their Wives and Children Meat;
But theſe will not be fobb'd off ſo;
They muſt have Wealth and Power too,
Or elſe with Blood and Deſolation
They'll tear it out o' th' Heart o' th' Nation.
Sure theſe themſelves from Primitive
And Heathen Prieſthood do derive,
When Butchers were the only Clerks,
Elders and Preſbyters of Kirks:
Whoſe Directory was to kill;
And ſome believe it is ſo ſtill.
The only Diff'rence is, that then
They ſlaughter'd only Beaſts, now Men.
For then to ſacrifice a Bullock,
Or now and then a Child to Moloch,
They count a vile Abomination,
But not to ſlaughter a whole Nation.

Preſbytery

Preſbytery does but tranſlate
The Papacy to a Free State;
A Common-Wealth of Popery,
Where ev'ry Village is a See
As well as Rome, and muſt maintain
A Tithe-Pig Metropolitan;
Where ev'ry Preſbyter and Deacon
Commands the Keys for Cheeſe and Bacon,
And ev'ry Hamlet's governed
By's Holineſs, the Church's Head,
More haughty and ſevere in's Place,
Than GREGORY and BONIFACE.
Such Church muſt (ſurely) be a Monſter
With many Heads: For if we conſter
What in th' Apocalypſe we find,
According to th' Apoſtle's Mind,
'Tis That the Whore of Babylon
With many Heads did ride upon;
Which Heads denote the ſinful Tribe
Of Deacon, Prieſt, Lay-Elder, Scribe.
Lay-Elder, SIMEON to LEVI,
Whoſe Little Finger is as heavy
As Loins of Patriarchs, Prince-Prelate,
And Biſhop-Secular. This Zealot
Is of a mungrel, diverſe Kind,
Clerick before, and Lay behind;
A lawleſs Linſey-Woolſey Brother,
Half of one Order, half another;
A Creature of amphibious Nature,
On Land a Beaſt, a Fiſh in Water;
That always preys on Grace or Sin;
A Sheep without, a Wolf within.
This fierce Inquiſitor has chief
Dominion over Men's Belief

And

And Manners; can pronounce a Saint
Idolatrous, or ignorant,
When ſuperciliouſly he ſifts
Through coarſeſt Boulter other's Gifts;
For all Men live and judge amiſs,
Whoſe Talents jump not juſt with his.
He'll lay on Gifts with Hands, and place
On dulleſt Noddle Light and Grace,
The Manufacture of the Kirk;
Thoſe Paſtors are but th' Handy-Work
Of his mechanick Paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by Feeling;
From whence they ſtart up Choſen Veſſels,
Made by Contact, as Men get Measles.
x So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th' other End the new-made Pope.
Hold, hold, quoth HUDIBRAS, Soft Fire,
They ſay, does make ſweet Malt. Good Squire,
Feſtina lente, not too faſt;
For Haſte (the Proverb ſays) makes Waſte.
The Quirks and Cavils thou doſt make
Are falſe, and built upon Miſtake;
And I ſhall bring you, with your Pack
Of Fallacies, t' Elenchi back;
And put your Arguments in Mood
And Figure, to be underſtood.
I'll force you by right Ratiocination
To leave your y Vitilitigation,
And make you keep to th' Queſtion cloſe,
And argue Dialectically.
The Queſtion then, to ſtate it firſt,
Is, Which is better, or which Worſt,
Synods or Bears? Bears I avow
To be the Worſt, and Synods thou.

But

But, to make good th' Aſſertion,
Thou ſay'ſt th' are really all one.
If ſo, not worſt; for, if th' are idem,
Why then tantundem dat tantidem.
For, if they are the ſame, by Courſe
Neither is better, neither worſe.
But I deny they are the ſame,
More than a Maggot and I am.
That both are animalia
I grant, but not rationalia:
For, though they do agree in Kind,
Specifick Difference we find;
And can no more make Bears of theſe,
Than prove my Horſe is SOCRATES.
That Synods are Bear-Gardens too,
Thou doſt affirm; but I ſay, no:
And thus I prove it, in a Word;
Whats'ver Aſſembly's not impow'r'd
To cenſure, curſe, abſolve, and ordain,
Can be no Synod: But Bear-Garden
Has no ſuch Pow'r; ergo, 'tis none:
And ſo thy Sophiſtry's o'erthrown.
But yet we are beſide the Queſtion,
Which thou didſt raiſe the firſt Conteſt on;
For that was, Whether Bears are Better
Than Synod-Men? I ſay, Negatur.
That Bears are Beaſts, and Synods Men,
Is held by all: They're better then:
For Bears and Dogs on four Legs go,
As Beaſts; but Synod-Men on two.
'Tis true, they all have Teeth and Nails;
But prove that Synod-Men have Tails;
Or that a rugged, ſhaggy Fur
Grows o'er the Hide of Preſbyter;

Or

Or that his Snout and ſpacious Ears
Do hold Proportion with a Bear's.
A Bear's a ſavage Beaſt, of all
Moſt ugly and unnatural;
Whelp'd without Form, until the Dam
Has lick'd it into Shape and Frame:
But all thy Light can ne'er evict,
That ever Synod-Man was lick'd,
Or brought to any other Faſhion,
Than his own Will and Inclination.
But thou doſt further yet in this
Oppugn thyſelf and Senſe; that is,
Thou would'ſt have Preſbyters to go
For Bears and Dogs, and Bearwards too:
A ſtrange Chimera of Beaſts and Men,
Made up of Pieces heterogene;
Such as in Nature never met
In eodem ſubjecto yet.
Thy other Arguments are all
Suppoſures, hypothetical,
That do but beg, and we may chuſe
Either to grant them, or refuſe.
Much thou haſt ſaid; which I know when
And where, thou ſtol'ſt from other Men,
(Whereby 'tis plain thy Light and Gifts
Are all but plagiary Shifts:)
And is the ſame that Ranter ſaid,
Who, arguing with me, broke my Head,
And tore a Handful of my Beard.
The ſelf-ſame Cavils then I heard,
When, b'ing in hot Diſpute about
This Controverſy, we fell out;
And what thou know'ſt I anſwer'd then
Will ſerve to anſwer thee agen.

Quoth

Quoth RALPHO, Nothing but th' Abuſe
Of Human Learning you produce;
Learning, that Cobweb of the Brain,
Profane, erroneous, and vain;
A Trade of Knowledge, as replete
As others are with Fraud and Cheat:
An Art t'incumber Gifts and Wit,
And render both for nothing fit;
Makes Light unactive, dull, and troubled,
Like little DAVID in SAUL's Doublet:
A Cheat that Scholars put upon
Other Men's Reaſon and their own;
A Fort of Error, to enſconce
Abſurdity and Ignorance,
That renders all the Avenues
To Truth impervious and abſtruſe,
By making plain Things, in Debate,
By Art, perplex'd and intricate:
For nothing goes for Senſe, or Light,
That will not with old Rules jump right:
As if Rules were not in the Schools
Deriv'd from Truth, but Truth from Rules.
This Pagan, Heathenish Invention
Is good for nothing but Contention.
For as, in Sword-and-Buckler Fight,
All Blows do on the Target light:
So, when Men argue, the great'ſt Part
O' th' Conteſt falls on Terms of Art,
Until the Fuſtian Stuff be ſpent,
And then they fall to th' Argument.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, Friend RALPH, thou haſt
Out-run the Conſtable at laſt:
For thou art fallen on a new
Diſpute, as ſenſeleſs as untrue,

But

But to the former oppoſite,
And contrary as Black to White;
Mere diſparata, that concerning
Preſbytery, this Human Learning;
Two Things ſ' averſe, they never yet
But in thy rambling Fancy met.
But I ſhall take a fit Occaſion
T' evince thee by Ratiocination,
Some other Time in Place more proper
Than this we're in; therefore let's ſtop here,
And reſt our weary'd Bones a-while,
Already tir'd with other Toil.

THE

NOTES to Part I. Canto I.

1 WHEN civil [a] Dudgeon, &c.] Durlgeon. Who made the Alterations in the laſt Edition of this Poem, I know not, but they are certainly ſometimes for the worſe; and I cannot believe the Author would have changed a Word ſo proper in that Place, as Dudgeon is, for that of Fury, as it is in the laſt Edition: To take in Dudgeon is inwardly to reſent ſome Injury or Affront, a Sort of Grumbling in the Gizzard, and what is previous to actual Fury.

24 [b] *That could as well*, &c.] Bind over to the Seſſions, as being a Juſtice of the Peace in his Country, as well as Colonel of a Regiment of Foot in the Parliament's Army, and a Committee-Man.

38 [c] *As* MONTAIGNE, &c.] *Montaigne*, in his Eſſays, ſuppoſes his Cat thought him a Fool, for loſing his Time in playing with her.

62 [d] *To make ſome*, &c.] Here again is an Alteration without any Amendment; for the following Lines,

And truly ſo he was, perhaps,
Not as a Proſelyte, *but for Claps,*

Are thus changed:

And truly ſo perhaps he was,
'Tis many a pious Chriſtian's Caſe.

The Heathens had an odd Opinion, and have a ſtrange Reaſon why *Moſes* impoſed the Law of Circumciſion on the *Jews*, which, how untrue ſoever, I will give the learned Reader an Account of without Tranſlation, as I find

find it in the Annotations upon *Horace*, wrote by my worthy and learned Friend, Mr. *William Baxter*, the great Reſtorer of the Ancient, and Promoter of Modern Learning.

Hor. Sat. 9. Sermon. Lib. I.

Curtis; quia pellicula imminuti ſunt; quia Moſes rex Judæorum, cujus legibus reguntur, negligentia φιμωθὶς medicinaliter exſectus eſt, & ne ſolus eſſet notabilis, omnes circumcidi voluit. Vet. Schol. Vocem φιμωθὶς quæ inſcitia librarii exciderat repoſuimus ex conjectura, uti & *medicinaliter exſectus* pro *medicinalis effectus* quæ nihil erant. Quis miretur ejuſmodi convicia homini Epicureo atque Pagano excidiſſe? Jure igitur Henrico Glareano Diaboli organum videtur. Etiam Satyra quinta hæc habet: *Conſtat omnia miracula certa ratione fieri, de quibus Epicurei prudentiſſime diſputant.*

66 e *Profoundly ſkill'd*, &c.] *Analytick* is a Part of *Logick*, that teaches to decline and to conſtrue *Reaſon*, as *Grammar* does *Words*.

93 f *A Babyloniſh*, &c.] A Confuſion of Languages, ſuch as ſome of our modern *Virtuoſi* uſed to expreſs themſelves in.

103 g *Or* CERBERUS *himſelf*, &c.] *Cerberus*; a Name which Poets give a Dog with three Heads, which they feigned Door-keeper of Hell, that careſſed the unfortunate Souls ſent thither, and devoured them that would get out again; yet *Hercules* tied him up, and made him follow. This Dog with three Heads denotes the Paſt, the Preſent, and the Time to come; which receive, and as it were devour all Things. *Hercules* got the better of him, which ſhews that Heroick Actions are always victorious over Time, becauſe they are preſent in the Memory of Poſterity.

115 h *That had the*, &c.] *Demoſthenes*, who is ſaid to have a Defect in his Pronunciation, which he cured by uſing to ſpeak with little Stones in his Mouth.

120 i *Than* TYCHO BRAHE, *&c.*] *Tycho Brache* was an

an eminent *Danish* Mathematician. Quer. in *Collier's* Dictionary, or elsewhere.

131 [k] *Whatever* Sceptick, &c.] *Sceptick*; *Pyrrho* was the chief of *Sceptick* Philosophers, and was at first, as *Apollodorus* saith, a Painter, then became the Hearer of *Drise*, and at last the Disciple of *Anaxagoras*, whom he followed into *India*, to see the *Gymnosophists*. He pretended that Men did nothing but by Custom; that there was neither Honesty nor Dishonesty, Justice nor Injustice, Good nor Evil. He was very solitary, lived to be ninety Years old, was highly esteemed in his Country, and created Chief-Priest. He lived in the Time of *Epicurus* and *Theophrastus*, about the 120th *Olympiad*. His Followers were called *Pyrrhonians*; besides which, they were named the *Ephectichs*, and *Aporetichs*, but more generally *Scepticks*. This Sect made their chiefest Good to consist in a Sedateness of Mind, exempt from all Passions; in regulating their Opinions, and moderating their Passions, which they called *Ataraxia* and *Metriopathia*; and in suspending their Judgment in Regard of Good and Evil, Truth or Falshood, which they called *Epechi*. *Sextus Empiricus*, who lived in the second Century, under the Emperor *Antoninus Pius*, writ ten Books against the Mathematicians or Astrologers, and three of the *Pyrrhonian* Opinion. The Word is derived from the *Greek* σκέπτομαι, quod est, *considerare*, *speculari*.

143 [l] *He could reduce*, &c.] The old Philosophers thought to extract Notions out of Natural Things, as Chymists do Spirits and Essences; and, when they had refined them into the nicest Subtilties, gave them as insignificant Names, as those Operators do their Extractions: But (as *Seneca* says) the subtiler Things are rendered, they are but the nearer to nothing. So are all their Definitions of Things, by Acts, the nearer to Nonsense.

147m *Where Truth*, &c.] Some Authors have miſtaken Truth for a real Thing, when it is nothing but a right Method of putting thoſe Notions or Images of Things (in the Underſtanding of Man) into the ſame State and Order, that their Originals hold in Nature; and therefore *Ariſtotle* ſays, *Unumquodque ſicut ſe habet ſecundum eſſe, ita ſe habet ſecundum veritatem.* Met. L. ii.

148n *Like Words congeal'd*, &c.] Some report that in *Nova Zembla*, and *Greenland*, Men's Words are wont to be frozen in the Air, and at the Thaw may be heard.

151 *In School-Divinity as able,*
As o *he that hight*, Irrefragable, &c.]

Here again is another Alteration of three or four Lines, as I think, for the worſe.

Some ſpecifick Epithets were added to the Title of ſome famous Doctors, as *Angelicus*, *Irrefragabilis*, *Subtilis*, &c. Vide *Voſſii Etymolog. Baillet Jugemens de Sçavans*, & *Peſſevin's Apparatus.*

153p *A Second* THOMAS, *or at once,*
To name them all, another DUNCE.

Thomas Aquinas, a *Dominican* Friar, was born in 1224, ſtudied at *Cologne* and *Paris*. He new-modelled the School-Divinity, and was therefore called the *Angelick Doctor*, and *Eagle of Divines*. The moſt illuſtrious Perſons of his Time were ambitious of his Friendſhip, and put a high Value on his Merits, ſo that they offered him Biſhopricks, which he refuſed with as much Ardor as others ſeek after them. He died in the fiftieth Year of his Age, and was canonized by Pope *John* XII. We have his Works in eighteen Volumes, ſeveral Times printed.

Johannes Dunſcotus was a very learned Man, who lived about the End of the Thirteenth, and Beginning of the Fourteenth Century. The *Engliſh* and *Scots* ſtrive which of them ſhall have the Honour of his Birth.

The *Engliſh* ſay, he was born in *Northumberland*; the *Scots* alledge, that he was born at *Duns* in the *Mers*, the neighbouring County to *Northumberland*, and hence was called *Dunſcotus*: *Mereri*, *Buchanan*, and other *Scotch* Hiſtorians are of this Opinion, and for Proof cite his Epitaph:

Scotia me genuit, Anglia ſuſcepit,
Gallia edocuit, Germania tenet.

He died at *Cologne*, *Novem.* 8, 1308. In the Supplement to Dr. *Cave*'s *Hiſtoria Literaria*, he is ſaid to be extraordinary learned in Phyſicks, Metaphyſicks, Mathematicks, and Aſtronomy; that his Fame was ſo great, when at *Oxford*, that 30,000 Scholars came thither to hear his Lectures: That, when at *Paris*, his Arguments and Authority carried it for the immaculate Conception of the bleſſed Virgin; ſo that they appointed a Feſtival on that Account, and would admit no Scholars to Degrees, but ſuch as were of this Mind. He was a great Oppoſer of *Thomas Aquinas*'s Doctrine, and, for being a very acute Logician, was called *Doctor Subtilis*, which was the Reaſon alſo, that an old Punſter always called him the *Lathy Doctor*.

158 ¶ *As tough as*, &c.] *Sorbon* was the firſt and moſt conſiderable College of the Univerſity of *Paris*, founded in the Reign of St. *Lewis* by *Robert Sorbon*; which Name is ſometimes given to the whole Univerſity of *Paris*, which was founded, about the Year 741, by *Charlemaigne*, at the Perſuaſion of the learned *Alcuinus*, who was one of the firſt Profeſſors there; ſince which Time it has been very famous. This College has been rebuilt with an extraordinary Magnificence, at the Charge of Cardinal *Richlieu*, and contains Lodgings for thirty-ſix Doctors, who are called the *Society of Sorbon*: Thoſe which are received among them, before they have received their Doctor's Degree, are only ſaid to be of the *Hoſpitality*

Hospitality of Sorbon. Claud. Hemeraus de Acad. *Paris.* Spondan. in Annal.

173 r *He knew*, &c.] There is nothing more ridiculous than the various Opinions of Authors about the Seat of Paradise: Sir *Walter Raleigh* has taken a great deal of Pains to collect them, in the Beginning of his *History of the World*; where those, who are unsatisfied, may be fully informed.

180 s *By a* High-Dutch, *&c.*] *Goropius Becanus* endeavours to prove, that *High-Dutch* was the Language that *Adam* and *Eve* spoke in *Paradise.*

181 t *If either of*, &c.] *Adam* and *Eve* being made, and not conceived and formed in the Womb, had no Navels, as some learned Men have supposed, because they had no Need of them.

182 u *Who first made*, &c.] Musick is said to be invented by *Pythagoras*, who first found out the Proportion of Notes, from the Sounds of Hammers upon an Anvil.

232 w *Like* MAHOMET'S, &c.] *Mahomet* had a tame Dove that used to pick Seeds out of his Ear, that it might be thought to whisper and inspire him. His Ass was so intimate with him, that the *Mahometans* believe it carried him to Heaven, and stays there with him, to bring him back again.

257 x *It was Monastick, and did grow*
In holy Orders by strict Vow.

He made a Vow never to cut his *Beard*, until the Parliament had subdued the King; of which Order of Phanatick Votaries there were many in those Times.

281 y *So learned* TALIACOTIUS, *&c.*] *Taliacotius* was an *Italian* Surgeon, that found out a Way to repair lost and decayed Noses.

This *Taliacotius* was chief Surgeon to the Great Duke of *Tuscany*, and wrote a Treatise, *De Curtis Membris*, which he dedicates to his great Master; wherein he not only declares the Models of his wonderful Opera-

tions in reſtoring of loſt Members, but gives you Cuts of the very Inſtruments and Ligatures he made uſe of therein; from hence our Author *(cum Poetica Licentia)* has taken his *Simile*.

289 [a] *For as* Æneas, *&c.*] *Æneas* was the Son of *Anchiſes* and *Venus*; a *Trojan*, who after long Travels came into *Italy*, and after the Death of his Father-in-Law, *Latinus*, was made King of *Latium*, and reigned *three* Years; his Story is too long to inſert here, and therefore I refer you to *Virgil's Æneid*. *Troy* being laid in Aſhes, he took his aged Father *Anchiſes* upon his Back, and reſcued him from his Enemies. But, being too ſollicitous for his Son and Houſhold Gods, he loſt his Wife *Creuſa*; which Mr. *Dryden* in his excellent Tranſlation thus expreſſeth:

Haſte, my dear Father, ('tis no Time to wait)
And load my Shoulders with a willing Freight.
Whate'er befals, your Life ſhall be my Care,
One Death, or one Deliv'rance, we will ſhare.
My Hand ſhall lead our little Son, and you,
My faithful Conſort, ſhall our Steps purſue.

337 [a] —— *For* Arthur, *&c.*] Who this *Arthur* was, and whether any ever reigned in *Britain*, has been doubted heretofore, and is by ſome to this very Day. However, the Hiſtory of him, which makes him one of the Nine Worthies of the World, is a Subject ſufficient for the Poet to be pleaſant upon.

359 [b] ——Toledo *truſty*, &c.] The capital City of *New Caſtile* in *Spain*, with an Archbiſhoprick and Primacy: It was very famous, amongſt other Things, for tempering the beſt Metal for Swords, as *Damaſcus* was, and perhaps may be ſtill.

389 [c] *But left the Trade, as many more*
Have lately done, &c.

Oliver

Oliver Cromwell and Colonel *Pride* had been both Brewers.

433 [d] *That* CÆSAR's *Horſe who, as Fame goes,*
Had Corns upon his Feet and Toes.

Julius Cæſar had a Horſe with Feet like a Man's: *Utebatur equo inſigni; pedibus prope humanis, & in modum digitorum unguibus ſiſſis.* Suet. *in* Jul. Cap. 61.

467 [e] *The mighty* Tyrian *Queen, that gain'd*
With ſubtile Shreds a Tract of Land.

Dido, Queen of *Carthage*, who bought as much Land as ſhe could compaſs with an Ox's Hide, which ſhe cut into ſmall Thongs, and cheated the Owner of ſo much Ground as ſerved her to build *Carthage* upon.

476 [f] *As the bold*, &c.] *Æneas*, whom *Virgil* reports to uſe a Golden Bough for a Paſs to Hell; and Taylors call that Place Hell, where they put all they ſteal.

526 [g] *As three*, &c.] Read the Great *Geographical Dictionary*, under that Word.

530 [h] *In Magick*, &c.] *Taliſman* is a Device to deſtroy any ſort of Vermin, by caſting their Images in Metal, in a preciſe Minute, when the Stars are perfectly inclined to do them all the Miſchief they can. This has been experimented by ſome modern *Virtuoſi*, upon Rats, Mice, and Fleas, and found (as they affirm) to produce the Effect with admirable Succeſs.

Raymund Lully interprets *Cabal*, out of the *Arabick*, to ſignify *Scientia ſuperabundans*; which his Commentator, *Cornelius Agrippa*, by over-magnifying, has rendered a very ſuperfluous Foppery.

532 [i] *As far as*, &c.] The Author of *Magia Adamica* endeavours to prove the Learning of the ancient *Magi* to be derived from that Knowledge which God himſelf taught *Adam* in *Paradiſe*, before the Fall.

535 *And much of* Terra Incognita,
Th' Intelligible World, cou'd say.

The Intelligible World is a kind of *Terra del Fuego*, or *Psittacorum Regio*, discovered only by the Philosophers; of which they talk, like Parrots, what they do not understand.

538 k *As learned*, &c.] No Nation in the World is more addicted to this occult Philosophy, than the *Wild-Irish* are, as appears by the whole Practice of their Lives; of which see *Camden* in his Description of *Ireland*.

539 l *Or Sir* Agrippa, *&c.*] They, who would know more of Sir *Cornelius Agrippa* here meant, may consult the Great Dictionary.

541 m *He* Anthroposophus *and* Floud,
And Jacob Behmen *understood.*

Anthroposophus is only a compound *Greek* Word, which signifies a Man that is wise in the Knowledge of Men, and is used by some anonymous Author to conceal his true Name.

Dr. *Floud* was a sort of an *English Rosy-crucian*, whose Works are extant, and as intelligible as those of *Jacob Behmen*.

545 n *In* Rosy-crucian *Lore as learned,*
As he that Vere Adeptus *earned.*

The Fraternity of the *Rosy-crucians* is very like the Sect of the ancient *Gnostici*, who called themselves so from the excellent Learning they pretended to, although they were really the most ridiculous Sots of Mankind.

Vere Adeptus is one that has commenced in their Phanatick Extravagance.

646 *Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,*
Didst inspire Withers, Prynn, *and* o Vickars.

This *Vickars* was a Man of as great Intereſt and Authority in the late *Reformation*, as *Pryn*, or *Withers*, and as able a Poet; He tranſlated *Virgil*'s *Æneid* into as horrible *Traveſty* in earneſt, as the *French Scaroon* did in *Burleſque*, and was only outdone in his Way by the Politick Author of *Oceana*.

714 p *We that are*, &c.] This Speech is ſet down, as it was delivered by the Knight, in his own Words: But ſince it is below the Gravity of Heroical Poetry to admit of Humour, but all Men are obliged to ſpeak wiſely alike, and too much of ſo extravagant a Folly would become tedious and impertinent; the reſt of his Harangues have only his Senſe expreſſed, in other Words, unleſs in ſome few Places, where his own Words could not be ſo well avoided.

753 q *In bloody*, &c.] *Cynarctomachy* ſignifies nothing in the World, but a Fight between *Dogs* and *Bears*, tho' both the Learned and Ignorant agree, that in ſuch Words very great Knowledge is contained: And our Knight, as one, or both, of thoſe, was of the ſame Opinion.

758 r *Or Force*, &c.] Another of the ſame Kind, which, though it appear ever ſo learned and profound, means nothing elſe but the Weeding of Corn.

777 s *The* Indians *fought for the Truth*
Of th' Elephant *and* Monkey's *Tooth*.

The Hiſtory of the White Elephant and Monkey's Tooth, which the *Indians* adored, is written by Monſieur *le Blanc*. This Monkey's Tooth was taken by the *Portugueſe* from thoſe that worſhipped it, and, though they offered a vaſt Ranſom for it, yet the Chriſtians were perſuaded by their Prieſts rather to burn it. But, as ſoon as the Fire was kindled, all the People preſent were not able to endure the horrible Stink that came from it, as if the Fire had been made of the ſame Ingredients, with which Seamen uſe to compoſe that Kind of Granado's, which they call *Stinkards*.

786 t *The Rage*, &c.] *Beaute-feus* is a *French* Word, and therefore it were uncivil to ſuppoſe any *Engliſh*-Perſon (eſpecially of Quality) ignorant of it, or ſo ill-bred as to need an Expoſition.

903 u *'Tis ſung*, &c.] *Mamaluke's* the Name of the Militia of the *Sultans* of *Ægypt*; it ſignified a *Servant* or *Soldier*; they were commonly Captives, taken from amongſt the *Chriſtians*, and inſtructed in Military Diſcipline, and did not marry; their Power was great, for, beſides that the *Sultans* were choſen out of their Body, they diſpoſed of the moſt important Offices of the Kingdom; they were formidable about 200 Years, 'till at laſt *Selem*, *Sultan* of the *Turks*, routed them, and killed their *Sultan*, near *Aleppo*, 1516, and ſo put an End to the Empire of the *Mamalukes*, which had laſted 267 Years. *Paulus Jovius*, &c.

No Queſtion but the Rhime to *Mamaluke* was meant Sir *Samuel Luke*, of whom in the Preface.

913 w *Honour is like*, &c.] Our *Engliſh* Proverbs are not impertinent to this Purpoſe:

He that woos a Maid, muſt ſeldom come in her Sight:
But he that woos a Widow, muſt woo her Day and Night.
He that woos a Maid, muſt feign, lye, and flatter;
But he that woos a Widow, muſt down with his Breeches and at her.

This Proverb being ſomewhat immodeſt, Mr. *Ray* ſays he would not have inſerted it in his Collection, but that he met with it in a little Book, intitled, *The Quakers Spiritual Court proclaimed*: Written by *Nathaniel Smith*, Student in Phyſick; wherein the Author mentions it as Counſel given him by *Hilkiah Bedford*, an eminent *Quaker* in *London*, who would have had him to have married a rich Widow, in whoſe Houſe he lodged. In Caſe he could get her, this *Nathaniel Smith* had promiſed

miſed *Hilkiah* a Chamber *gratis*. The whole Narrative is worth the Reading.

NOTES to Part I. Canto II.

47 z *That is to ſay, whether* Tollutation,
As they do term't, or Succuſſation.

Tollutation and *Succuſſation* are only *Latin* Words for Ambling and Trotting, though I believe both were natural amongſt the old *Romans*; ſince I never read, they made uſe of the Tramel, or any other Art, to pace their Horſes.

60 y *As* Indian Britons, *&c.*] The *American Indians* call a great Bird they have, with a white Head, a *Penguin*; which ſignifies the ſame Thing in the *Britiſh* Tongue; from whence (with other Words of the ſame Kind) ſome Authors have endeavoured to prove, That the *Americans* are originally derived from the *Britons*.

65 z *The dirt*, &c.] *Pharſalia* is a City of *Theſſaly*, famous for the Battle won by *Julius Cæſar* againſt *Pompey* the Great, in the neighbouring Plains, in the 607th Year of *Rome*, of which read *Lucan*'s *Pharſalia*.

129 a Chiron, *the*, &c.] *Chiron*, a *Centaur*, Son to *Saturn* and *Phillyris*, living in the Mountains, where, being much given to Hunting, he became very knowing in the Virtues of Plants, and one of the moſt famous Phyſicians of his Time. He imparted his Skill to *Æſculapius*, and was afterwards *Apollo*'s Governor, until being wounded by *Hercules*, and deſiring to die, *Jupiter* placed him in Heaven, where he forms the Sign of *Sagittarius*, or the *Archer*.

133 b *In* Staffordſhire, *where virtuous Worth*
Does raiſe the Minſtrelſy, not Birth, &c.

The whole History of this antient Ceremony you may read at large in Dr. *Plot*'s History of *Staffordshire*, under the Town *Tutbury*.

155 [c] *Grave as*, &c.] For the History of *Pegu*, read *Mandelso* and *Olearius*'s Travels.

172 [d] *In military*, &c.] *Paris Garden*, in *Southwark*, took its Name from the Poſſeſſor.

231 *Though by*, &c.] Promethean *Fire*. *Prometheus* was the Son of *Iapetus*, and Brother of *Atlas*, concerning whom the Poets have feigned, that, having firſt formed Men of the Earth and Water, he ſtole Fire from Heaven to put Life into them; and that, having thereby diſpleaſed *Jupiter*, he commanded *Vulcan* to tie him to Mount *Caucaſus* with iron Chains, and that a *Vulture* ſhould prey upon his Liver continually; but the Truth of the Story is, That *Prometheus* was an Aſtrologer, and conſtant in obſerving the Stars upon that Mountain, and that, among other Things, he found the Art of making Fire, either by the Means of a Flint, or by contracting the Sun-beams in a Glaſs. *Bochart* will have *Magog*, in the Scripture, to be the *Prometheus* of the *Pagans*.

He here and before ſarcaſtically derides thoſe who were great Admirers of the Sympathetick Powder and Weapon Salve; which were in great Repute in thoſe Days, and much promoted by the great Sir *Kenelm Digby*, who wrote a Treatiſe *ex profeſſo* on that Subject, and, I believe, thought what he wrote to be true; which ſince has been almoſt exploded out of the World.

267 *And 'mong*, &c.] *Coſſacks* are a People that live near *Poland*; this Name was given them for their extraordinary Nimbleneſs; for *Coſa* or *Koſa*, in the *Poliſh* Tongue, ſignifies a Goat. He that would know more of them may read *Le Laboreur* and *Thuldenus*.

275 *And tho'*, &c.] This Cuſtom of the *Huns* is deſcribed by *Ammianus Marcellinus*: *Hunni ſemicruda cujuſvis pecoris carne veſcuntur, quam inter femora ſua & equorum terga ſubſertam, calefaciunt brevi*. P. 686.

283 ——*He ſpous'd in* India,
Of noble Houſe, a Lady gay.

The Story in *Le Blanc*, of a *Bear* that married a King's Daughter, is no more ſtrange than many others, in moſt Travellers, that paſs with Allowance; for if they ſhould write nothing but what is poſſible, or probable, they might appear to have loſt their Labour, and obſerved nothing but what they might have done as well at Home.

343 *In* MAGICK *he was deeply read,*
As he that made the Brazen-Head;
Profoundly ſkill'd in the Black Art,
As ENGLISH MERLIN *for his Heart.*

Roger Bacon and *Merlin*; ſee *Collier's* Dictionary.

368 d *As* JOAN, *&c.*] Two notorious Women; the laſt was known here by the Name of *Mall Cutpurſe*.

378 e *Than th' Amazonian, &c.*] *Penthefile*, Queen of the *Amazons*, ſucceeded *Orithya*; ſhe carried Succours to the *Trojans*; and, after having given noble Proofs of her Bravery, was killed by *Achilles*. *Pliny* ſaith, it was ſhe that invented the Battle-Ax. If any one deſire to know more of the *Amazons*, let him read Mr. *Sanſon*.

385 f *They won'd not ſuffer the ſtout'ſt Dame,*
To ſwear by HERCULES's *Name.*

The old *Romans* had particular Oaths for Men and Women to ſwear by, and therefore *Macrobius* ſays, *Viri per Caſtorem non jurabant antiquitus, nec mulieres per Herculem; Ædepol autem juramentum erat tam mulieribus, quam viris commune*, &c.

393 g *As ſtout*, &c.] Two formidable Women at Arms, in Romances, that were cudgelled into Love by their Gallants.

395 h *Of* GUNDIBERT, *&c.*] *Gundibert* is a feigned Name, made uſe of by Sir *William d'Avenant*, in his famous Epick Poem, ſo called; wherein you may find alſo

that of his Miſtreſs. This Poem was deſigned by the Author to be an Imitation of the *Engliſh Drama*; it being divided into five Books, as the other is into five Acts; the *Canto's* to be parallel of the Scenes, with this Difference, that this is delivered Narratively, the other Dialoguewiſe. It was uſhered into the World by a large Preface written by Mr. *Hobbes*, and by the Pens of two of our beſt Poets, *viz.* Mr. *Waller* and Mr. *Cowley*, which, one would have thought, might have proved a ſufficient Defence and Protection againſt ſnarling Criticks. Notwithſtanding which, four eminent Wits of that Age (two of which were Sir *John Denham* and Mr. *Doune*) publiſhed ſeveral Copies of Verſes to Sir *William*'s Diſcredit, under this Title, *Certain Verſes written by ſeveral of the Author's Friends, to be reprinted with the ſecond Edition of* Gundibert, *in* 8*vo. Lond.* 1653. Theſe Verſes were as wittily anſwered by the Author, under this Title, *The incomparable Poem of* Gundibert *vindicated from the Wit Combat of four Eſquires*, Clinias, Damœtas, Sancho, *and* Jack-Pudding; printed in 8*vo. Lond.* 1665. Vid. *Langbain's Account of Dramatick Poets.*

496 i *What* OEſtrum, &c.] *OEſtrum* is not only a *Greek* Word for Madneſs, but ſignifies alſo a Gad-Bee or Horſe-Fly, that torments Cattle in the Summer, and makes them run about as they were mad.

525 k *Wore in their Hats*, &c.] Some few Days after the King had accuſed the five Members of Treaſon in the Houſe of Commons, great Crowds of the Rabble came down to *Weſtminſter-Hall*, with printed Copies of the Proteſtation, tied in their Hats like Favours.

526 l *When 'twas reſolv'd by either Houſe*
Six Members *Quarrel to eſpouſe.*

The ſix Members were the Lord *Kimbolton*, Mr. *Pym*, Mr. *Hollis*, Mr. *Hampden*, Sir *Arthur Haſſerig*, and Mr. *Stroud*, whom the King ordered to be apprehended, and their Papers ſeized; charging them of Plotting with the *Scots*,

Scots, and favouring the late Tumults; but the Houſe voted againſt the Arreſt of their Perſons or Papers; whereupon the King having preferred Articles againſt thoſe Members, he went with his Guard to the Houſe to demand them; but they, having Notice, withdrew.

578 m *Make that*, &c.] Abuſive or Inſulting had been better, but our Knight believed the learned Language more convenient to underſtand in, than his own Mother-Tongue.

650 n *And is indeed the ſelf-ſame Caſe*
With theirs that ſwore t' Et cætera's.

The Convocation, in one of the ſhort Parliaments, that uſhered in the long one (as Dwarfs are wont to do Knight-Errants) made an Oath to be taken by the Clergy, for obſerving Canonical Obedience; in which they enjoined their Brethren, out of the Abundance of their Conſciences, to ſwear to Articles with &c.

652 o *Or the* French League, *in which Men vow'd*
To fight to the laſt Drop of Blood.

The holy *League* in *France*, deſigned and made for the Extirpation of the *Proteſtant Religion*, was the *Original*, out of which the *Solemn League* and *Covenant* here was (with Difference only of Circumſtances) moſt faithfully tranſcribed. Nor did the Succeſs of both differ more than the Intent and Purpoſe; for, after the Deſtruction of vaſt Numbers of People of all Sorts, both ended with the Murder of two Kings, whom they had both ſworn to defend: And as our Covenanters ſwore every Man, to run one before another in the Way of Reformation; ſo did the *French* in the holy *League*, to fight to the laſt Drop of Blood.

NOTES

NOTES to Part I. Canto III.

134 p *First* TRULLA *staw'd*, &c.] *Staving* and *Tailing* are Terms of Art uſed in the *Bear-Garden*, and ſignify there only the Parting of *Dogs* and *Bears*: Though they are uſed Metaphorically in ſeveral other Profeſſions, for Moderating; as Law, Divinity, Hectoring, *&c.*

153 q *Or like the late corrected leathern*
Ears of the Circumciſed Brethren.

Prynn, *Baſtwick*, and *Burton*, who laid down their Ears as Proxies for their Profeſſion of the godly Party, not long after maintained their Right and Title to the Pillory to be as good and lawful as theirs, who firſt of all took Poſſeſſion of it in their Names.

328 r *That old*, &c.] *Pygmalion*, King of *Tyre*, was the Son of *Margenus* or *Mechres*, whom he ſucceeded, and lived 56 Years, whereof he reigned 47. *Dido*, his Siſter, was to have governed with him, but it was pretended the Subjects thought it not convenient: She married *Sichæus*, who was the King's Uncle, and very rich; wherefore he put him to Death; and *Dido* ſoon after departed the Kingdom. Poets ſay, *Pygmalion* was puniſhed for the Hatred he bore to Women, with the Love he had to a Statue.

925 s *And as the* FRENCH *we conquer'd once*
Now give us Laws for Pantaloons, *&c.*

Pantaloons and *Fort-Cannon* were ſome of the fantaſtick Faſhions, wherein we aped the *French*.

At quiſquis Inſula ſatus Britannica
Sic patriam inſolens faſtidiet ſuam,
Ut more ſimiæ laboret fingere,
Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias,
Et omni Gallo ego hunc opinor ebrium;

Ergo

Ergo ex Britanno, ut Gallus esse nititur,
Sic Dii jubete, fiat ex Gallo Capus.

Thomas More.

Gallus is a River in *Phrygia*, rising out of the Mountains of *Celenæ*, and discharging itself into the River *Sangar*, the Water of which is of that admirable Quality, that, being moderately drank, it purges the Brain, and cures Madness; but, largely drank, it makes Men frantick. *Pliny*, *Horatius*.

1123 t A learned Divine, in King *James*'s Time, wrote a Polemick Work against the Pope, and gave it that unlucky Nick-name of *The Pope's Bull baited*.

1166 u *Canonical* Cravat, *&c.*] *Smectymnus* was a Club of five Parliamentary Holders-forth; the Characters of whose Names and Talents were by themselves expressed, in that senseless and insignificant Word: They wore Handkerchiefs about their Necks for a Note of Distinction (as the Officers of the Parliament-Army then did) which afterwards degenerated into carnal Cravats. About the Beginning of the Long Parliament, in the Year 1641, these Five wrote a Book against Episcopacy and the Common Prayer, to which they all subscribed their Names; being *Stephen Marshal*, *Edmund Calamy*, *Thomas Young*, *Matthew Newcomen*, *William Spurstow*, and from thence they and their Followers were called *Smectymnians*. They are remarkable for another pious Book, which they wrote some Time after that, intitled, *The King's Cabinet unlocked*, wherein all the chaste and endearing Expressions, in the Letters that passed betwixt his Majesty King *Charles* I. and his Royal Consort, are, by these painful Labourers in the Devil's Vineyard, turned into Burlesque and Ridicule: Their Books were answered with as much Calmness and Genteelness of Expression, and as much Learning and Honesty, by the Reverend Mr. *Symonds*, then a deprived Clergyman, as theirs was stuffed with Malice, Spleen, and rascally Invectives.

1249 x *So*

1249 z *So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope*
At t'other End the new-made Pope.

This relates to the Story of Pope *Joan*, who was called *John* VIII. *Platina* ſaith ſhe was of *Engliſh* Extraction, but born at *Mentz*; who, having diſguiſed herſelf like a Man, travelled with her Paramour to *Athens*, where ſhe made ſuch Progreſs in Learning, that, coming to *Rome*, ſhe met with few that could equal her; ſo that, on the Death of Pope *Leo* IV, ſhe was choſen to ſucceed him; but, being got with Child by one of her Domeſticks, her Travel came upon her between the *Coloſſian* Theatre and St. *Clement's*, as ſhe was going to the *Lateran* Church, and ſhe died upon the Place, having ſat two Years, one Month, and four Days, and was buried there without any Pomp. He owns, that, for the Shame of this, the Popes decline going through this Street to the *Lateran*; and that to avoid the like Error, when any Pope is placed in the *Porphyry* Chair, his Genitals are felt by the youngeſt Deacon, through a Hole made for that Purpoſe; but he ſuppoſes the Reaſon of that to be, to put him in Mind that he is a Man, and obnoxious to the Neceſſities of Nature; whence he will have that Seat to be called, *Sedes Stercoraria*.

1262 *To leave your* y *Vitilitigation*, &c.

Vitilitigation is a Word the Knight was paſſionately in Love with, and never failed to uſe it upon all Occaſions; and therefore to omit it, when it fell in the Way, had argued too great a Neglect of his Learning and Parts, though it means no more than a perverſe Humour of Wrangling.

1373 z *Mere* Diſparata, &c.] *Diſparata* are Things ſeparate and unlike, from the *Latin* Word *Diſpare*.

HUDI-

HUDIBRAS.

PART II.

The ARGUMENT of THE FIRST *CANTO.*

The Knight, by damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in Priſon;
Love brings his Action on the Caſe,
And lays it upon HUDIBRAS.
How he receives the Lady's Viſit,
And cunningly ſollicits his Sute,
Which ſhe defers; yet, on Parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted Hole.

CANTO I.

BUT now, t'obſerve a Romantick Method,
Let bloody Steel a-while be ſheathed,
And all thoſe harſh and rugged Sounds
Of Baſtinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,
Exchang'd to Love's more gentle Stile,
To let our Reader breathe a-while:

In which that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by Way of Preface,
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome Men's Fancies ſhould ne'er change,
But make all People do, and ſay,
The ſame Things ſtill the ſelf-ſame Way?
Some Writers make all Ladies purloin'd,
And Knights purſuing like a Whirlwind:
Others make all their Knights, in Fits
Of Jealouſy, to loſe their Wits;
Till drawing Blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their Amours,
By pulling Plaiſters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their Dames.
Some force whole Regions, in deſpight
O' Geography, to change their Site:
Make former Times ſhake Hands with latter,
And that which was before come after.
But thoſe that write in Rhime ſtill make
The one Verſe for the other's Sake;
For one for Senſe, and one for Rhime,
I think's ſufficient at one Time.
But we forget in what ſad Plight
We whilom left the captiv'd Knight,
And penſive Squire, both bruis'd in Body,
And conjur'd into ſafe Cuſtody:
Tir'd with Diſpute, and ſpeaking Latin,
As well as Baſting, and Bear-Baiting,
And deſperate of any Courſe,
To free himſelf by Wit or Force;
His only Solace was, that now
His dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low,

That

That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend;
In which he found th' Event, no leſs
Than other Times, beſide his Gueſs.
There is a tall long-ſided Dame,
(But wond'rous light) ycleped Fame,
That like a thin Chamæleon boards
Herſelf on Air, and eats her Words:
Upon her Shoulders Wings ſhe wears
Like Hanging-Sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets liſt,
Made good by deep Mythologiſt.
With theſe ſhe through the Welkin flies,
And ſometimes carries Truth, oft Lyes;
With Letters hung like Eaſtern Pigeons;
And Mercuries of furtheſt Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Oft Lying, to inform the Nation;
And by their publick Uſe to bring down
The Rate of Whetſtones in the Kingdom.
About her Neck a Packquet-Male,
Fraught with Advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And Cows of Monſters brought to Bed;
Of Hail-Stones big as Pullets Eggs,
And Puppies whelp'd with twice two Legs;
A Blazing-Star ſeen in the Weſt,
By ſix or ſeven Men at leaſt:
Two Trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary Tones;
But whether both with the ſame Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;

And

And therefore vulgar Authors name
The one Good, the other Evil Fame.
This tattling Goſſip knew too well,
What Miſchief HUDIBRAS befell;
And ſtraight the ſpiteful Tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
DEMOCRITUS ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee Bawds carted through the Crowd,
Or Funerals with ſtately Pomp
March ſlowly on in ſolemn Dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her Back,
As well as Sides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe would go ſee the Sight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed Knight:
To do the Office of a Neighbour,
And be a Goſſip at his Labour:
And from his wooden Jayl, the Stocks,
To ſet at large his Fetter-Locks,
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ranſom,
To free him from th' inchanted Manſion.
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for Hood
And Uſher, Implements abroad
Which Ladies wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting Damſel to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went,
To find the Knight in Limbo pent.
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him, and his ſtout Squire, in the Pound;
Both coupled in inchanted Tether,
By further Leg behind together:
For, as he ſat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful Dump,
Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd,
Unto his Ears on either Side:

J. W. Hogarth Inv.t et Sculp.t

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

And by him, in another Hole,
Afflicted RALPHO, Cheek by Joul:
She came upon him in his Wooden
Magician's Circle, on the ſudden,
As Spirits do t' a Conjurer,
When in their dreadful Shapes th' appear.
No ſooner did the Knight perceive her,
But ſtraight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with Diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a Place;
Which made him hang his Head, and ſcowl,
And wink, and goggle like an Owl:
He felt his Brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him:
This Place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's inchanted,
And with Delinquent Spirits haunted,
That here are ty'd in Chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like Perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere.
Some have miſtaken Blocks and Poſts
For Spectres, Apparitions, Ghoſts,
With Saucer-Eyes, and Horns; and ſome
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our Eyes are not falſe Glaſſes,
That give a wrong Account of Faces;
That Beard and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted;
For though it be diſfigur'd ſomewhat,
As if 't had lately been in Combat,
It did belong to a worthy Knight,
Howe'er this Goblin is come by't.
When HUDIBRAS the Lady heard,
Diſcourſing thus upon his Beard,

And ſpeak with ſuch Reſpect and Honour,
Both of the Beard, and the Beard's Owner;
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A Face upon it, as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke: Lady, your bright
And radiant Eyes are in the right;
The Beard's th' identick Beard you knew,
The ſame numerically true:
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himſelf.
O Heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
Not by your individual Whiſkers,
But by your Dialect and Diſcourſe,
That never ſpoke to Man or Beaſt
In Notions vulgarly expreſt.
But what malignant Star, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad Paſs?
Quoth he, The Fortune of the War,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with Beard and Face
By you in ſuch a homely Caſe.
Quoth ſhe, Thoſe need not be aſham'd
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in Battle conquer'd
Have any Title to his own Beard,
Though yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your Viſage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarch'd and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the Ruffian Standard.
A torn Beard's like a tatter'd Enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt Rents in.
That Petticoat about your Shoulders
Does not ſo well become a Souldier's;

And

And I'm afraid they are worſe handled;
Although, i' th' Rear, your Beard the Van led:
And thoſe uneaſy Bruiſes make
My Heart for Company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a Friend
I' th' Pillory ſet, at the wrong End.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, This Thing, call'd Pain,
Is (as the learned Stoicks maintain)
Not bad ſimpliciter, nor good;
But meerly as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting Pain
As other groſs Phænomena's,
In which it oft miſtakes the Caſe.
But ſince th' immortal Intellect
(That's free from Error and Defect,
Whoſe Objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward Bruiſe or Maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material Bangs or Blows;
It follows, we can ne'er be ſure,
Whether we Pain or not endure;
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with Conceit,
And dy'd of meer Opinion ſtraight;
Others, though wounded ſore in Reaſon,
Felt no Contuſion, nor Diſcretion.
[b] A Saxon Duke did grow ſo fat,
That Mice (as Hiſtories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His poſtick Parts, without his feeling:
Then how is't poſſible a Kick
Should e'er reach that Way to the Quick?

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain,
For one that's baſted, to feel Pain,
Becauſe the Pangs his Bones endure
Contribute nothing to the Cure:
Yet Honour hurt is wont to rage
With Pain no Med'cine can aſſwage.
Quoth he, That Honour's very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a Baſting for a Blemiſh:
For what's more hon'rable than Scars,
Or Skin to Tatters rent in Wars?
Some have been beaten till they know
What Wood a Cudgel's of by th' Blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A Shoe be Spaniſh or Neat's Leather;
And yet have met, after long Running,
With ſome whom they have taught that Cunning.
The furtheſt Way about, t' o'ercome,
In th' End does prove the neareſt Home:
By Laws of learned Duelliſts,
They that are bruis'd with Wood or Fiſts,
And think one Beating may for once
Suffice, are Cowards and Poltroons:
But, if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They're ſtout and gallant Fellows reckon'd.
Th' old Romans Freedom did beſtow,
Our Princes Worſhip, with a Blow:
King PYRRHUS cur'd his ſplenetick
And teſty Courtiers with a Kick.
The NEGUS, when ſome mighty Lord
Or Potentate's to be reſtor'd,
And pardon'd for ſome great Offence,
With which he's willing to diſpenſe,
Firſt has him laid upon his Belly,
Then beaten Back and Side, t' a Jelly;

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That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives Thanks for the princely Blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his magnificent Rib-Roaſting.
The beaten Soldier proves moſt manful,
That, like his Sword, endures the Anvil;
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable:
But he that fears a Baſtinado
Will run away from his own Shadow:
And though I'm now in Durance faſt,
By our own Party baſely caſt,
Ranſom, Exchange, Parole refus'd,
And worſe than by the Enemy us'd;
In cloſe d Cataſta ſhut, paſt Hope
Of Wit or Valour to elope:
As Beards, the nearer that they tend
To th' Earth, ſtill grow more reverend:
And Cannons ſhoot the higher Pitches,
The lower we let down their Breeches:
I'll make this low dejected Fate
Advance me to a greater Height.
  Quoth ſhe, Y'have almoſt made me in Love
With that which did my Pity move.
Great Wits and Valours, like great States,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own Weights:
Th' Extremes of Glory and of Shame,
Like Eaſt and Weſt, become the ſame:
No Indian Prince has to his Palace
More Foll'wers than a Thief to th' Gallows.
But, if a Beating ſeem ſo brave,
What Glories muſt a Whipping have?
Such great Atchievements cannot fail
To caſt Salt on a Woman's Tail:.

For if I thought your nat'ral Talent
Of Paſſive Courage were ſo gallant,
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I could grow amorous, and dote.
When HUDIBRAS this Language heard,
He prick'd up's Ears, and ſtrok'd his Beard:
Thought he, this is the lucky Hour;
Wines work, when Vines are in the Flow'r;
This Criſis then I'll ſet my Reſt on,
And put her boldly to the Queſtion.
Madam, what you wou'd ſeem to doubt
Shall be to all the World made out;
How I've been drubb'd, and with what Spirit
And Magnanimity I bear it;
And, if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake myſelf down againſt you
And, if I fail in Love or Troth,
Be you the Winner, and take both.
Quoth ſhe, I've heard old cunning Stagers
Say, Fools for Arguments uſe Wagers;
And, though I prais'd your Valour, yet
I did not mean to baulk your Wit;
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' Experiment have prov'd,
I cannot Love where I'm Belov'd.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, 'Tis a Caprich
Beyond th' Infliction of a Witch;
So Cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim,
That do not underſtand the Game.
Love in your Heart as idly burns
As Fire in antique Roman Urns,
To warm the Dead, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by't.

Have

Have you not Power to entertain,
And render Love for Love again;
As no Man can draw in his Breath
At once, and force out Air beneath?
Or do you love yourſelf ſo much,
To bear all Rivals elſe a Grutch?
What Fate can lay a greater Curſe
Than you upon yourſelf would force?
For Wedlock without Love, ſome ſay,
Is but a Lock without a Key.
It is a kind of Rape to marry
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it Raviſhment,
But b'ing againſt the Mind's Conſent?
A Rape that is the more inhuman,
For being acted by a Woman.
Why are you fair, but to entice us
To love you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But, though you cannot love, you ſay,
Out of your own Fanatick Way,
Why ſhould you not at leaſt allow
Thoſe that love you to do ſo too?
For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own Doctrine taught
To practiſe what you call a Fault.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In Love and Preaching, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love
Is to forbid my Pulſe to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a Fit) to hickup:

For if I thought your nat'ral Talent
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To practiſe what you call a Fault.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay is true,
You muſt fly me as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In Love and Preaching, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to love
Is to forbid my Pulſe to move,
My Beard to grow, my Ears to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a Fit) to hickup:

Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's Power's too great to be withſtood
By feeble human Fleſh and Blood.
'Twas he that brought upon his Knees
The hect'ring kill-cow HERCULES;
Transform'd his Leager-Lion's Skin
T' a Petticoat, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his Club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble Diſtaff and a Spindle.
'Twas he that made Emperors Gallants
To their own Siſters, and their Aunts;
Set Popes and Cardinals agog,
To play with Pages at Leap-Frog:
'Twas he that gave our Senate Purges,
And flux'd the Houſe of many a Burgeſs;
Made thoſe that repreſent the Nation
Submit, and ſuffer Amputation;
And all the Grandees o' the Cabal
Adjourn to Tubs, at Spring and Fall.
He mounted Synod-Men, and rode 'em
To Dirty-Lane and Little Sodom;
Made 'em curvet, like Spaniſh Jenets,
And take the Ring at Madam ——
'Twas he that made e Saint FRANCIS do
More than the Devil could tempt him to,
In cold and froſty Weather grow
Enamour'd of a Wife of Snow;
And, though ſhe were of rigid Temper,
With melting Flames accoſt, and tempt her;
Which, after in Enjoyment quenching,
He hung a Garland on his Engine.
Quoth ſhe, If Love have theſe Effects,
Why is it not forbid our Sex?

Why

Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For Diabolical and Wicked?
And ſung, as out of Tune, againſt,
As Turk and Pope are by the Saints?
I find, I've greater Reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before, t' abhor it.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, Theſe ſad Effects
Spring from your Heatheniſh Neglects
Of Love's great Pow'r, which he returns
Upon yourſelves with equal Scorns;
And thoſe who worthy Lovers ſlight
Plagues with prepoſt'rous Appetite:
This made the beauteous Queen of Crete
To take a Town-Bull for her Sweet,
And from her Greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the Rival of a Cow:
Others to proſtitute their great Hearts,
To be Baboons and Monkeys Sweet-hearts;
Some with the Dev'l himſelf in League
By's Repreſentative a Negro.
'Twas this made Veſtal Maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd quick:
Some by their Fathers, and their Brothers,
To be made Miſtreſſes and Mothers.
'Tis this that proudeſt Dames enamours
Of Lacquies, and Valets des Chambres;
Their haughty Stomachs overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty Grooms;
To ſlight the World, and to diſparage
Claps, Iſſue, Infamy, and Marriage.
Quoth ſhe, Theſe Judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt Men with their Oaths, or prove
Their Faith and Secreſy in Love.

Says he, There is a weighty Reaſon
For Secreſy in Love, as Treaſon.
Love is a Burglarer, a Felon,
That at the Windore-Eye does ſteal in
To rob the Heart, and with his Prey
Steals out again a cloſer Way,
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.
Love is a Fire, that burns, and ſparkles
In Men, as nat'rally as in Charcoals,
Which ſooty Chymiſts ſtop in Holes,
When out of Wood they extract Coles;
So Lovers ſhould their Paſſions choak,
That, tho' they burn, they may not ſmoak.
'Tis like that ſturdy Thief, that ſtole
And dragg'd Beaſts backwards into's Hole:
So Love does Lovers; and us Men
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no Impreſſion may diſcover,
And trace, t' his Cave, the wary Lover.
But, if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you entruſt me under Seal,
I'll prove myſelf as cloſe, and virtuous,
As your own Secretary g ALBERTUS.
Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your Aims propoſe:
Love-Paſſions are like Parables,
By which Men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though Love be all the World's Pretence,
Money's the Mythologick Senſe,
The real Subſtance of the Shadow,
Which all addreſs, and Courtſhip's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your Play,
And how to quit you your own Way;

He,

He, that will win his Dame, muſt do
As Love does, when he bends his Bow:
With one Hand thruſt the Lady from,
And with the other pull her home.
I grant, quoth he, Wealth is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat:
It is all Philters, and high Diet,
That makes Love rampant, and to fly out;
'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at Fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the Sun and Moon,
At their own Weapons, are out-done:
That makes Knights Errant fall in Trances,
And lay about 'em in Romances:
'Tis Virtue, Wit, and Worth, and all
That Men Divine and Sacred call:
For what is Worth in any Thing,
But ſo much Money as 'twill bring?
Or what but Riches is there known,
Which Man can ſolely call his own;
In which, no Creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to [h] Squint and Laugh?
I do confeſs, with Goods and Land,
I'd have a Wife at Second Hand;
And ſuch you are: Nor is't your Perſon
My Stomach's ſet ſo ſharp and fierce on;
But 'tis (your better Part) your Riches,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches;
Let me your Fortune but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your Perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o'er in Truſt to th' Devil,
You'll find me reaſonable and civil.
Quoth ſhe, I like this Plainneſs better
Than falſe Mock-Paſſion, Speech, or Letter,

Or any Feat of Qualm or Sowning,
But Hanging of yourſelf, or Drowning:
Your only Way, with me to break
Your Mind, is Breaking of your Neck:
For, as when Merchants break, o'erthrown
Like Nine-pins, they ſtrike others down;
So, that would break my Heart, which done,
My tempting Fortune is your own.
Theſe are but Trifles: Ev'ry Lover
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater Matters undertake
For a leſs worthy Miſtreſs' Sake:
Yet th' are the only Ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd Realities of Love;
For he that hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The Devil's in him if he feigns.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, This Way's too rough
For meer Experiment and Proof;
Is is no jeſting, trivial Matter,
To ſwing i' th' Air, or douce in Water,
And, like a Water-Witch, try Love;
That's to deſtroy, and not to prove:
As if a Man ſhould be diſſected,
To find what Part is diſaffected.
Your better Way is to make over,
In Truſt, your Fortune to your Lover:
Truſt is a Trial; if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſp'rate as a Neck:
Beſide, th' Experiment's more certain,
Men venture Necks to gain a Fortune:
The Soldier does it ev'ry Day
(Eight to the Week) for Six-pence Pay;
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To ſhare with Knaves, in cheating Fools:

And

And Merchants, vent'ring through the Main,
Slight Pirates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain.
This is the Way I adviſe you to;
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loth to run
Myſelf all th' Hazard, and you none,
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome Deed
Of your's aforeſaid do preceed;
Give but yourſelf one gentle Swing
For Trial, and I'll cut the String:
Or give that rev'rend Head a Maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a Wall,
To ſhew you are a Man of Mettle,
And I'll engage myſelf to ſettle.
Quoth he, My Head's not made of Braſs,
As Friar [i] Bacon's Noddle was:
Nor (like the [k] Indian's Skull) ſo tough,
That, Authors ſay, 'twas Muſket-proof;
As yet on any new Adventure,
As it had need to be, to enter:
You ſee what Bangs it has endur'd,
That would, before new Feats, be cur'd.
But, if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here ſtrike me Luck, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The Matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe; Two Words t' a Bargain;
That may be done, and Time enough,
When you have given downright Proof;
And yet 'tis no fantaſtick Pique
I have to Love, nor coy Diſlike:
'Tis no implicit, nice Averſion
T' your Converſation, Mein, or Perſon,
But a juſt Fear, leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe, and perfidious in Love:

For, if I thought you could be true,
I could love twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My Faith as adamantine,
As Chains of Deſtiny, I'll maintain:
True as APOLLO ever ſpoke,
Or Oracle from Heart of Oak;
And if you'll give my Flame but Vent,
Now in cloſe Hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but beningly,
With that one, and that other Pigſney,
The Sun and Day ſhall ſooner part,
Than Love, or you, ſhake off my Heart;
The Sun, that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but your bright Influence:
I'll carve your Name on Barks of Trees,
With True-Loves-Knots and Flouriſhes;
That ſhall infuſe eternal Spring,
And everlaſting Flouriſhing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in Stum,
And make it briſk Champaign become:
Where-e'er you tread, your Foot ſhall ſet
The Primroſe and the Violet;
All Spices, Perfumes, and ſweet Powders,
Shall borrow from your Breath their Odors;
Nature her Charter ſhall renew,
And take all Lives of Things from you;
The World depend upon your Eye,
And, when you frown upon it, die:
Only our Loves ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live;
And, like to Heralds Moons, remain
All Creſcents, without Change or Wane.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir Knight, you take your Aim amiſs:

For

For you will find it a hard Chapture,
To catch me with Poetick Rapture,
In which your Maſtery of Art
Doth ſhew itſelf, and not your Heart:
Nor will you raiſe in mine Combuſtion,
By Dint of high Heroick Fuſtion:
She, that with Poetry is won,
Is but a Deſk to write upon;
And what Men ſay of her, they mean
No more, than on the Thing they lean.
Some with Arabian Spices ſtrive
T' embalm her cruelly alive;
Or ſeaſon her, as French Cooks uſe
Their Haut-Gouſts, Bouillies, or Ragouſts:
Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her Lips upon a Mill,
Until the Facet Doublet doth
Fit their Rhimes rather than her Mouth;
Her Mouth compar'd to an Oyſter's, with
A Row of Pearl in't, 'ſtead of Teeth.
Others make Poſies of her Cheeks,
Where red and whiteſt Colours mix;
In which the Lilly and the Roſe,
For Indian Lake and Ceruſe, goes.
The Sun and Moon, by her bright Eyes
Eclips'd, and darken'd in the Skies,
Are but black Patches, that ſhe wears,
Cut into Suns, and Moons, and Stars:
By which Aſtrologers as well,
As thoſe in Heav'n above, can tell
What ſtrange Events they do foreſhow
Unto her Under-World below.
Her Voice, the Muſick of the Spheres,
So loud, it deafens Mortals Ears;

As wiſe Philoſophers have thought;
And that's the Cauſe we hear it not.
This has been done by ſome, who thoſe,
Th' ador'd in Rhime, would kick in Proſe;
And in thoſe Ribbons would have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung:
That have the hard Fate to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how falſe, or forc'd,
So the Beſt Things be ſaid o' th' Worſt;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the Arrow's drawn to th' Head,
Whether it be a Swan or Gooſe
They level at: So Shepherds uſe
To ſet the ſame Mark on the Hip,
Both of their ſound and rotten Sheep:
For Wits, that carry low or wide,
Muſt be aim'd higher, or beſide
The Mark, which elſe they ne'er come nigh
But when they take their Aim awry.
But I do wonder you ſhould chuſe
This Way t' attack me with your Muſe,
As one cut out to paſs your Tricks on,
With Fulhams of Poetick Fiction:
I rather hop'd I ſhould no more
Hear from you o' th' gallanting Score:
For hard Dry-Baſtings us'd to prove
The readieſt Remedies of Love,
Next a Dry-Diet: But, if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſy loop-hold Jail,
In which they're hamper'd by the Fetlock,
Cannot but put y' in mind of Wedlock;
Wedlock, that's worſe than any Hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a Cooler,

T' allay

T' allay your Mettle, all agog
Upon a Wife, the heavier Clog:
Nor rather thank your gentler Fate,
That, for a bruis'd or broken Pate,
Has freed you from thoſe Knobs that grow
Much harder on the marry'd Brow:
But if no Dread can cool your Courage,
From vent'ring on that Dragon, Marriage;
Yet give me Quarter, and advance
To nobler Aims your Puiſſance:
Level at Beauty, and at Wit;
The faireſt Mark is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I'm beforehand,
In that already, with your Command;
For where do Beauty and high Wit
But in your Conſtellation meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a Match imply,
But Likeneſs and Equality?
I know you cannot think me fit
To be th' Yoke-Fellow of your Wit:
Nor take one of ſo mean Deſerts
To be the Partner of your Parts;
A Grace, which if I could believe,
I've not the Conſcience to receive.
That Conſcience, quoth HUDIBRAS,
Is mis-inform'd; I'll ſtate the Caſe
A Man may be a legal Doner
Of any thing, whereof he's Owner;
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' Judgment of all Caſuiſts:
Then Wit, and Parts, and Valour may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By thoſe that are Proprietors;
As I may give, or ſell my Horſe.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grant the Caſe is true,
And proper, 'twixt your Horſe and you;
But whether I may take, as well
As you may give away, or ſell;
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worſe than Thieves Receivers are.
How ſhall I anſwer Hue and Cry,
For a Roan-Gelding, twelve Hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a Lock on's Hoof,
A Sorrel Mane? Can I bring Proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what y' were ſold
And in the open Market toll'd for? [for,
Or, ſhould I ta. - you for a Stray,
You muſt be kept a Year and Day,
(E're I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
Where, if y' are ſought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your Provender and Hay.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' enervate this Objection,
And prove myſelf, my Topick clear,
No Gelding, as you would infer.
Loſs of Virility's averr'd
To be the Cauſe of Loſs of Beard,
That does (like Embryo in the Womb)
Abortive on the Chin become:
This firſt a Woman did invent,
In Envy of Man's Ornament,
SEMIRAMIS of Babylon,
Who firſt of all cut Men o' th' Stone,
To mar their Beards, and laid Foundation
Of Sow-geldering Operation:
Look on this Beard, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or Geldings either?

Next

Next it appears, I am no Horſe;
That I can argue and diſcourſe;
Have but two Legs, and ne'er a Tail.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome [m] Philoſophers, of late here,
Write Men have four Legs by Nature,
And that 'tis Cuſtom makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but Two;
As 'twas in Germany made good,
B' a Boy that loſt himſelf in a Wood,
And, [o] growing down t' a Man, was wont
With Wolves upon all Four to hunt.
As for your Reaſons drawn from Tails,
We cannot ſay they're true, or falſe,
Till you explain yourſelf, and ſhow
B' Experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you'll join Iſſue on't,
I'll give you ſatisfactory Account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my Spouſe.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a Tail, by me:
For Tails by Nature ſure were meant,
As well as Beards, for Ornament:
And, though the Vulgar count them homely,
In Men or Beaſt they are ſo comely,
So Gentee, Alamode, and handſome,
I'll never marry Man that wants one;
And, till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your Mane,
I'll be torn piece-meal by a Horſe,
E're I'll take you for better or worſe.
The Prince of CAMBAY's daily Food
Is Aſp, and Baſiliſk, and Toad;

Which

Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a Breath,
Each Night he ſtinks a Queen to Death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in's Arms
Than your's on any other Terms.
Quoth he, What Nature can afford
I ſhall produce, upon my Word;
And, if ſhe ever gave that Boon
To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by poſtulate Illation,
When you ſhall offer juſt Occaſion:
But ſince y' have yet deny'd to give
My Heart, your Priſ'ner, a Reprieve,
But make it ſink down to my Heel,
Let that at leaſt your Pity feel;
And, for the Suff'rings of your Martyr,
Give its poor Entertainer Quarter;
And by Diſcharge, or Main-Prize, grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe Reſtraint.
Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your Leg
Stuck in a Hole here like a Peg,
And if I knew which Way to do't
(Your Honour ſafe) I'd let you out.
That Dames by Jail-Delivery
Of Errant-Knights have been ſet free
When by Enchantment they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which Knights are bound to do
By Order, Oath, and Honour too:
For what are they renown'd, and famous elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed Damoſels?
But for a Lady, no ways Errant,
To free a Knight, we have no Warrant,
In any authentical Romance,
Or Claſſic Author yet of France;

And

And I'd be loth to have you break
An ancient Cuſtom for a Freak,
Or Innovation introduce
In Place of Things of antique Uſe;
To free your Heels by any Courſe,
That might b' unwholſome to your Spurs:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my Pow'r to do;
For 'tis a Service muſt be done ye,
With ſolemn previous Ceremony;
Which always has been us'd t' untie
The Charms of thoſe who here do lie:
For as the Ancients heretofore
To Honour's Temple had no Door
But that which thorough Virtue's lay;
So from this Dungeon there's no Way
To honour'd Freedom, but by paſſing
That other virtuous School of Laſhing,
Where Knights are kept in narrow Liſts,
With wooden Lockets 'bout their Wriſts;
In which they for a while are Tenants,
And for their Ladies ſuffer Penance:
Whipping, that's Virtue's Governeſs,
Tutreſs of Arts and Sciences;
That mends the groſs Miſtakes of Nature,
And puts new Life into dull Matter;
That lays Foundation for Renown,
And all the Honours of the Gown.
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And freed with honourable Diſcharge:
Then, in their Robes, the Penitentials
Are ſtraight preſented with Credentials,
And in their Way attended on
By Magiſtrates of ev'ry Town:

And, all Reſpect and Charges paid,
They're to their ancient Seats convey'd.
Now if you'll venture, for my Sake,
To try the Toughneſs of your Back,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a Whipping on;
(And may you proſper in your Suit,
As you with equal Vigour do't)
I here engage myſelf to looſe ye,
And free your Heels from Caperdewſie.
But, ſince our Sex's Modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me, on Oath, a fair Account,
And Honour too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the Place,
You claim as due, in my good Grace.
If Matrimony and Hanging go
By Deſt'ny, why not Whipping too?
What Med'cine elſe can cure the Fits
Of Lovers, when they loſe their Wits?
Love is a Boy by Poets ſtil'd,
Then ſpare the Rod, and ſpoil the Child.
An Perſian Emp'ror whipp'd his Grannam
The Sea, his Mother VENUS came on;
And hence ſome rev'rend Men approve
Of Roſemary in making Love.
As ſkilful Coopers hoop their Tubs
With Lydian, and with Phrygian Dubs;
Why may not Whipping have as good
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,
With comely Movement, and by Art,
Raiſe Paſſion in a Lady's Heart?
It is an eaſier Way to make
Love by, than that which many take.

Who

Who would not rather ſuffer Whipping,
Than ſwallow Toaſts of Bits of Ribbin?
Make wicked Verſes, Treats, and Faces,
And ſpell Names over with Beer-Glaſſes?
Be under Vows to hang and die
Love's Sacrifice, and all a Lie?
With China-Oranges, and Tarts,
And whining Plays, lay Baits for Hearts?
Bribe Chamber-Maids with Love and Money,
To break no roguiſh Jeſts upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on Cheeks, and Roſes,
With painted Perfumes, hazard Noſes?
Or, vent'ring to be briſk and wanton,
Do Penance in a Paper Lanthorn?
All this you may compound for now,
By ſuffering what I offer you:
Which is no more than has been done
By Knights for Ladies long agone:
Did not the great LA MANCHA do ſo
For the INFANTA DEL TOBOSO?
Did not the illuſtrious Baſſa make
Himſelf a Slave for Miſs's Sake?
And with Bull's Pizzle, for her Love,
Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not young FLORIO ſent (to cool
His Flame for BIANCAFIORE) to School,
Where Pedant made his pathick Bum
For her Sake ſuffer Martyrdom?
Did not a certain Lady whip
Of late her Huſband's own Lordſhip?
And, though a Grandee of the Houſe,
Claw'd him with fundamental Blows;
Ty'd him ſtark naked to a Bed-Poſt,
And firk'd his Hide, as if ſh' had rid Poſt;

And

And after in the Seſſions-Court,
Where Whipping's judg'd, had Honour for't?
This ſwear you will perform, and then
I'll ſet you from th' inchanted Den,
And the Magician's Circle clear.
Quoth he, I do profeſs and ſwear,
And will perform what you enjoin,
Or may I never ſee you mine.
Amen (quoth ſhe) then turn'd about,
And bid her Squire let him out.
But, e're an Artiſt could be found
T' undo the Charms, another bound,
The Sun grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (ſome write) by Ladies Eyes;
The Moon pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face by Day from Sight,
(Myſterious Veil, of Brightneſs made,
That's both her Luſtre and her Shade)
And, in the Lanthorn of the Night,
With ſhining Horns hung out her Light;
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere,
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling Stars began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd Luſtre,
While Sleep the weary'd World reliev'd,
By counterfeiting Death reviv'd.
His whipping Penance, till the Morn,
Our Vot'ry thought it beſt t' adjourn,
And not to carry on a Work
Of ſuch Importance in the Dark,
With erring Haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open Face of Day:
And, in the mean time, go in Queſt
Of next Retreat to take his Reſt.

HUDIBRAS.

PART II.

The ARGUMENT of THE SECOND *CANTO.*

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot Diſpute*
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden Fright
Of ſtrange Alarm, and ſtranger Sight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty Pickle.

CANTO II.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome Men's Tempers ſuit
(Like Bawd and Brandy) with Diſpute,
That for their own Opinions ſtand faſt
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt;
That keep their Conſciences in Caſes,
As Fidlers do their Crowds and Baſes;
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent
To play a Fit for Argument:

Make

Make True and Falſe, Unjuſt and Juſt,
Of no Uſe but to be diſcuſt:
Diſpute and ſet a Paradox,
Like a ſtrait Boot upon the Stocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully, [TULLY.
Than HELMONT, MONTAIGNE, WHITE, or
So th' ancient [n] Stoicks in their Porch,
With fierce Diſpute maintain'd their Church;
Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
To prove that Virtue is a Body;
That [o] Bonum is an Animal,
Made good with ſtout polemick Brawl;
In which, ſome hundreds on the Place
Were ſlain outright, and many a Face
Retrench'd of Noſe, and Eyes, and Beard,
To maintain what their Sect aver'd.
All which the Knight and Squire in Wrath
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their Faith:
Each ſtriking to make good his own,
As by the Sequel ſhall be ſhown.
The Sun had long ſince, in the Lap
Of THETIS, taken out his Nap,
And, like a Lobſter boil'd, the Morn
From black to red began to turn:
When HUDIBRAS, whom Thoughts and Aking,
'Twixt Sleeping kept, all Night, and Waking,
Began to rub his drowſy Eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to riſe,
Reſolving to diſpatch the Deed
He vow'd to do, with truſty Speed.
But firſt, with Knocking loud, and Bawling,
He rouz'd the Squire, in Truckle lolling:
And, after many Circumſtances,
Which vulgar Authors in Romances

Do

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Do uſe to ſpend their Time and Wits on,
To make impertinent Deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to Horſe,
And to the Caſtle bent their Courſe,
In which he to the Dame before
To ſuffer Whipping duly ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on a Work in Earneſt,
He ſtoop'd, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious Forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid:
Whether it be direct infringing
An Oath, if I ſhould wave this Swingeing,
And what I've ſworn to bear forbear,
And ſo b' Equivocation ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer Sin
To be forſworn, than act the Thing;
Are deep and ſubtle Points, which muſt,
T' inform my Conſcience, be diſcuſt;
In which to err a Tittle may
To Errors infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy Judgment, e're we further go.
Quoth RALPHO, Since you do injoin 't,
I ſhall enlarge upon the Point;
And, for my own Part, do not doubt
Th' Affirmative may be made out.
But firſt, to ſtate the Caſe aright,
For beſt Advantage of our Light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a Sin
To claw and curry your own Skin,
Greater or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.

But firſt, o' th' firſt: The Inward Man,
And Outward, like a Clan and Clan,
Have always been at Daggers-Drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a Spiritual Myſtick Senſe;
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble
In literal Fray, 's abominable:
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent Uſe
With Pagans and apoſtate Jews,
To offer Sacrifice of Bridewells,
Like modern Indians to their Idols:
And mungrel Chriſtians of our Times,
That expiate leſs with greater Crimes,
And call the foul Abomination
Contrition and Mortification.
Is't not enough we're bruis'd and kicked
With ſinful Members of the Wicked;
Our Veſſels, that are Sanctify'd,
Prophan'd and curry'd Back and Side;
But we muſt claw ourſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen Stripes, by their Example;
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is impious, becauſe they did it?
This therefore may be juſtly reckon'd
A heinous Sin. Now to the Second,
That Saints may claim a Diſpenſation
To ſwear and forſwear, on Occaſion,
I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant Light: The Point is clear.
Oaths are but Words, and Words but Wind;
Too feeble Implements to bind;
And hold with Deeds Proportion, ſo
As Shadows to a Subſtance do.

Then when they ſtrive for Place, 'tis fit
The weaker Veſſel ſhould ſubmit:
Although your Church be oppoſite
To our's, as Black Friars are to White,
In Rule and Order; yet I grant
You are a Reformado Saint;
And what the Saints do claim as due
You may pretend a Title to;
But Saints, whom Oaths and Vows oblige,
Know little of their Privilege;
Further (I mean) than carrying on
Some Self-Advantage of their own:
For, if the Dev'l, to ſerve his Turn,
Can tell Truth, why the Saints ſhould ſcorn,
When it ſerves their's, to ſwear and lye;
I think there's little Reaſon why:
Elſe h' has a greater Pow'r than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to ſay.
W'are not commanded to forbear
Indefinitely, at all to ſwear;
But to ſwear idly, and in vain,
Without Self-Intereſt or Gain:
For Breaking of an Oath and Lying
Is but a Kind of Self-denying,
A Saint-like Virtue, and from hence
Some have broke Oaths by Providence:
Some, to the Glory of the Lord,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their Word:
And this the conſtant Rule and Practice
Of all our late Apoſtles Acts is.
Was not the Cauſe at firſt begun
With Perjury, and carried on?
Was there an Oath the Godly took,
But in due Time and Place they broke?

Did we not bring our Oaths in firſt,
Before our Plate, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter Models, for
The preſent Uſe of Church and War?
Did not our Worthies of the Houſe,
Before they broke the Peace, break Vows
For having freed us, firſt, from both
Th' Allegiance, and Supremacy Oath;
Did they not, next, compel the Nation
To take, and break the Proteſtation?
To ſwear, and after to recant
The Solemn League and Covenant?
To take th' Engagement, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe, who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear, at firſt, to fight
For the KING's Safety, and his Right?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with Horſe and Foot:
But yet ſtill had the Confidence
To ſwear it was in his Defence?
Did they not ſwear to live and die
With ESSEX, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not ſwear to maintain Law,
In which that Swearing made a Flaw?
For Proteſtant Religion vow,
That did that Vowing diſallow?
For Privilege of Parliament,
In which that Swearing made a Rent?
And ſince, of all the three, not one
Is left in Being, 'tis well known.
Did they not ſwear, in expreſs Words,
To prop and back the Houſe of Lords?

And after turn'd out the whole House-ful
Of Peers, as dang'rous and unuseful?
So CROMWELL with deep Oaths, and Vows,
Swore all the Commons out o' th' House;
Vow'd that the Red-Coats would disband,
Ay marry wou'd they, at their Command;
And troll'd them on, and swore, and swore,
Till th' Army turn'd them out of Door:
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That Oaths and Swearing go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To serve for an Expedient:
What was the Publick Faith found out for,
But to slur Men of what they fought for?
The Publick Faith, which ev'ry one
Is bound t' observe, yet kept by none;
And, if that go for nothing, why
Should Private Faith have such a Tye?
Oaths were not purpos'd, more than Law,
To keep the Good and Just in Awe,
But to confine the Bad and Sinful,
Like moral Cattle in a Pinfold.
A Saint's of th' Heav'nly Realm a Peer;
And as no Peer is bound to swear,
But on the Gospel of his Honour,
Of which he may dispose, as Owner;
It follows, though the Thing be Forgery,
And false, th' affirm, it is no Perjury,
But a mere Ceremony, and a Breach
Of nothing, but a Form of Speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than mere saluting of the Book.
Suppose the Scriptures are of Force,
They're but Commissions of Course,

And Saints have Freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em, as they pleaſe:
Or miſ-interpret them by private
Inſtructions, to all Aims they drive at.
Then why ſhould we ourſelves abridge,
And curtail our own Priviledge?
Quakers (that, like to Lanthorns, bear
Their Light within 'em) will not ſwear;
Their Goſpel is an Accidence,
By which they conſtrue Conſcience,
And hold no Sin ſo deeply red,
As that of breaking Priſcian's Head;
(The Head and Founder of their Order,
That ſtirring Hats held worſe than Murder.)
Theſe, thinking th' are obliged to Troth
In ſwearing, will not take an Oath;
Like Mules, who, if th' have not their Wil
To keep their own Pace, ſtand ſtock-ſtill:
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born Conſciences may do.
'Tis the Temptation of the Devil,
That makes all human Actions evil:
For Saints may do the ſame Things by
The Spirit, in Sincerity,
Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's Inſtance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Juſt as the Saints and Wicked vary.
For as on Land there is no Beaſt,
But in ſome Fiſh at Sea's expreſt;
So in the Wicked there's no Vice,
Of which the Saints have not a Spice;
And yet that Thing, that's pious in
The one, in th' other is a Sin.

Is't

Is't not ridiculous, and Nonſence,
A Saint ſhould be a Slave to Conſcience,
That ought to be above ſuch Fancies,
As far as above Ordinances?
She's of the Wicked, as I gueſs,
B' her Looks, her Language, and her Dreſs:
And though, like Conſtables, we ſearch,
For falſe Wares, one another's Church;
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the Wicked due;
For Truth is precious and divine,
Too rich a Pearl for carnal Swine.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
Thoſe Myſteries and Revelations;
And therefore Topical Evaſions
Of ſubtle Turns and Shifts of Senco
Serve beſt with th' Wicked for Pretence,
Such as the learned Jeſuits uſe,
And Preſbyterians for Excuſe
Againſt the Proteſtants, when th' happen
To find their Churches taken napping:
As thus: A Breach of Oath is Duple,
And either Way admits a Scruple,
And may be, ex parte of the Maker,
More criminal than th' injur'd Taker;
For he that ſtrains too far a Vow
Will break it, like an o'er-bent Bow:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, quatenus Oath,
As ſound t'all Purpoſes of Troth,
As broken Laws are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till th' are broken, have no Force.

What's Juſtice to a Man, or Laws,
That never comes within their Claws?
They have no Pow'r, but to admoniſh,
Cannot controul, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make 'em ſuch.
Beſide, no Engagement is allow'd,
By Men in Priſon made, for good;
For, when they're ſet at Liberty,
They're from th' Engagement too ſet free.
The Rabbins write, when any Jew
Did make to God, or Man, a Vow,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other Jews o' th' Nation
Might free him from the Obligation:
And have not two Saints Pow'r to uſe
A greater Privilege than three Jews?
The Court of Conſcience, which in Man
Should be ſupreme and ſovereign,
Is't fit ſhould be ſubordinate
To ev'ry petty Court i' th' State,
And have leſs Power than the leſſer
To deal with Perjury at Pleaſure?
Have its Proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at Fancy of Py-Powder?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing ex Officio?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken Hedge,
And Pigs unring'd at Viſ. Franc. Pledge?
Diſcover Thieves, and Bawds, Recuſants,
Prieſts, Witches, Eves-Droppers, and Nuſance;
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd Pots of Ale but half-full;

And

And have no Pow'r at all, nor Shift,
To help itſelf at a dead Lift?
Why ſhould not Conſcience have Vacation
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation;
Have equal Power to adjourn,
Appoint Appearance and Retorn;
And make as nice Diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a Caſe, as thoſe that carve,
Invoking Cuckolds Names, hit Joints;
Why ſhould not Tricks as ſlight do Points?
Is not th' High-Court of Juſtice ſworn
To judge that Law that ſerves their Turn?
Make their own Jealouſies High-Treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the learned Council there
Make Laws in any Shape appear?
Mould 'em as Witches do their Clay,
When they make Pictures to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any Form
That fits their Purpoſe to do Harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of Treaſon, whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their Lives for them?
And yet do nothing in their own Senſe,
But what they ought by Oath and Conſcience?
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with Wrong and Right;
And ſell their Blaſts of Wind as dear,
As Lapland Witches bottled Air?
Will not Fear, Favour, Bribe, and Grudge,
The ſame Caſe ſev'ral Ways adjudge?
As Seamen, with the ſelf-ſame Gale,
Will ſev'ral different Courſes ſail.

As when the Sea breaks o'er its Bounds,
And overflows the level Grounds,
Thoſe Banks and Damms, that like a Screen
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So, when tyrannical Uſurpation
Invades the Freedom of a Nation,
The Laws o' th' Land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in Chanc'ry ev'ry Man ſwear
What makes beſt for him in his Anſwer?
Is not the winding up Witneſſes
And Nicking more than half the Bus'neſs?
For Witneſſes, like Watches, go
Juſt as they're ſet, too faſt or ſlow;
And where, in Conſcience, they're ſtrait-lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that Side is caſt.
Do not your Juries give their Verdict
As if they felt the Cauſe, not heard it?
And, as they pleaſe, make Matter of Fact
Run all on one Side, as they're pack't?
Nature has made Man's Breaſt no Windores,
To publiſh what he does within Dores,
Nor what dark Secrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh Folly blab it.
If Oaths can do a Man no Good
In his own Bus'neſs, why they ſhou'd
In other Matters do him Hurt,
I think there's little Reaſon for't.
He that impoſes an Oath makes it;
Not he that for Convenience takes it:
Then how can any Man be ſaid
To break an Oath he never made?
Theſe Reaſons may perhaps look oddly
To th' Wicked, though they evince the Godly;

But,

But, if they will not ſerve to clear
My Honour, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy Bubble,
That finds Philoſophers ſuch Trouble,
Whoſe leaſt Part crack'd, the Whole does fly,
And Wits are crack'd, to find out why.
Quoth RALPHO, Honour's but a Word
To ſwear by, only in a Lord:
In other Men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with, inſtead of Proof:
That, like a Wen, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.
Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the World's Opinion ſtill.
But as Men are not wiſe that run
The ſlighteſt Hazard, they may ſhun;
There may a Medium be found out
To clear to all the World the Doubt;
And that is, if a Man may do't,
By Proxy whipt, or Subſtitute.
Though nice and dark the Point appear,
(Quoth RALPH) it may hold up and clear.
That Sinners may ſupply the Place
Of ſuff'ring Saints is a plain Caſe.
Juſtice gives Sentence many Times
On one Man for another's Crimes.
Our Brethren of NEW ENGLAND uſe
Choice Malefactors to excuſe,
And hang the Guiltleſs in their Stead,
Of whom the Churches have leſs Need:
As lately't happen'd: In a Town
There liv'd a P Cobler, and but one,
That out of Doctrine could cut Uſe,
And mend Men's Lives, as well as Shoes.

This precious Brother having ſlain,
In Times of Peace, an Indian,
(Not out of Malice, but mere Zeal,
Becauſe he was an Infidel)
The mighty TOTTIPOTTYMOY
Sent to our Elders an Envoy;
Complaining ſorely of the Breach
Of League held forth by Brother Patch,
Againſt the Articles in Force
Between both Churches, his and ours,
For which he crav'd the Saints to render
Into his Hands, or hang the Offender:
But, they maturely having weigh'd
They have no more but him o' th' Trade,
(A Man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to Teach and Cobble)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet, to do
The Indian Hoghgan-Moghgan too
Impartial Juſtice, in his Stead did
Hang an old Weaver that was bed-rid.
Then therefore may not you be ſkip'd,
And in your Room another whip'd?
For all Philoſophers, but the Sceptick,
Hold Whipping may be Sympathetick.
It is enough, quoth HUDIBRAS,
Thou haſt reſolv'd and clear'd the Caſe;
And canſt, in Conſcience, not refuſe,
From thy own Doctrine, to raiſe Uſe:
I know thou wilt not (for my Sake)
Be tender-conſcienc'd of thy Back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy carnal Jerking,
And give thy outward Fellow a Ferking:
For, when thy Veſſel is new-hoop'd,
All Leaks of Sinning will be ſtop'd.

Quoth

Quoth RALPHO, You miſtake the Matter,
For, in all Scruples of this Nature,
No Man includes himſelf, nor turns
The Point upon his own Concerns.
As no Man of his own Self catches
The Itch, or amorous French Aches:
So no Man does himſelf convince,
By his own Doctrine, of his Sins:
And, though all cry down Self, none means
His own Self in a literal Senſe:
Beſides, it is not only Foppiſh,
But Vile, Idolatrous, and Popiſh,
For one Man, out of his own Skin,
To friſk and whip another's Sin:
As Pedants out of School-Boys Breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in vain:
For we muſt take our Oaths upon it,
You did the Deed, when I have done it.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, That's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the Whip, we'll lay it on.
Quoth RALPHO, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you:
For, when with your Conſent 'tis done,
The Act is really your own.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the Grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do:
For, when Diſputes are weary'd out,
'Tis Intereſt ſtill reſolves the Doubt:
But, ſince no Reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your Duty;

For ſo it is, howe'er you mince it;
As, e're we part, I ſhall evince it;
And curry (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no, your ſtubborn Leather.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy Part
I' th' publick Work, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few Blows,
To gain the Knight an opulent Spouſe;
Whoſe Wealth his Bowels yearn to purchaſe,
Merely for th' Intereſt of the Churches?
And, when he has it in his Claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the Cauſe;
Nor ſhalt thou find him a Curmudgin,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a Crow.
Y' had beſt (quoth RALPHO) as the Ancients
Say wiſely, Have a care o' th' main chance,
And look before you e're you leap;
For, as you ſow, y' are like to reap:
And, were y' as good as George a Green,
I ſhall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the Iſſue
In a juſt Quarrel, and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a Man of Honour
To whip the Saints, like Biſhop Bonner?
A Knight t' uſurp the Beadle's Office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave Trophies?
But I adviſe you (not for Fear,
But for your own Sake) to forbear;
And for the Churches, which may chance,
From hence, to ſpring a Variance;
And raiſe among themſelves new Scruples,
Whom common Danger hardly couples.

Remember how, in Arms and Politicks,
We ſtill have worſted all your holy Tricks;
Trepann'd your Party with Intregue,
And took your Grandees down a Peg;
New-modell'd th' Army, and caſhier'd
All that to Legion SMEC adher'd;
Made a mere Utenſil o' your Church,
And after left it in the Lurch;
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And, when w' had done with't, pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your Rabbins of the Synod,
And ſnapp'd their Cannons with a Why-not:
(Grave Synod-Men, that were rever'd
For ſolid Face, and Depth of Beard)
Their Claſſick Model prov'd a Maggot,
Their Directory an Indian Pagod;
And drown'd their Diſcipline like a Kitten,
On which they'd been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a Holy Cheat,
Grown out of Date and obſolete,
And all the Saints of the firſt Graſs,
As Caſtling Foals of Balaam's Aſs.
At this the Knight grew high in Chaſe,
And, ſtaring furiouſly on RALPH,
He trembled and look'd pale with Ire,
Like Aſhes firſt, then red as Fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'en in Fight,
And for ſo many Moons laid by't?
And, when all other Means did fail,
q Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale?
Not but they thought me worth a Ranſome
Much more conſid'rable and handſome,
But for their own Sakes, and for fear
They were not ſafe when I was there;

Now

Now to be baffled by a Scoundrel,
An upſtart Sect'ry, and a Mungrel;
Such as breed out of peecant Humours
Of our own Church, like Wens, or Tumours,
And, like a Maggot in a Sore,
Wou'd that, which gave it Life, devour;
It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his Blade;
And RALPHO too, as quick and bold,
Upon his Baſket-Hilt laid Hold,
With equal Readineſs prepar'd
To draw and ſtand upon his Guard:
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous Clamour, and a loud one,
As if all Sorts of Noiſe had been
Contracted into one loud Din:
Or that ſome Member to be choſen
Had got the Odds above a Thouſand;
And, by the Greatneſs of its Noiſe,
Prov'd fitteſt for his Country's Choice.
This ſtrange Surpriſal put the Knight
And wrathful Squire into a Fright;
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal
Impetuous Rancour, to join Battel;
Both thought it was the wiſeſt Courſe
To wave the Fight, and mount to Horſe,
And to ſecure, by ſwift Retreating,
Themſelves from Danger of worſe Beating.
Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their Ground,
With Horror and Diſdain wind-bound.
And now the Cauſe of all their Fear
By ſlow Degrees approach'd ſo near,

They

They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent Noiſe
Of Horns, and Pans, and Dogs, and Boys,
And Kettle-Drums, whoſe ſullen Dub
Sounds like the Hooping of a Tub.
But, when the Sight appear'd in View,
They found it was an Antique Show;
A Triumph, that, for Pomp and State,
Did proudeſt Romans emulate:
For as the Aldermen of Rome
Their Foes at Training overcome,
And not enlarging Territory,
(As ſome miſtaken write in Story)
Being mounted in their beſt Array,
Upon a Carr, and who but they?
And follow'd with a World of Tall-Lads,
That merry Ditties troll'd and Ballads,
Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, Hey for our Town through the Burrough;
So when this Triumph drew ſo nigh,
They might Particulars deſcry,
They never ſaw two Things ſo pat,
In all Reſpects, as this and that.
Firſt, He that led the Cavalcate
Wore a Sow-Gelder's Flagellate,
On which he blew as ſtrong a Levet,
As well-fee'd Lawyer on his Breviate;
When over one another's Heads
They charge (three Ranks at once) like Sweads.
Next Pans, and Kettles of all Keys,
From Trebles down to double Baſe.
And after them, upon a Nag,
That might paſs for a forehand Stag,
A Cornet rode, and on his Staff
A Smock diſplay'd did proudly wave:

Then

Then Bagpipes of the loudeſt Drones,
With ſnuffling broken-winded Tones,
Whoſe Blaſts of Air, in Pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier than from the Gut,
And make a vilêr Noiſe than Swine
In windy Weather, when they whine.
Next one upon a Pair of Panniers,
Full fraught with that, which for good Manners
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with Grains,
Which he diſpens'd among the Swains,
And buſily upon the Crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then, mounted on a horned Horſe,
One bore a Gauntlet and gilt Spurs,
Ty'd to the Pummel of a long Sword
He held reverſt, the Point turn'd downward:
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
The Conqueror's Standard-Bearer rid,
And bore aloft before the Champion
A Petticoat diſplay'd, and rampant:
Near whom the Amazon triumphant
Beſtrid her Beaſt, and on the Rump on't
Sat Face to Tail, and Bum to Bum,
The Warrior whilom overcome;
Arm'd with a Spindle and a Diſtaff,
Which, as he rode, ſhe made him twiſt off;
And, when he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chaſtis'd the Reformado Soldier.
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd Whifflers, and Staffiers on Foot,
With Lackies, Grooms, Valets and Pages,
In fit and proper Equipages;
Of whom ſome Torches bore, ſome Links,
Before the proud Virago Minx,

That

That was both Madam, and a Don,
Like NERO's SPORUS, or Pope JOAN;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clamorous Shout.
The Knight tranſported, and the Squire,
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire;
And HUDIBRAS, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch Sights with judicious Wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His Animadverſions, for his Heart.
Quoth he, In all my Life till now
I ne'er ſaw ſo profane a Show;
It is a Paganiſh Invention,
Which Heathen Writers often mention:
And he who made it had read GOODWIN,
Or Ross, or CÆLIUS RHODOGINE,
With all the Grecian SPEEDS and STOWS,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe ancient Shows;
And has obſerv'd all fit Decorums
We find deſcrib'd by old Hiſtorians:
For as the Roman Conqueror,
That put an End to foreign War,
Ent'ring the Town in Triumph for it,
[r] Bore a Slave with him, in his Chariot;
So this inſulting Female brave
Carries behind her here a Slave:
And as the Ancients long ago,
When they in Field defy'd the Foe,
[f] Hung out their Mantles Della Guerre,
So her proud Standard-Bearer here
Waves on his Spear, in dreadful Manner,
A Tyrian-Petticoat for Banner.
[t] Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still borne before the Emperor.

And

And as, in Antique Triumphs, Eggs
Were borne for myſtical Intrigues;
There's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries Eggs too, freſh or addle;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-Rout beſtows.
Quoth RALPHO, You miſtake the Matter;
For all th' Antiquity you ſmatter
Is but a Riding, us'd of Courſe,
When the Grey Mare's the better Horſe:
When o'er the Breeches greedy Women
Fight to extend their vaſt Dominion;
And in the Cauſe impatient Grizzel
Has drubb'd her Huſband with Bull's Pizzle,
And brought him under Covert-Baron,
To turn her Vaſſal with a Murrain:
When Wives their Sexes ſhift, like Hares,
And ride their Huſbands, like Night-Mares,
And they, in Mortal Battle vanquiſh'd,
Are of their Charter diſ-enfranchis'd,
And by the Right of War, like Gills,
Condemn'd to Diſtaff, Horns, and Wheels:
For, when Men by their Wives are cow'd,
Their Horns of Courſe are underſtood.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, Thou ſtill giv'ſt Sentence
Impertinently, and againſt Senſe:
'Tis not the leaſt Diſparagement
To be defeated by th' Event,
Nor to be beaten by main Force;
That does not make a Man the worſe,
Although his Shoulders with Battoon
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to ſome Tune;
A Taylor's Prentice has no hard
Meaſure that's bang'd with a true Yard:

But

But to turn Tail, or run away,
And without Blows give up the Day;
Or to ſurrender e're th' Aſſault,
That's no Man's Fortune, but his Fault;
And renders Men of Honour leſs
Than all th' Adverſity of Succeſs:
And only unto ſuch this Shew
Of Horns and Petticoats is due.
There is a leſſer Profanation,
Like that the Romans call'd Ovation:
For as Ovation was allow'd
For Conqueſt purchas'd without Blood;
So Men decree thoſe leſſer Shows
For Vict'ry gotten without Blows,
By dint of ſharp hard Words, which ſome
Give Battle with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a Chair-Curule,
Which Moderns call a Cuckling-Stool,
March proudly to the River's Side,
And o'er the Waves in Triumph ride;
Like Dukes of VENICE, who are ſaid
The Adriatick Sea to wed;
And have a gentler Wife than thoſe
For whom the State decrees thoſe Shows.
But both are Heatheniſh, and come
From th' Whores of Babylon and Rome;
And by the Saints ſhould be withſtood,
As Antichriſtian and Lewd;
And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt Strugglings to prohibite.
This ſaid, they both advanc'd, and rod
A Dog-Trot through the bawling Crowd,
T' attack the Leader, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him, Breaſt to Breaſt:

Then

Then Hudibras, with Face and Hand,
Made Signs for Silence; which obtain'd,
What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's Proceſſion
With Men of Orthodox Profeſſion?
'Tis Ethnick and Idolatrous,
From Heatheniſm deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of Babylon ride
Upon her horned Beaſt aſtride,
Like this proud Dame, who either is
A Type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are Things of ſuperſtitious Function
Fit to be us'd in Goſpel Sun-Shine?
It is an Antichriſtian Opera,
Much us'd in Midnight Times of Popery;
Of running after Self-Inventions
Of wicked and profane Intentions;
To ſcandalize that Sex, for Scolding,
To whom the Saints are ſo beholding.
Women, who were our firſt Apoſtles,
Without whoſe Aid we had been loſt elſe;
Women, that left no Stone unturn'd
In which the Cauſe might be concern'd;
Brought in their Children's Spoons and Whiſtles,
To purchaſe Swords, Carbines, and Piſtols;
Their Huſbands Cullies, and Sweet-Hearts,
To take the Saints and Churches Parts;
Drew ſeveral gifted Brethren in,
That for the Biſhops would have been,
And fix'd 'em conſtant to the Party,
With Motives powerful and hearty:
Their Huſbands robb'd, and made hard Shifts
T' adminiſter unto their Gifts
All they cou'd rap, and rend, and pilfer,
To Scraps and Ends of Gold and Silver;

Rubb'd

p. 189.

9.

Rubb'd down the Teachers, tir'd and ſpent
With holding-forth for Parliament:
Pamper'd and edify'd their Zeal
With Marrow-Puddings many a Meal;
Enabled them, with Store of Meat,
On controverted Points to eat;
And cramm'd 'em, till their Guts did ake,
With Cawdle, Cuſtard, and Plum-Cake.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the Cauſe at London?
March'd Rank and File, with Drum and Enſign,
T' intrench the City for Defence in?
Rais'd Rampiers with their own ſoft Hands,
To put the Enemy to Stands;
From Ladies down to Oyſter-Wenches
Labour'd like Pioneers in Trenches,
Fall'n to their Pick-Axes and Tools,
And help'd the Men to dig like Moles?
Have not the Handmaids of the City
Choſe of their Members a Committee,
For raiſing of a Common Purſe
Out of their Wages to raiſe Horſe?
And do they not as Triers ſit,
To judge what Officers are fit?
Have they——? At that an Egg let fly,
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,
And, running down his Cheek, beſmear'd,
With Orange-tawny Slime, his Beard;
But, Beard and Slime being of one Hue,
The Wound the leſs appear'd in View.
Then he that on the Panniers rode
Let fly on th' other Side a Load;
And, quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In RALPHO's Face another Volley.

The

The Knight was ſtartled with the Smell,
And for his Sword began to feel:
And RALPHO, ſmother'd with the Stink,
Graſp'd his; when one that bore a Link,
O' th' ſudden, clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like Linſtock, to the Horſe's Touch-Hole;
And ſtraight another, with his Flambeau,
Gave RALPHO's o'er the Eye a damn'd Blow.
The Beaſts began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring:
Through which they quickly broke their Way,
And brought them off from farther Fray:
And, though diſorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his Seat:
For, quitting both their Swords and Reins,
They graſp'd with all their Strength the Manes,
And, to avoid the Foe's Purſuit,
With ſpurring put their Cattle to't;
And, till all four were out of Wind
And Danger too, ne'er look'd behind.
After th' had paus'd a while, ſupplying
Their Spirits, ſpent with Fight and Flying,
And HUDIBRAS recruited Force
Of Lungs, for Action, or Diſcourſe:
Quoth he, That Man is ſure to loſe,
That fouls his Hands with dirty Foes:
For, where no Honour's to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in being maintain'd;
'Twas ill for us we had to do
With ſo diſhonourable a Foe:
For though the Law of Arms doth bar
The Uſe of venom'd Shot in War;
Yet by the nauſeous Smell, and noiſom,
Their Caſe-Shot ſavour ſtrong of Poiſon;

And doubtleſs have been chew'd with Teeth
Of ſome that had a ſtinking Breath;
Elſe, when we put it to the Puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a Bruſh:
But as thoſe Poltroons that fling Durt
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the Honour they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave Retreat, without Purſuit;
For, if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in Triumph led;
Than which the Ancients held no State
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.
But, if this bold Adventure e'er
Do chance to reach the Widow's Ear,
It may, being deſtin'd to aſſert
Her Sex's Honour, reach her Heart.
And as ſuch homely Treats (they ſay)
Portend good Fortune, ſo this may.
[u] VESPASIAN, being dawb'd with Durt,
Was deſtin'd to the Empire for't;
And from a Scavenger did come
To be a mighty Prince in Rome:
And why may not this foul Addreſs
Preſage in Love the ſame Succeſs?
Then let us ſtraight, to cleanſe our Wounds,
Advance in Queſt of neareſt Ponds;
And after (as we firſt deſign'd)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe injoin'd,

HUDIBRAS.

PART II.

The ARGUMENT of THE THIRD *CANTO.*

The Knight, *with various Doubts poſſeſt,*
To win the Lady goes in Queſt
Of SIDROPHEL, *the* Roſy-Crucian,
To know the Deſtinies Reſolution;
With whom b'ing met, they both chop Logick,
About the Science Aſtrologick;
Tili, falling from Diſpute to Fight,
The Conj'rer's *worſted by the* Knight.

CANTO III.

DOUBTLESS, the Pleaſure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat:
As Lookers-on feel moſt Delight,
That leaſt perceive a Juggler's Slight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his Slight of Hand.

Some

Some with a Noiſe, and greaſy Light,
Are ſnapt, as Men catch Larks by Night,
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the Soul,
As Nooſes by the Legs catch Fowl.
Some with a Med'cine, and Receipt,
Are drawn to nibble at the Bait;
And, tho' it be a two-foot Trout,
'Tis with a ſingle Hair pull'd out.
Others believe no Voice t' an Organ
So ſweet as Lawyer's in his Bar-Gown,
Until with ſubtle Cobweb-Cheats
Th' are catch'd in knotted Law, like Nets:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they're tangled;
And, while their Purſes can diſpute,
There's no End of th' immortal Suit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet-Deſigns of Fate;
Apply to Wizards, to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be;
And, as thoſe Vultures do forebode,
Believe Events prove bad or good.
A Flam more ſenſeleſs than the Roguery
Of old Aruſpicy and Aug'ry,
That out of Garbages of Cattle
Preſag'd th' Events of Truce, or Battle;
From Flight of Birds, or Chickens pecking,
Succeſs of great'ſt Attempts would reckon:
Though Cheats, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the Stars do fribble.
This HUDIBRAS by Proof found true,
As in due Time and Place we'll ſhew:
For he, with Beard and Face made clean,
Being mounted on his Steed agen,

(And RALPHO got a cock-horſe too
Upon his Beaſt, with much ado)
Advanc'd on for the Widow's Houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his Vows;
When various Thoughts began to buſtle,
And with his inward Man to juſtle.
He thought what Danger might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he ſwore untrue;
Or if his Squire, or he, ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their Tale;
It might at once the Ruin prove
Both of his Honour, Faith, and Love.
But, if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his Vow;
And that he durſt not now for Shame
Appear in Court to try his Claim.
This was the Pen'worth of his Thought,
To paſs Time, and uneaſy Trot.
Quoth he, In all my paſt Adventures,
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the Tenters;
Or taken tardy with Dilemma,
That, ev'ry Way I turn, does hem me;
And, with intextricable Doubt,
Beſets my puzzled Wits about:
For tho' the Dame has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted Jail:
Yet as a Dog, committed cloſe
For ſome Offence, by Chance breaks looſe,
And quits his Clog; but, all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his Chain:
So though my Ankle ſhe has quitted,
My Heart continues ſtill committed;
And, like a bail'd and main-priz'd Lover,
Altho', at large, I am bound over.

And

And when I ſhall appear in Court,
To plead my Cauſe, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the Judge do partial prove,
What will become of Me and Love?
For if in our Account we vary,
Or but in Circumſtance miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict Proof,
And make me pull my Doublet off,
To ſhew, by evident Record
Writ on my Skin, I've kept my Word;
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her Favour?
But, Faith, and Love, and Honour loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a Knight o' th' Poſt.
Beſide, that Stripping may prevent
What I'm to prove by Argument;
And juſtify I have a Tail,
And that Way, too, my Proof may fail.
Oh! that I cou'd enucleate,
And ſolve the Problems of my Fate;
Or find by Necromantick Art,
How far the Deſt'nies take my Part;
For, if I were not more than certain
To win, and wear her, and her Fortune,
I'd go no farther in this Courtſhip,
To hazard Soul, Eſtate, and Worſhip;
For though an Oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd) yet 'tis profane,
And ſinful, when Men ſwear in vain.
Quoth RALPH, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning Man, hight SIDROPHEL,
That deals in Deſtiny's dark Counſels,
And ſage Opinions of the Moon ſells;

To whom all People, far and near,
On deep Importances repair;
When Braſs and Pewter hap to ſtray,
And Linnen ſlinks out of the Way;
When Geeſe and Pullen are ſeduc'd,
And Sows of ſucking Pigs are chows'd;
When Cattle feel Indiſpoſition,
And need th' Opinion of Phyſician;
When Murrain reigns in Hogs or Sheep,
And Chickens languiſh of the Pip;
When Yeaſt and outward Means do fail,
And have no Pow'r to work on Ale;
When Butter does refuſe to come,
And Love proves croſs and humourſome;
To him with Queſtions, and with Urine,
They for Diſcov'ry flock, or Curing.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, This SIDROPHEL
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove the Saints have Freedom
To go to Sorc'rers when they need 'em.
Says RALPHO, There's no Doubt of that;
Thoſe Principles I quoted late
Prove that the Godly may alledge
For any Thing their Priviledge;
And to the Dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have Motives thereunto.
For, as there is a War between
The Dev'l and them, it is no Sin,
If they, by ſubtle Stratagem,
Make uſe of him, as he does them.
Has not this preſent Parliament
A w Ledger to the Devil ſent,
Fully impower'd to treat about
Finding revolted Witches out?

And has not he, within a Year,
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in one Shire?
Some only for not being drown'd,
And ſome for ſitting above Ground,
Whole Days and Nights, upon their Breeches,
And feeling Pain, were hang'd for Witches:
And ſome for putting knaviſh Tricks
Upon Green Geeſe, and Turky-Chicks,
Or Pigs, that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of Griefs unnat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a Witch,
And made a Rod for his own Breech.
Did not the Devil appear to MARTIN
LUTHER in Germany, for certain;
And wou'd have gull'd him with a Trick,
But MARTIN was too politick?
Did he not help the [x] Dutch to purge
At ANTWERP their Cathedral Church?
[y] Sing Catches to the Saints at MASCON,
And tell them all they came to aſk him?
[z] Appear in divers Shapes to KELLY,
And ſpeak i' th' Nun of LOUDON's Belly?
[a] Meet with the Parliament's Committee,
At WOODSTOCK on a pers'nal Treaty?
[b] At SARUM take a Cavalier
I' th' Cauſe's Service Priſ'ner:
As WITHERS in immortal Rhime
Has regiſter'd to After-Time?
Do not our great Reformers uſe
This SIDROPHEL to forebode News;
To write of Victories next Year,
And Caſtles taken yet i' th' Air?
Of Battles fought at Sea, and Ships
Sunk two Years hence, the laſt Eclipſe?

A total Overthrow giv'n the King
In Cornwall, Horſe and Foot, next Spring?
And has not he point-blank foretold
Whats'e'er the cloſe Committee would?
Made Mars and Saturn for the Cauſe;
The Moon for fundamental Laws;
The Ram, the Bull, and Goat declare
Againſt the Book of Common-Pray'r?
The Scorpion take the Proteſtation,
And Bear engage for Reformation?
Made all the Royal Stars recant,
Compound and take the Covenant?
Quoth HUDIBRAS, The Caſe is clear,
The Saints may 'mploy a Conjurer;
As thou haſt prov'd it by their Practice;
No Argument like Matter of Fact is.
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's Principles, by what they do.
Then let us ſtraight advance in Queſt
Of this profound Gymnoſophiſt.
And, as the Fates and he adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this Enterprize.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftſoons on th' Adventure rid;
Where leave we him and RALPH a while,
And to the Conjurer turn our Stile,
To let our Reader underſtand
What's uſeful of him, before-hand.
He had been long t'wards Mathematicks,
Opticks, Philoſophy, and Staticks,
Magick, Horoſcopy, Aſtrology,
And was old Dog at Phyſiology:
But, as a Dog that turns the Spit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his Feet

To

To climb the Wheel, but all in vain;
His own Weight brings him down again;
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame Place
Where at his ſetting out he was:
So, in the Circle of the Arts,
Did he advance his nat'ral Parts;
Till falling back ſtill, for Retreat,
He fell to Juggle, Cant, and Cheat:
For, as thoſe Fowls that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter:
Whate'er he labour'd to appear,
His Underſtanding ſtill was clear,
Yet none a deeper Knowledge boaſted,
Since old c HODG BACON and BOB GROSTED.
Th' Intelligible World he knew,
And all, Men dream on't, to be true;
That in this World there's not a Wart
That has not there a Counterpart;
Nor can there on the Face of Ground
An individual Beard be found,
That has not, in that foreign Nation,
A Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Faſhion;
So cut, ſo colour'd, and ſo curl'd,
As thoſe are in th' Inferior World.
H' had read DEE's Prefaces before,
The DEV'L, and EUCLID, o're and o're;
And all the Intrigues 'twixt him and KELLY,
LESCUS and the EMPEROR, wou'd tell ye:
But with the Moon was more familiar
Than e'er was Almanack Well-willer;
Her Secrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in the fitteſt Mood
For cutting Corns, or letting Blood;

When for anointing Scabs or Itches,
Or to the Bum applying Leeches;
When Sows and Bitches may be ſpay'd,
And in what Sign beſt Cyder's made:
Whether the Wane be, or Increaſe,
Beſt to ſet Garlick, or ſow Peaſe:
Who firſt found out the Man i' th' Moon,
That to the Ancients was unknown:
How many Dukes, and Earls, and Peers,
Are in the Planetary Spheres;
Their Airy Empire and Command,
Their ſev'ral Strengths by Sea and Land;
What Factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, or what in private;
With what Deſigns and Intereſts
Each Party manages Conteſts.
He made an Inſtrument to know
If the Moon ſhine at Full or no;
That wou'd, as ſoon as e'er ſhe ſhone, ſtraight
Whether 'twere Day or Night demonſtrate;
Tell what her D'meter t' an Inch is,
And prove that ſhe's not made of Green Cheeſe.
It wou'd demonſtrate, that the Man in
The Moon's a Sea Mediterranean;
And that it is no Dog nor Bitch,
That ſtands behind him at his Breech,
But a huge Caſpian Sea, or Lake
With Arms, which Men for Legs miſtake;
How large a Gulph his Tail compoſes,
And what a goodly Bay his Noſe is;
How many German Leagues by th' Scale
Cape Snout's from Promontory Tail.
He made a Planetary Gin,
Which Rats would run their own Heads in,

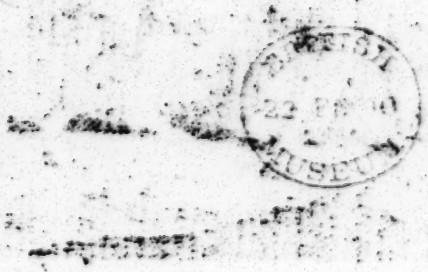
And came on Purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' Expence of Cheeſe or Bacon:
With Lute-Strings he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on Diſh of Meat:
Quote Moles and Spots on any Place
O' th' Body, by the Index Face:
Detect loſt Maiden-Heads, by Sneezing,
Or breaking Wind of Dames, or Piſſing;
Cure Warts and Corns, with Application
Of Med'cines to the Imagination;
Fright Agues into Dogs, and ſcare
With Rhimes the Tooth-Ach and Catarrh:
Chace evil Spirits away by Dint
Of Cickle, Horſe-Shoe, Hollow Flint;
Spit Fire out of a Walnut-Shell,
Which made the Roman Slaves rebel;
And fire a Mine in China here,
With Sympathetick Gun-Powder.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own:
What Med'cine 'twas that PARACELSUS
Could make a Man with, as he tells us:
What figur'd Slates are beſt to make
On wat'ry Surface Duck or Drake;
What Bowling-Stones, in running Race
Upon a Board, have ſwifteſt Pace:
Whether a Pulſe beat in the black
Liſt of a dappled Louſe's Back;
If Syſtole or Diaſtole move
Quickeſt when he's in Wrath, or Love;
When two of them do run a Race,
Whether they gallop, trot, or pace:
How many Scores a Flea will jump,
Of his own Length, from Head to Rump;

Which [d] Socrates and Chærephon,
In vain, assay'd so long agon;
Whether his Snout a perfect Nose is,
And not an Elephant's Proboscis;
How many diff'rent Species
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheeses;
And which are next of Kin to those
Ingender'd in a Chandler's Nose;
Or those not seen, but understood,
That live in Vinegar and Wood.
A paultry Wretch he had, half-starv'd,
That him in Place of Zany serv'd,
Hight Whachum, bred to dash and draw,
Not Wine, but more unwholesome Law;
To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gaps,
Wide as Meridians in Maps;
To squander Paper, and spare Ink,
Or cheat Men of their Words, some think.
From this, by merited Degrees,
He'd to more high Advancement rise;
To be an Under-Conjurer,
Or Journeyman Astrologer:
His Bus'ness was to pump and wheedle,
And Men with their own Keys unriddle,
To make them to themselves give Answers,
For which they pay the Necromancers;
To fetch and carry Intelligence,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence;
And all Discoveries disperse
Among th' whole Pack of Conjurers;
What Cut-Purses have left with them,
For the right Owners to redeem:
And what they dare not vent find out,
To gain themselves, and th' Art Repute;

Draw Figures, Schemes, and Horoſcopes,
Of Newgate, Bridewell, Brokers Shops,
Of Thieves aſcendant in the Cart;
And find out all by Rules of Art:
Which Way a Serving-Man, that's run
With Cloaths or Money away, is gone:
Who pick'd a Fob at Holding-forth,
And where a Watch, for half the Worth,
May be redeem'd; or ſtolen Plate
Reſtor'd at conſcionable Rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his Maſter
In Quality of Poetaſter:
And Rhimes appropriate could make
To ev'ry Month i' th' Almanack;
When Terms begin and end could tell,
With their Returns, in Doggerel:
When the Exchequer opes and ſhuts,
And Sowgelder with Safety cuts;
When Men may eat and drink their Fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will;
When uſe, and when abſtain from Vice,
Figs, Grapes, Phlebotomy, and Spice.
And as in Priſon mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the Service of the Great;
So WHACHUM beats his dirty Brains,
T' advance his Maſter's Fame and Gains;
And, like the Devil's Oracles,
Put into Dogg'rel Rhimes his Spells,
Which, over ev'ry Month's blank Page
P th' Almanack, ſtrange Bilks preſage.
He would an Elegy compoſe
On Maggots ſqueez'd out of his Noſe;
In Lyrick Numbers write an Ode on
His Miſtreſs, eating a Black-Pudden:

And, when impriſon'd Air eſcap'd her,
It puſt him with poetick Rapture.
His Sonnets charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd Gueſts,
Like ORPHEUS look'd among the Beaſts;
A Carman's Horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to Poetry;
No Porter's Burthen paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for Burthen to his Song;
Each Window like a Pill'ry appears,
With Heads thruſt through, nail'd by the Ears:
All Trades run in as to the Sight
Of Monſters, or their dear Delight
The Gallows-Tree, when cutting Purſe
Breeds Buſ'neſs for Heroick Verſe,
Which none does hear but would have hung
T' have been the Theme of ſuch a Song.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In Manſion prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree nor Houſe could bar
The free Detection of a Star;
And nigh an ancient Obeliſk
Was rais'd by him, found out by FISK,
On which were written, not in Words,
But Hieroglyphick Mute of Birds,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The Worth of Aſtrologick Learning:
From Top of this there hung a Rope,
To which he faſten'd Teleſcope;
The Spectacles with which the Stars
He reads in ſmalleſt Characters.
It happen'd as a Boy, one Night,
Did fly his Tarſel of a Kite;

The



The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd Hawk that flies,
That, like a Bird of Paradiſe,
Or Herald's Martlet, has no Legs,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays Eggs;
His Train was ſix Yards long, milk-white,
At th' End of which there hung a Light,
Incloſ'd in Lanthorn made of Paper,
That far off like a Star did appear.
This SIDROPHEL by Chance eſpy'd,
And, with Amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us! quoth he, what dreadful Wonder
Is that appears in Heaven yonder?
A Comet, and without a Beard!
Or Star that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the Scrowl
Of all thoſe Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
With which, like Indian Plantations,
The Learned ſtock the Conſtellations;
Nor thoſe that drawn for Signs have bin
To th' Houſes where the Planets inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be that Cannon-Ball
That, ſhot i' th' Air point-blank upright,
Was borne to that prodigious Height,
That learn'd Philoſophers maintain
It ne'er came backwards down again,
But, in the airy Region yet
Hangs like the Body of MAHOMET:
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the Earth's round Bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.
This ſaid, he to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at Hand, in open View,

And

And rais'd it till it levell'd right
Againſt the Glow-Worm Tail of Kite.
Then peeping thro', Bleſs us! (quoth he)
It is a Planet now I ſee;
And, if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like Tobacco-Stopper,
It ſhould be Saturn: Yes, 'tis clear,
'Tis Saturn, but what makes him there?
He's got between the Dragon's Tail,
And farther Leg behind o' th' Whale:
Pray Heav'n divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a Prodigy not common;
And can no leſs than the World's End,
Or Nature's Funeral, portend.
With that he fell again to pry
Thro' Perſpective more wiſtfully,
When by Miſchance the fatal String,
That kept the tow'ring Fowl on Wing,
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well ſhot,
Quoth WHACHUM, who right wiſely thought
H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it.
But SIDROPHEL, more ſubtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a Star fall?
It threatens Nature, and the Doom
Will not be long before it come!
When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The Day of Judgment's not far off:
[f] As lately 'twas reveal'd to SEDGWICK,
And ſome of us find out by Magick.
Then, ſince the Time we have to live
In this World's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt Advantage of it,
And pay our Loſſes with our Profit.

This

This Feat fell out, not long before
The Knight, upon the forenam'd Score,
In Queſt of SIDROPHEL advancing,
Was now in Proſpect of the Manſion:
Whom he diſcov'ring, turn'd his Glaſs,
And found, far off, 'twas HUDIBRAS.
WHACHUM (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try, or uſe our Art, are come:
The one's the learned Knight; ſeek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
WHACHUM advanc'd, with all Submiſſ'neſs
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their Bus'neſs:
He held a Stirrup while the Knight
From Leathern Bare-Bones did alight;
And, taking from his Hand the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark Squire to unriddle:
He gave him firſt the Time o' th' Day,
And welcom'd him, as he might ſay:
He aſk'd him whence he came, and whither
Their Bus'neſs lay? Quoth RALPHO, hither
Did you not loſe?—Quoth RALPHO, nay;
Quoth WHACHUM, Sir, I meant your Way?
Your Knight—Quoth RALPHO, is a Lover,
And Pains intolerable doth ſuffer:
For Lovers Hearts are not their own Hearts,
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and ſo forth downwards.
What Time?—Quoth RALPHO, Sir, too long,
Three Years it off and on has hung—
Quoth he, I meant what Time o' the Day 'tis;
Quoth RALPHO, between Seven and Eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth WHACHUM) my ſmall Art
Tells me, the Dame has a hard Heart,
Or great Eſtate—Quoth RALPH, a Jointer,
Which makes him have ſo hot a Mind t' her.

Mean

Mean while the Knight was making Water,
Before he fell upon the Matter;
Which having done, the Wizard ſtept in,
To give him ſuitable Reception;
But kept his Buſ'neſs at a Bay,
'Till WHACHUM put him in the Way;
Who, having now, by RALPHO's Light,
Expounded th' Errand of the Knight,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the Conj'rer's Ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe Gentlemen arriv'd?
Quoth WHACHUM, Venus you retriev'd,
In Oppoſition with Mars,
And no benigne friendly Stars
T' allay the Effect. Quoth Wizard, So!
In Virgo? Ha! quoth WHACHUM, No:
Has Saturn nothing to do in it?
One Tenth of 's Circle to a Minute.
'Tis well, quoth he.—Sir, you'll excuſe
This Rudeneſs, I am forc'd to uſe,
It is a Scheme and Face of Heaven,
As th' Aſpects are diſpos'd this Even,
I was contemplating upon,
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a Time, to interrupt
Your Speculations, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I aſk your Excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth SIDROPHEL,
The Stars your Coming did foretel;

I did

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I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake, your Bus'neſs too.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after, on your Word,
Howe'er unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in Love, Sir, with a Widow,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three Years has rid your Wit
And Paſſion, without drawing Bit:
And now your Bus'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, You're in the Right,
But, how the Devil you came by't,
I can't imagine; for the Stars,
I'm ſure, can tell no more than a Horſe;
Nor can their Aſpects (though you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' Oracle of Sieve and Sheers,
That turns as certain as the Spheres:
But, if the Devil's of your Counſel,
Much may be done, my noble Donzel;
And 'tis on his Account I come,
To know from you my fatal Doom.
Quoth SIDROPHEL, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir Knight, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take th' Alarm,
Your Bus'neſs is but to inform;
But, if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a wrong Sow by the Ear;
For I aſſure you, for my Part,
I only deal by Rules of Art,
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of Aſtrology:

But

But, for the Devil, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defy him.
Quoth he, Whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your Metonymy:
Your Words of ſecond-hand Intention,
When Things by wrongful Names you mention;
The myſtick Senſe of all your Terms,
That are, indeed, but Magick Charms,
To raiſe the Devil, and mean one Thing,
And that is down-right Conjuring:
And in itſelf more warrantable,
Than Cheat, or Canting to a Rabble,
Or putting Tricks upon the Moon,
Which by Confed'racy are done.
Your ancient Conjurers were wont
To make her from her Sphere diſmount,
And to their Incantations ſtoop;
They ſcorn'd to pore thro' Teleſcope,
Or idly play at Bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy, or fair Weather,
Which ev'ry Almanack can tell,
Perhaps, as learnedly and well
As you yourſelf—Then, Friend, I doubt
You go the furtheſt Way about:
Your modern Indian Magician
Makes but a Hole in th' Earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all Queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i' th' right.
The Roſy-Crucian Way's more ſure
To bring the Devil to the Lure;
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral Gin,
To catch Intelligences in.
Some by the Noſe with Fumes trepan 'em,
As DUNSTAN did the Devil's Grannum;

Others,

Others, with Characters and Words,
Catch 'em, as Men in Nets do Birds;
And ſome with Symbols, Signs, and Tricks,
Engrav'd with Planetary Nicks,
With their own Influences will fetch 'em
Down from their Orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depoſe and anſwer to
All Queſtions, e're they let them go.
[h] BUMBASTUS kept a Devil's Bird
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks
Of paſt and future Mountebanks.
KELLY did all his Feats upon
The Devil's Looking-Glaſs, a Stone;
Where playing with him at Bo-peep,
He ſolv'd all Problems ne'er ſo deep.
[i] AGRIPPA kept a Stygian Pug,
I' th' Garb and Habit of a Dog,
That was his Tutor, and the Cur
Read to th' occult Philoſopher,
And taught him ſubtly to maintain
All other Sciences are vain.
To this, quoth SIDROPHELLO, Sir,
AGRIPPA was no Conjurer,
Nor PARACELSUS, no nor BEHMEN;
Nor was the DOG a Cacodæmon,
But a true Dog that would ſhew Tricks
For th' Emperor, and leap o'er Sticks;
Would fetch and carry, was more civil
Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil;
And, whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame Way we go.
As for the Roſy-Croſs Philoſophers,
Whom you will have to be but Sorcerers,

What

What they pretend to is no more
Than TRISMEGISTUS did before,
PYTHAGORAS, old ZOROASTER,
And APOLLONIUS, their Maſter:
To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, Alas! what is't t' us,
Whether 'twas ſaid by TRISMEGISTUS,
If it be Nonſenſe, falſe, or myſtick,
Or not intelligible, or ſophiſtick?
'Tis not Antiquity, nor Author, [ter:
That makes Truth Truth, altho' Time's Daugh-
'Twas he that put her in the Pit,
Before he pull'd her out of it:
And, as he eats his Sons, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his Daughters too:
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a Herauld
Can make a Gentleman, ſcarce a Year old,
To be deſcended of a Race
Of ancient Kings, in a ſmall Space,
That we ſhould all Opinions hold
Authentick, that we can make old.
Quoth SIDROPHEL, It is no Part
Of Prudence to cry down an Art;
And what it may perform deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why.
(As[k] AVERRHOIS play'd but a mean Trick,
To damn our whole Art for Eccentrick)
For who knows all that Knowledge contains?
Men dwell not on the Tops of Mountains,
But on their Sides, or Riſings ſeat;
So 'tis with Knowledge's vaſt Height.
Do not the the Hiſt'ries of all Ages
Relate miraculous Preſages

Of

Of ſtrange Turns in the World's Affairs,
Foreſeen b' Aſtrologers, Soothſayers,
Chaldeans, learn'd Genethliacks,
And ſome that have writ Almanacks?
[l] The MEDIAN Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter
Had piſt all ASIA under Water,
And that a Vine, ſprung from her Hanches,
O'erſpread his Empire with its Branches:
And did not Soothſayers expound it,
As after by th' Event he found it?
[m] When CÆSAR in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretell,
And, in Reſentment of his Slaughter,
Look'd pale for almoſt a Year after?
[n] AUGUSTUS, having b' Overſight
Put on his left Shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been ſlain that Day,
By Soldiers mutin'ing for Pay.
Are there not Myriads of this Sort,
Which Stories of all Times report?
Is it not ominous in all Countries,
When Crows and Ravens croak upon Trees?
[o] The Roman Senate, when within
The City Walls an Owl was ſeen,
Did cauſe their Clergy, with Luſtrations,
(Our Synod calls Humiliations)
The round-fac'd Prodigy t' avert
From doing Town or Country Hurt:
And, if an Owl have ſo much Pow'r,
Why ſhould not Planets have much more?
That in a Region far above
Inferior Fowls of the Air move,
And ſhould ſee further, and foreknow
More than their Augury below?

Though that once ſerv'd the Polity
Of mighty States to govern by:
And this is what we take in Hand
By pow'rful Art to underſtand:
Which how we have perform'd, all Ages
Can ſpeak th' Events of our Preſages.
Have we not lately, in the Moon,
Found a New World, to th' Old unknown?
Diſcover'd Sea and Land, COLUMBUS
And MAGELLAN cou'd never compaſs?
Made Mountains with our Tubes appear,
And Cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth HUDIBRAS, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a Teleſcope,
Can find your Tricks out, and deſcry,
Where you tell Truth, and where you Lye:
For p ANAXAGORAS, long agon,
Saw Hills, as well as you, i' th' Moon;
And held the Sun was but a Piece
Of red-hot Ir'n, as big as Greece;
Believ'd the Heav'ns were made of Stone,
Becauſe the Sun had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' Opinion, ſuffer'd Baniſhment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
Whether i' th' Moon Men thus or thus
Do eat their Porridge, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?
What Trade from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from France?
What can our Travellers bring Home,
That is not to be learnt at Rome?
What Politicks, or ſtrange Opinions,
That are not in our own Dominions?

What

What Science can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our native Regions?
Are Sweating-Lanthorns, or Screen-Fans,
Made better there, than th' are in France?
Or do they teach to ſing and play
O' th' Guittar there a newer Way?
Can they make Plays there, that ſhall fit
The publick Humour, with leſs Wit?
Write witty Dances, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious Blows?
Or does the Man i' th' Moon look big,
And wear a huger Perriwig,
Shew in his Gait, or Face, more Tricks
Than our own Native Lunaticks?
But, if w' out-do him here at Home,
What Good of your Deſign can come?
As Wind, i' th' Hypocondres pent,
Is but a Blaſt if downward ſent;
But, if it upward chance to fly,
Becomes new Light and Prophecy:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful End,
Although they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of Things far fet,
They are but idle Dreams and Fancies,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the Ganzas.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cauſe,
Why on a Sign no Painter draws
The Full-Moon ever, but the Half;
Reſolve that with your Jacob's Staff;
Or why Wolves raiſe a Hubbub at her,
And Dogs howl when ſhe ſhines in Water;

And

And I ſhall freely give my Vote,
You may know ſomething more remote?
At this deep SIDROPHEL look'd wiſe,
And, ſtaring round with Owl-like Eyes,
He put his Face into a Poſture
Of Sapience, and began to bluſter:
For, having three Times ſhook his Head
To ſtir his Wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal Enemies
Next Ignorance, but Owls and Geeſe;
Thoſe conſecrated Geeſe in Orders,
That to the Capitol were Warders;
And, being then upon Patrol,
With Noiſe alone beat off the Gaul:
Or thoſe Athenian Sceptick Owls,
That will not credit their own Souls;
Or any Science underſtand,
Beyond the Reach of Eye or Hand:
But, meas'ring all Things by their own
Knowledge, hold nothing's to be known:
Thoſe wholeſale Criticks, that in Coffee-
Houſes cry down all Philoſophy,
And will not know upon what Ground
In Nature we our Doctrine found,
Altho' with pregnant Evidence
We can demonſtrate it to Senſe,
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.
Were the Stars only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by Night?
To wait on Drunkards, Thieves, Gold-finders,
And Lovers ſolacing behind Doors,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of Matrimony under Hedges?

Or

Or Witches ſimpling, and on Gibbets
Cutting from Malefactors Snippets?
Or from the Pillory Tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?
Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid, or done;
Is there a Conſtellation there,
That was not born, and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn
In any inferior Concern.
Were they not, during all their Lives,
Moſt of 'em Pyrates, Whores, and Thieves;
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old Practices ſome Skill?
Is there a Planet that by Birth
Does not derive its Houſe from Earth,
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below:
Who made the Balance, or whence came
The Bull, the Lion, and the Ram?
Did not we here the Argo rig,
Make BERENICE's Periwig?
Whoſe Liv'ry does the Coachman wear?
Or who made Caſſiopeia's Chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
With us may hold Intelligence.
PLATO deny'd the World can be
Govern'd without Geometree,
(For Money b'ing the common Scale
Of Things by Meaſure, Weight, and Tale;
In all th' Affairs of Church and State,
'Tis both the Balance and the Weight:)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine Aſtrology made out;

That puts the other down in Worth,
As far as Heav'n's above the Earth.
These Reasons (quoth the Knight) I grant
Are something more significant
Than any that the Learned use
Upon this Subject to produce;
And yet th' are far from satisfactory,
T' establish and keep up your Factory.
q Th' Egyptians say the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting, and his Rise:
Twice has he risen in the West,
As many times set in the East;
But whether that be true, or no,
The Dev'l any of you know.
r Some hold the Heavens, like a Top,
And kept by Circulation up;
And, were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd instantly fall to the Ground:
As sage EMPEDOCLES of old,
And from him modern Authors hold
s PLATO believ'd the Sun and Moon
Below all other Planets run.
Some MERCURY, some VENUS seat
Above the Sun himself in Height.
t The learned SCALIGER complain'd
'Gainst what COPERNICUS maintain'd,
That, in Twelve hundred Years and odd,
The Sun left its ancient Road,
And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove fifty thousand Miles from home:
Swore 'twas a most notorious Flam,
And he, that had so little Shame
To vent such Fopperies abroad,
Deserv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:

Which

Which Monſieur Bodin hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the Rod much more,
That durſt upon a Truth give doom,
He knew leſs than the Pope of Rome.
[u] Cardan believ'd great States depend
Upon the Tip o' th' Bear's Tail's End;
That, as ſhe whiſk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd mighty Empires up and down:
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe you true Bears have no Tails.
Some ſay the Zodiack Conſtellations
Have long ſince chang'd their antique Stations
Above a Sign, and prove the ſame
In Taurus now, once in the Ram:
Affirm the Trigons chop'd and chang'd,
The Wat'ry with the Fiery rang'd:
Then how can their Effects ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the Art were true, would make
Our modern Soothſayers miſtake:
And in one Cauſe they tell more Lyes,
In Figures and Nativities,
Than th' old [w] Chaldean Conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand Years;
Beſide their Nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of Accidence and Latin,
Like Idus, and Calendæ, Engliſht
The Quarter-Days by ſkilful Linguiſt:
And yet with Canting, Sleight, and Cheat,
'Twill ſerve their Turn to do their Feat:
Make Fools believe in their foreſeeing
Of Things before they are in Being;
To ſwallow Gudgeons, e're th' are catch'd;
And count their Chickens, e're th' are hatch'd;

Make them the Conſtellations prompt,
And give 'em back their own Accompt;
But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt Price for't, or beſt believes.
Some Towns, and Cities, ſome for Brevity
Have caſt the verſal World's Nativity,
And make the Infant-Stars confeſs,
Like Fools or Children, what they pleaſe.
Some calculate the hidden Fates
Of Monkeys, Puppy-Dogs, and Cats:
Some Running-Nags, and Fighting-Cocks,
Some Love, Trade, Law-Suits, and the Pox:
Some take a Meaſure of the Lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Huſbands, Wives;
Make Oppoſition, Trine and Quartile,
Tell who is barren, and who fertile;
As if the Planet's firſt Aſpect
The tender Infant did infect
In Soul and Body, and inſtill
All future Good and future Ill:
Which, in their dark Fatalities lurking,
At deſtin'd Periods fall a working;
And break out, like the hidden Seeds
Of long Diſeaſes into Deeds,
In Friendſhips, Enmities, and Strife,
And all th' Emergencies of Life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The World, but he has done his do,
Catch'd all Diſeaſes, took all Phyſick
That cures or kills a Man that's ſick;
Marry'd his punctual Doſe of Wives,
Is cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the Twinkling of a Star
Between a Man of Peace and War;

A Thief and Juſtice, Fool and Knave,
A huffing Officer, and a Slave;
A crafty Lawyer, and a Pickpocket,
A great Philoſopher, and a Blockhead;
A formal Preacher, and a Player,
A learn'd Phyſician, and Manſlayer.
As if Men from the Stars did ſuck
Old Age, Diſeaſes, and Ill-luck,
Wit, Folly, Honour, Virtue, Vice,
Trade, Travel, Women, Claps, and Dice;
And draw, with the firſt Air they breathe,
Battle, and Murder, ſudden Death.
Are not theſe fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here amongſt the Rabble,
For ſtaple Goods and warrantable?
x Like Money by the Druids borrow'd,
In th' other World to be reſtor'd?
Quoth SIDROPHEL, to let you know
You wrong the Art, and Artiſts too,
Since Arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our Principles oppoſe;
I will (although I've done't before)
Demonſtrate to your Senſe once more,
And draw a Figure that ſhall tell you
What you perhaps forgot befel you,
By way of Horary Inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt Erection.
With that he Circles draws, and Squares,
With Cyphers, Aſtral Characters:
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down Hab-nab, at random.
Quoth he, this Scheme of th' Heavens, ſet,
Diſcovers how in Fight you met

At Kingſton with a May-pole Idol,
And that y' were bang'd both Back and Side
And, though you overcame the Bear, [well,
The Dogs beat you at Brentford Fair;
Where ſturdy Butchers broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a Fop-Doodle.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I now perceive
You are no Conj'rer, by your Leave:
That y paultry Story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch Gulls as you.
Not true? quoth he, Howe'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm make appear;
WHACHUM ſhall juſtify't t' your Face,
And prove he was upon the Place:
He play'd the Saltinbancho's Part,
Transform'd t' a Frenchman by my Art;
He ſtole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
Chows'd and caldes'd ye like a Blockhead,
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i' th' Houſe.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, I do believe
That Argument's demonſtrative;
RALPHO, bear Witneſs, and go fetch us
A Conſtable to ſeize the Wretches:
For, though th' are both falſe Knaves and Impoſtors, Jugglers, Counterfeits, [Cheats,
I'll make them ſerve for Perpendiculars,
As true as e'er were us'd by Bricklayers.
They're guilty by their own Confeſſions
Of Felony, and at the Seſſions
Upon the Bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the Vibration of this Pendulum
Shall make all Taylors Yards of one
Unanimous Opinion:

A Thing

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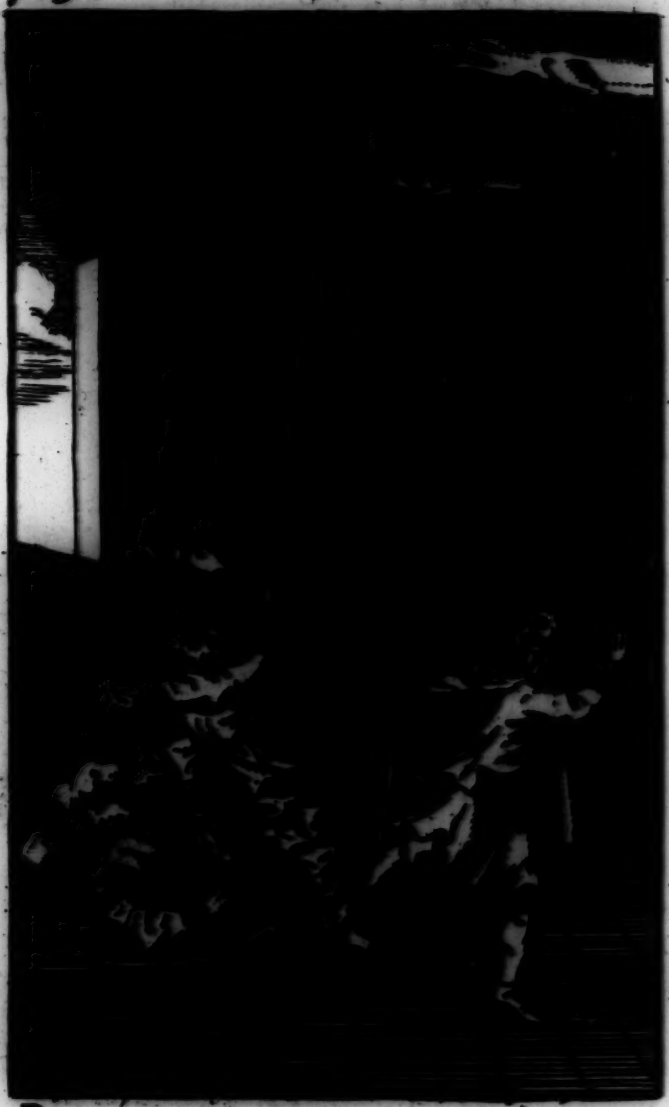

A Thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by Proof.
Quoth SIDROPHEL, I do not doubt
To find Friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my Art,
And Neck, ſo long on the State's Part,
To be expos'd i' th' End to ſuffer
By ſuch a Braggadocio Huffer.
Huffer, quoth HUDIBRAS, this Sword
Shall down thy falſe Throat cram that Word.
RALPHO, make Haſte, and call an Officer,
To apprehend this Stygian Sophiſter:
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a Bay,
Leſt he and WHACHUM run away.
But SIDROPHEL, who, from the Aſpect
Of HUDIBRAS, did now erect
A Figure worſe portending far,
Than that of a malignant Star,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt Moment,
To ſhun the Danger that might come on't,
While HUDIBRAS was all alone,
And he and WHACHUM, two to one:
This being reſolv'd, he ſpy'd by Chance
Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
That many a ſturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a Paſs,
To make his Way through HUDIBRAS.
WHACHUM had got a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work.
But HUDIBRAS was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his Guard:
He put by SIDROPHELLO's Thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;

The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the Earth along.
WHACHUM his Seal-Coal Prong threw by,
And basely turn'd his Back to fly;
But HUDIBRAS gave him a Twitch
As quick as Light'ning in the Breech;
Just in the Place where Honour's lodg'd,
As wise Philosophers have judg'd,
Because a Kick, in that Place, more
Hurts Honour, than deep Wounds before.
Quoth HUDIBRAS, the Stars determine
You are my Pris'ners, base Vermine:
Could they not tell you so, as well
As what I came to know foretell?
By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Disposé,
To be redeem'd by Fine or Blows:
But who his Honour would defile,
To take, or sell, two Lives so vile?
I'll give you Quarter; but your Pillage
The conqu'ring Warrior's Crop and Tillage,
Which with his Sword he reaps and plows,
That's mine, the Law of Arms allows.
This said in Haste, in Haste he fell
To rummaging of SIDROPHEL;
First, he expounded both his Pockets,
And found a Watch, with Rings and Lockets,
Which had been left with him t'erect
A Figure for, and so detect;
A Copper-Plate, with Almanacks
Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,
Of BOOKER's, LILLY's, SARAH JIMMERS,
And Blank-Schemes, to discover Nimmers;

A Moon-

A Moon-Dial, with Napier's Bones,
And ſev'ral Conſtellation-Stones,
Engrav'd in Planetary Hours,
That over Mortals had ſtrange Powers
To make 'em thrive in Law or Trade,
And Stab or Poiſon to evade;
In Wit or Wiſdom to improve,
And be victorious in Love:
WHACHUM had neither Croſs nor Pile,
His Plunder was not worth the while;
All which the Conqu'ror did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But SIDROPHEL, as full of Tricks
As Rota-men of Politicks,
Straight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conqu'ror with a Fetch,
And make him glad at leaſt to quit
His Victory, and fly the Pit,
Before the ſecular Prince of Darkneſs
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his Carcaſs:
And as a Fox, with hot Purſuit,
Chac'd thro' a Warren, caſts about
To ſave his Credit, and among
Dead Vermin on a Gallows hung:
And, while the Dogs run underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Not out of Cunning; but a Train
Of Atoms juſtling in his Brain,
As learn'd Philoſophers give out:
So SIDROPHELLO caſt about,
And fell to's wonted Trade again,
To feign himſelf in Earneſt ſlain:
Firſt ſtretch'd out one Leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his Breath to ſmother

A broken Sigh; quoth he, where am I,
Alive, or dead; or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a Space ſo ſoon?
But now I thought myſelf in th' Moon;
And that a Monſter, with huge Whiſkers,
More formidable than a Switzer's,
My Body through and through had drill'd,
And WHACHUM by my Side had kill'd;
Had croſs-examin'd both our Hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look, there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the Place I am run through:
And there lies WHACHUM by my Side
Stone dead, and in his own Blood dy'd:
Oh! Oh! with that he fetch'd a Groan,
And fell again into a Swoon,
Shut both his Eyes, and ſtop'd his Breath,
And, to the Life, out-acted Death;
That HUDIBRAS, to all Appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as Herring.
He held it now no longer ſafe
To tarry the Return of RALPH,
But rather leave him in the Lurch:
Thought he, he has abus'd our Church,
Refus'd to give himſelf one Firk
To carry on the Publick Work:
Deſpis'd our Synod-Men like Dirt,
And made their Diſcipline his Sport;
Divulg'd the Secrets of their Claſſes,
And their Conventions prov'd high Places;
Diſparag'd their Tythe-Pigs as Pagan,
And ſet at nought their Cheeſe and Bacon;
Rail'd at their Covenant, and jeer'd
Their rev'rend Parſons, to my Beard:

For all which Scandals, to be quit
At once, this Juncture falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my Fury, if he dare:
He muſt at leaſt hold up his Hand,
By twelve Freeholders to be ſcann'd;
Who, by their Skill in Palmiſtry,
Will quickly read his Deſtiny;
And make him glad to read his Leſſon,
Or take a Turn for't at the Seſſion:
Unleſs his Light and Gifts prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For, if he 'ſcape with Whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do:
And that will diſengage my Conſcience
Of th' Obligation, in his own Senſe:
I'll make him now by Force abide
What he by gentle Means deny'd,
To give my Honour Satisfaction,
And right the Brethren in the Action.
This being reſolv'd, with equal Speed
And Conduct he approach'd his Steed,
And, with Activity unwont,
Aſſay'd the lofty Beaſt to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he ſpurr'd his Palfry,
To get from th' Enemy, and RALPH free:
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at leaſt three Lengths, the Wind.

THE

NOTES to Part II. Canto I.

1 BUT *now* a *t'obſerve*, &c.] The Beginning of this Second Part may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know, that it was written on Purpoſe in Imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IVth Book of his *Æneids* in the very ſame Manner, *At Regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to ſatisfy the Curioſity of thoſe, who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be meaſur'd (like Caſes in Law) by Precedents, or elſe they are in the Power of the Critick.

205 b *A* Saxon *Duke*, &c.] This Hiſtory of the Duke of *Saxony* is not altogether ſo ſtrange as that of a Biſhop, his Countryman, who was quite eaten up with Rats and Mice.

237 c *King* Pyrrhus, &c.] *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* ſays, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienoſis medebatur*. L. 7. C. 11.

259 *In cloſe* d Cataſta *ſtout*, &c.] *Cataſta* is but a Pair of Stocks in *Engliſh*. But Heroical Poetry muſt not admit of any vulgar Word (eſpecially of paultry Signification) and therefore ſome of our modern Authors are fain to import foreign Words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

371 e The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints were of the ſame Sort of People, who firſt writ of Knight-Errantry; and as in the one they rendered the brave Actions of ſome very great Perſons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lyes, and ſottiſh Way of deſcribing them; ſo they have abuſed the Piety of ſome very devout Perſons, by impoſing

impoſing ſuch Stories upon them, as this upon Saint *Francis*.

393 *This made the beauteous* [f] *Queen*, &c.] The Hiſtory of *Paſiphae* is common enough; only this may be obſerved, That, though ſhe brought the Bull a Son and Heir, yet the Huſband was fain to father it; as appears by the Name, perhaps, becauſe, the Country being an Iſland, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

438 [g] *As your own Secretary*, &c.] *Albertus Magnus* was a *Swediſh* Biſhop, who wrote a very learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum*.

470 *Unleſs it be to* [h] *ſquint*, &c.] *Pliny* in his *Natural Hiſtory* affirms, that *Uni animalium hominum oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Paetorum*. Lib. 2.

532 *As Friar* [i] Bacon's *Noddle was*, &c.] The Tradition of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen Head is very commonly known; and, conſidering the Times he lived in, is not much more ſtrange than what another great Philoſopher of his Name has delivered up of a Ring, that, being tied in a String, and held like a Pendulum in the Middle of a Silver Bowl, will vibrate of itſelf, and tell exactly, againſt the Sides of the Divining Cup, the ſame Thing with, *Time is*, *Time was*, &c.

533 [k] *American Indians*, among whom (the ſame Authors affirm) there are others, whoſe Sculls are ſo ſoft, to uſe their own Words, *Ut Digito perforari poſſunt*.

556 *Or* [l] *Oracle*, &c.] *Jupiter*'s Oracle in *Epirus*, near the City of *Dodona*, *Ubi Nemus erat Jovi ſacrum, Querneum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonæi templum fuiſſe narratur*.

715 [l] *Semiramis*, Queen of *Aſſyria*, is ſaid to be the firſt that invented *Eunuchs*. *Semiramis teneros mares caſtravit omnium prima*. Am. Marcel. L. 34. p. 12. Which is ſomething ſtrange in a Lady, of her Conſtitution, who is ſaid to have received Horſes into her Embraces (as another Queen did a Bull) but that perhaps may be the

the Reaſon why ſhe after thought Men not worth the while.

715 *For ſome* [m] Philoſophers, *&c.*] Sir *K. D.* in his Book of Bodies; who has this Story of the *German Boy*, which he endeavours to make good, by ſeveral natural Reaſons; by which thoſe, who have the Dexterity to believe what they pleaſe, may be fully ſatisfied of the Probability of it.

845 *A* [n] Perſian *Emp'ror*, &c.] *Xerxes*, who uſed to whip the Seas and Wind. *In Eurum atque Eurum ſolitus ſævire Flagellis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

NOTES to Part II. Canto II.

15 [n] *So th' ancient Stoicks*, &c.] *In Porticu (Stoicorum Schola Athenis) Diſcipulorum ſeditionibus mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti ſunt.* Diog. Laert. *in vita Zenonis*, p. 383. Thoſe old *Virtuoſo's* were better Proficients in thoſe Exerciſes than modern, who ſeldom improve higher than Cuffing and Kicking.

19 [o] *Bonum* is ſuch a Kind of Animal as our modern *Virtuoſi* from *Don Quixote* will have Windmills under Sail to be. The ſame Authors are of Opinion, that all Ships are Fiſhes, while they are afloat; but, when they are run on Ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

413 [p] *In a Town*, &c.] The Hiſtory of the Cobler has been atteſted by Perſons of good Credit, who were upon the Place when it was done.

548 [q] *Have been exchang'd*, &c.] The Knight was kept Priſoner in *Exeter*, and, after ſeveral Exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at laſt releaſed for a Barrel of Ale, as he often uſed upon all Occaſions to declare.

678 [r] *Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot*, &c.]

— *Et*

——*Et ſibi Conſul*
Me placeat, curru ſervus portatur eodem.

683 [s] *Hung out*, &c.] *Tunica Coccinea ſolebat, pridie quam dimicandum eſſet, ſupra prætorium poni, quaſi admonitio, & indicium futuræ pugnæ.* Lipſius in Tacit. p. 56.

687 [t] *Next Links*, &c.] That the *Roman* Emperors were wont to have Torches before them (by Day) in publick, appears by *Herodian in Pertinace. Lipſ. in Tacit.* p. 16.

879 [u] Veſpaſian *being daub'd*, &c.] C. Cæſar *ſuccenſens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto juſſit oppleri, congeſto per milites in prætextæ ſinum.* Sueton. in Veſp. C. 5.

NOTES to Part II. Canto III.

140 *A* [w] *Ledger*, &c.] The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Preſbyterian Times had a Commiſſion to diſcover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he cauſed 60 to be hanged within the Compaſs of one Year; and, among the reſt, the old Miniſter, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

159 *Did he not help the* [x] Dutch, &c.] In the Beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common People of *Antwerp* in a Tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demoliſh Images and Shrines; and did ſo much Miſchief in a ſmall Time, that *Strada* writes there were ſeveral Devils ſeen very buſy among them, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible.

161 [y] *Sing Catches*, &c.] This Devil at *Maſcon* delivered all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verſe, which he ſung to Tunes: He made ſeveral Lampoons upon the *Huguenots*, and foretold them many Things which afterwards

wards came to paſs; as may be ſeen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

163 [z] *Appear'd in divers*, &c.] The Hiſtory of Dr. *Dee* and the Devil, publiſhed by *Mer. Caſaubon, Iſaac Fil.* Prebendary of *Canterbury*, has a large Account of all thoſe Paſſages; in which the Stile of the true and falſe Angels appears to be penned by one and the ſame Perſon. The Nun of *London* in *France*, and all her Tricks, have been ſeen by many Perſons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Obſervations upon the *French* Book, written upon that Occaſion.

165 [a] *Meet with*, &c.] A Committee of the Long Parliament, ſitting in the King's Houſe in *Woodſtock-Park*, were terrified with ſeveral Apparitions, the Particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

167 [b] *At* Sarum, &c.] *Withers* has a long Story in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who, being a Priſoner at *Saliſbury*, and drinking a Health to the Devil upon his Knees, was carried away by him through a ſingle Pane of Glaſs.

224 *Since old* [c] Hodge Bacon, &c.] *Roger Bacon*, commonly called *Friar Bacon*, lived in the Reign of our *Edward* I. and, for ſome little Skill he had in the Mathematicks, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjurer; and had the ſottiſh Story of the *Brazen Head* fathered upon him, by the ignorant Monks of thoſe Days. *Robert Groſtead* was Biſhop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen.* III. He was a learned Man for thoſe Times, and for that Reaſon ſuſpected by the Clergy to be a Conjurer; for which Crime being degraded by Pope *Innocent* IV, and ſummoned to appear at *Rome*, he appealed to the Tribunal of *Chriſt*; which our Lawyers ſay is illegal, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to ſue in a Foreign Court.

313 *Which* [d] Socrates, &c.] *Ariſtophanes*, in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, meaſuring

ſuring the Leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

404 e *Was rais'd by him*, &c.] This *Fiſk* was a late famous Aſtrologer, who flouriſhed about the Time of *Subtile* and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnſon*.

436 e *Unleſs it be*, &c.] This Experiment was tried by ſome foreign *Virtuoſo's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank againſt the *Zenith*, and, having fired it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it ſticks in the Mark; but *Des Cartes* was of Opinion, that it does not hang in the Air.

477 f *As lately 'twas*, &c.] This *Sedgwick* had many Perſons (and ſome of Quality) that believed in him, and prepared to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe Prophet was afterwards called by the Name of *Doomſday Sedgwick*.

609 g *Your modern* Indian, &c.] This compendious new Way of Magick is affirmed by Monſieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be uſed in the *Eaſt-Indies*.

627 h Bombaſtus *kept*, &c.] *Paracelſus* is ſaid to have kept a ſmall Devil Priſoner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the Reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his Drink: Howſoever, it was to better Purpoſe than *Hannibal* carried Poiſon in his, to diſpatch himſelf, if he ſhould happen to be ſurpriſed in any great Extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of ſo great a Commander to go out of the World like a Rat.

635 i Agrippa *kept*, &c.] *Cornelius Agrippa* had a Dog that was ſuſpected to be a Spirit, for ſome Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of Pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog

Dog from the Aſperſion; in which he has ſhewn a very great Reſpect and Kindneſs for them both.

679 *As* [k] Averrhois, *&c.*] Averrhois *Aſtronomiam propter Excentricos contempſit.* Phil. Melanchon in Elem. Phil. *p.* 781.

691 [l] *The* Median *Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter*, &c.] *Aſtyages*, King of *Media*, had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*; wherefore he married her to a *Perſian* of mean Quality, by whom ſhe had *Cyrus*, who conquered all *Aſia*, and tranſlated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Perſians*. Herodot. *l.* 1.

697 [m] *When* Cæſar, *&c.*] *Fiunt aliquando prodigioſi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiſo Cæſare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo.* Plin.

701 [n] Auguſtus, *having*, *&c.*] *Divus Auguſtus lævum ſibi prodidit calceum præpoſtere indutum, quo die ſeditione Militum prope afflictus eſt.* Idem, *l.* 2.

709 [o] *The* Roman Senate, *&c.*] *Romani L. Craſſo & C. Mario Coſſ. Bubone viſo orbem luſtrabant.*

737 *For* [p] Anaxagoras, *&c.*] Anaxagoras *affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum eſſe, & Peloponneſo majorem: Lunam Habitacula in ſe habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixiſſe Cœlum unum ex Lapidibus eſſe compoſitum; Damnatus & in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impie Solem candentem laminam eſſe dixiſſet.* Diog. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 11, 13.

865 [q] *Th' Egyptians ſay*, &c.] *Egyptii decem millia Annorum & amplius recenſent; & obſervatum eſt in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcenderit ubi nunc oritur.* Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.

871 [r] *Some hold the Heavens*, &c.] *Cauſa quare Cœlum non cadit (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motus.* Comment. in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cœlo.

877 [s] Plato *believ'd*, &c.] *Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit.* G. Gunnia in Coſmog. L. 1. p. 11.

881 [t] *The*

881 t *The learned Scaliger*, &c.] *Copernicus in Libris Revolutionem, deinde Reinholdus, poſt etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perſpicuis Demonſtrationibus docuerunt, ſolis Abſida Terris eſſe propiorem, quam Ptolemæi ætate, duodecim partibus*, i. e. *uno & triginta terræ ſemidiametris.* Jo. Bod. Met. Hiſt. p. 455.

895 u Cardan *believ'd*, &c.] *Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda Halices ſeu Majoris Urſæ omne magnum Imperium pendere.* Idem, p. 325.

913 w *Than th' old* Chaldean, &c.] *Chaldæi jactant ſe quadringenta ſeptuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis experiundiſque Puerorum Animis poſuiſſe.* Cicero.

975 x *Like Money*, &c.] *Druidæ pecuniam mutuo accipiebant in poſteriore vita reddituri.* Patricius, Tom. 2, p. 9.

1001 y *That paultry Story*, &c.] There was a notorious Idiot (that is here deſcribed by the Name and Character of *Whachum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himſelf, and yet made a Shift to ſtand on the Pillory, for forging other Men's Hands, as his Fellow *Whachum* no doubt deſerved; in whoſe abominable Doggrel, this Story of *Hudibras* and a *French* Mountebank at *Brentford* Fair is as properly deſcribed.

1024 *That the* z *Vibration*, &c.] The Device of the Vibration of a *Pendulum* was intended to ſettle a certain Meaſure of Ells and Yards, &c. (that ſhould have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by ſwinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star, how long the Vibration would laſt, in Proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight of the *Pendulum*; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any Part of Time compute the exact Length of any String that muſt neceſſarily vibrate into ſo much Space of Time; ſo that, if a Man ſhould aſk in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Sattin*, or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant; and all Mankind learn a new

new Way to measure Things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour, Quarter, and Minute.

1113 [a] *Before the Secular*, &c.] As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular, who governs in the Night with as great Authority as his Collegue, but far more imperiously.

An Heroical

EPISTLE

OF

HUDIBRAS to SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus——

WELL! SIDROPHEL, though 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy Brain,
Without trepanning of your Skull,
As often as the Moon's at Full:
'Tis not amiſs, e're y' are giv'n o'er,
To try one deſp'rate Med'cine more:
For, where your Caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt Courſe.
Is't poſſible that you, whoſe Ears
Are of the Tribe of Iſſachar's,
And might (with equal Reaſon) either
For Merit, or Extent of Leather,
With WILLIAM PRYN's, before they were
Retrench'd and crucify'd, compare,
Shou'd yet be deaf againſt a Noiſe
So roaring as the publick Voice?
That ſpeaks your Virtues free, and loud,
And openly in ev'ry Crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his Part
T' a Wheel-Barrow, or Turnip-Cart,

Or

Or your new nick'd-nam'd old Invention
To cry Green Haſtings with an Engine;
(As if the Vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your Drum-Heads with the Sound)
And 'cauſe your Folly's now no News,
But overgrown and out of uſe,
Perſuade yourſelf there's no ſuch Matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in Years,
The more extravagant appears;
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much Ignorance, and Beaſt,
That neither all Men's Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholeſome Senſe and Nurture;
But (like a Reprobate) what Courſe
Soever's us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no Tranſuſion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattle, do you good?
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to nurſe,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a Way, at leaſt,
To make yourſelf a better Beaſt?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying ſound from rotten Eggs;
Your ſev'ral new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds and Scabs in Trees;
Your Arts of fluxing them for Claps,
And purging their infected Saps;
Recov'ring Shankers, Cryſtallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rinds;
Have no Effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate?

But

But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Puniſhment;
And, like your whimſy'd Chariots, draw
The Boys to courſe you without Law;
As if the Art you have ſo long
Profeſs'd of making old Dogs young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all Books,
By judging only with your Looks,
Reſolve all Problems with your Face,
As others do with B's and A's;
Unriddle all that Mankind knows
With ſolid bending of your Brows;
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your Countenance,
And, with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt Learning pry;
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't;
And yet have no Art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad Naturals?
But ſtill, the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder:
For Fools are known by looking wiſe,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe y' have gain'd o' th' College
A quarter Share (at moſt) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent Repute,
Y' aſſume a Pow'r as abſolute
To judge, and cenſure, and controll,
As if you were the ſole Sir Poll;
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to:

You'll

You'll find the Thing will not be done
With Ignorance and Face alone:
No, though y' have purchas'd to your Name,
In Hiſtory, ſo great a Fame,
That now your Talent's ſo well known,
For having all Belief out-grown,
That ev'ry ſtrange prodigious Tale
Is meaſur'd by your German Scale—
By which the Virtuoſi try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,
Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the bigg'ſt to your Account.
That all thoſe Stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon your Score,
And leſſer Authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that Faculty betrays
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain Renown will ſpoil,
As Guns o'ercharg'd the more recoil;
Though, he that has but Impudence,
Too all Things has a fair Pretence;
And, put among his Wants but Shame,
To all the World may lay his Claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater Eaſe than publick Scorn,
That all Affronts do ſtill give Place
To your impenetrable Face;
That makes your Way through all Affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs:
Yet, as 'tis counterfeit, and Braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;
For all Impoſtors, when they're known,
Are paſt their Labour and undone.

And all the beſt, that can befal
An artificial Natural,
Is that which Madmen find, as ſoon
As once they're broke looſe from the Moon,
And, Proof againſt her Influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little Senſe,
To turn ſtark Fools, and Subjects fit
For Sport of Boys and Rabble-wit.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt PART.

The ARGUMENT of THE FIRST *CANTO.*

The Knight and Squire reſolve, at once,
The one the other to renounce;
They both approach the Lady's Bower,
The Squire t' inform, the Knight to woo her.
She treats them with a Maſquerade,
By Furies and Hobgoblins made:
From which the Squire conveys the Knight,
And ſteals him, from himſelf, by Night.

CANTO I.

'TIS true, no Lover has that Pow'r
T' enforce a deſperate Amour,
As he that has two Strings t' his Bow,
And burns for Love and Money too;

For

For then he's brave and reſolute,
Diſdains to render in his Suit,
Has all his Flames and Raptures double,
And hangs, or drowns, with half the Trouble;
While thoſe who ſillily purſue
The ſimple, downright Way and true,
Make as unlucky Applications,
And ſteer againſt the Stream, their Paſſions:
Some forge their Miſtreſſes of Stars;
And, when the Ladies prove averſe,
And a more untoward to be won,
Than by CALIGULA the Moon,
Cry out upon the Stars for doing
Ill Offices, to croſs their Wooing;
When only by themſelves they're hindred,
For truſting thoſe they made her Kindred;
And ſtill, the harſher and hide-bounder
The Damſels prove, become the fonder.
For what mad Lover ever dy'd,
To gain a ſoft and gentle Bride;
Or for a Lady tender-hearted,
In purling Streams, or Hemp, departed?
Leap'd Headlong int' Elyſium,
Through th' Windows of a dazzling Room?
But, for ſome croſs ill-natur'd Dame,
The am'rous Fly burnt in his Flame.
This to the Knight could be no News,
With all Mankind ſo much in Uſe;
Who therefore took the wiſer Courſe
To make the moſt of his Amours,
Reſolv'd to try all ſorts of Ways,
As follows in due Time and Place.
No ſooner was the bloody Fight,
Between the Wizard and the Knight,

With all th' Appurtenances, over,
But he relaps'd again t' a Lover:
As he was always wont to do,
When h' had diſcomfited a Foe;
And us'd the only antique [b] Philters,
Deriv'd from old heroick Tilters.
But now triumphant, and victorious,
He held th' Atchievement was too glorious
For ſuch a Conqueror to meddle
With Petty Conſtable, or Beadle:
Or fly for Refuge to the Hoſteſs
Of th' Inns of Court and Chancery, Juſtice:
Who might, perhaps, reduce his Cauſe
To th' [c] ordeal Trial of the Laws;
Where none eſcape, but ſuch as branded
With red-hot Irons have paſt bare-handed;
And, if they cannot read one Verſe
I' th' Pſalms, muſt ſing it, and that's worſe.
He therefore, judging it below him
To tempt a Shame the Devil might owe him,
Reſolv'd to leave the Squire for Bail
And Mainprize for him to the Gaol,
To anſwer, with his Veſſel, all
That might diſaſtrouſly befall;
And thought it now the fitteſt Juncture
To give the Lady a Rencounter,
T' acquaint her with his Expedition,
And Conqueſt o'er the fierce Magician:
Deſcribe the Manner of the Fray,
And ſhew the Spoils he brought away;
His bloody Scourging aggravate,
The Number of the Blows and Weight;
All which might probably ſucceed,
And gain Belief h' had done the Deed.

Which he reſolv'd t' enforce, and ſpare
No Pawning of his Soul, to ſwear;
But, rather than produce his Back,
To ſet his Conſcience on the Rack;
And, in purſuance of his urging
Of Articles perform'd, and Scourging.
And all things elſe, upon his Part,
Demand Deliv'ry of her Heart,
Her Goods, and Chattels, and good Graces,
And Perſon, up to his Embraces.
Thought he, the ancient Errant Knights
Won all their Ladies Hearts in Fights:
And cut whole Giants into Fritters,
To put them into amorous Twitters;
Whoſe ſtubborn Bowels ſcorn'd to yield
Until their Gallants were half kill'd:
But when their Bones were drub'd ſo ſore
They durſt not woo one Combat more,
The Ladies Hearts began to melt,
Subdu'd by Blows their Lovers felt.
So d Spaniſh Heroes, with their Lances,
At once wound Bulls and Ladies Fancies:
And he acquires the nobleſt Spouſe
That widows greateſt Herds of Cows;
Then what may I expect to do,
Wh' have quelled ſo vaſt a Buffalo?
Mean while, the Squire was on his Way,
The Knight's late Orders to obey:
Who ſent him for a ſtrong Detachment
Of Beadles, Conſtables, and Watchmen,
T' attack the Cunning-man for Plunder
Committed falſly on his Lumber;
When he, who had ſo lately ſack'd
The Enemy, had done the Fact,

Had rifled all his Pokes and Fobs
Of Gimcracks, Whims, and Jiggumbobs,
Which he by Hook, or Crook, had gather'd,
And for his own Inventions father'd:
And when they ſhould, at Gaol-delivery,
Unriddle one another's Thievery,
Both might have Evidence enough
To render neither Halter-proof:
He thought it deſperate to tarry,
And venture to be acceſſary:
But rather wiſely ſlip his Fetters,
And leave them for the Knights, his Betters.
He call'd to mind th' unjuſt foul Play
He would have offer'd him that Day,
To make him curry his own Hide,
Which no Beaſt ever did beſide,
Without all poſſible Evaſion,
But of the riding Diſpenſation.
And therefore, much about the Hour,
The Knight (for Reaſons told before)
Reſolv'd to leave them to the Fury
Of Juſtice and an unpack'd Jury;
The Squire concurr'd t' abandon him,
And ſerve him in the ſelf-ſame Trim;
T' acquaint the Lady what h' had done,
And what he meant to carry on;
What Project 'twas he went about,
When SIDROPHEL and he fell out:
His firm and ſtedfaſt Reſolution!
To ſwear her to an Execution;
To pawn his e inward Ears to marry her,
And bribe the Devil himſelf to carry her,
In which both dealt, as if they meant
Their Party-Saints to repreſent,

Who

Who never fail'd, upon their ſharing
In any proſperous Arms-bearing,
To lay themſelves out, to ſupplant
Each other Couſin-German Saint.
But, e're the Knight could do his Part,
The Squire had got ſo much the Start,
H' had to the Lady done his Errand,
And told her all his Tricks afore-hand.
Juſt as he finiſh'd his Report,
The Knight alighted in the Court;
And, having ty'd his Beaſt t' a Pale,
And taking Time for both to ſtale,
He put his Band and Beard in Order,
The ſprucer, to accoſt and board her.
And now began t' approach the Door,
When ſhe, wh' had ſpy'd him out before,
Convey'd th' Informer out of Sight,
And went to entertain the Knight:
With whom encount'ring, after Longees
Of humble and ſubmiſſive Congees,
And all due Ceremonies paid,
He ſtrok'd his Beard, and thus he ſaid:
Madam, I do, as is my Duty,
Honour the Shadow of your Shoe-tye:
And now am come, to bring your Ear
A Preſent you'll be glad to hear;
At leaſt I hope ſo; the Thing's done,
Or may I never ſee the Sun:
For which I humbly now demand
Performance, at your gentle Hand:
And that you'll pleaſe to do your Part,
As I have done mine, to my Smart.
With that he ſhrugg'd his ſturdy Back,
As if he felt his Shoulders ake.

But ſhe, who well enough knew what
(Before he ſpoke) he would be at,
Pretended not to apprehend
The Myſtery of what he mean'd:
And therefore wiſh'd him to expound
His dark Expreſſions, leſs profound.
  Madam, quoth he, I come to prove
How much I've ſuffer'd for your Love,
Which (like your Votary) to win,
I have not ſpar'd my tatter'd Skin:
And, for thoſe meritorious Laſhes,
To claim your Favour and good Graces.
  Quoth ſhe, I do remember once
I freed you from th' inchanted Sconce;
And that you promis'd, for that Favour,
To bind your Back to th' good Behaviour,
And, for my Sake and Service, vow'd
To lay upon't a heavy Load,
And what 'twould bear t' a Scruple prove,
As other Knights do oft make Love.
Which, whether you have done or no,
Concerns yourſelf, not me, to know.
But, if you have, I ſhall confeſs
Y' are honeſter, than I could gueſs.
  Quoth he, if you ſuſpect my Troth,
I cannot prove it but by Oath:
And, if you make a Queſtion on't,
I'll pawn my Soul, that I have don't:
And he that makes his Soul his Surety,
I think, does give the beſt Security.
  Quoth ſhe, ſome ſay, the Soul's ſecure
Againſt Diſtreſs and Forfeiture;
Is free from Action, and exempt
From Execution and Contempt;

And to be ſummon'd to appear
In th' other World's illegal here.
And therefore few make any Account,
Int' what Incumbrances they run't.
For moſt Men carry Things ſo even
Between this World, and Hell, and Heaven,
Without the leaſt Offence to either
They freely deal in all together;
And equally abhor to quit
This World for both, or both for it:
And when they pawn, and damn their Souls,
They are but Priſ'ners on Paroles.
For that (quoth he) 'tis rational,
They may be accountable in all:
For when there is that Intercourſe,
Between divine and human Pow'rs,
That all that we determine here
Commands Obedience every-where;
When Penalties may be commuted
For Fines, or Ears, and executed;
It follows, nothing binds ſo faſt
As Souls in Pawn, and Mortgage paſt:
For Oaths are th' only Teſts and Seals
Of right and wrong, and true and falſe:
And there's no other Way to try
The Doubts of Law and Juſtice by.
(Quoth ſhe) what is it you would ſwear?
There's no believing till I hear:
For, till they're underſtood, all Tales
(Like Nonſenſe) are not true, nor falſe.
(Quoth he) when I reſolv'd t' obey
What you commanded th' other Day,
And to perform my Exerciſe,
(As Schools are wont) for your fair Eyes:

T' avoid all Scruples in the Caſe,
I went to do't upon the Place.
But as the Caſtle is inchanted
By SIDROPHEL the Witch, and haunted
With evil Spirits, as you know,
Who took my Squire and me for two;
Before I'd hardly Time to lay
My Weapons by, and diſarray,
I heard a formidable Noiſe,
Loud as the [f] Stentrophonick Voice,
That roar'd far off, Diſpatch and ſtrip,
I'm ready with th' infernal Whip,
That ſhall diveſt thy Ribs from Skin,
To expiate thy ling'ring Sin.
Th' haſt broken perfidiouſly thy Oath,
And not perform'd thy plighted Troth;
But ſpar'd thy Renegado Back,
Where th' hadſt ſo great a Prize at Stake:
Which now the Fates have order'd me
For Penance and Revenge to flea,
Unleſs thou preſently make haſte;
Time is, Time was: And there it ceas'd.
With which, though ſtartled, I confeſs,
Yet th' Horror of the Thing was leſs
Than th' other diſmal Apprehenſion
Of Interruption or Prevention.
And therefore, ſnatching up the Rod,
I laid upon my Back a Load;
Reſolv'd to ſpare no Fleſh and Blood,
To make my Word and Honour good:
Till tir'd, and taking Truce at length,
For new Recruits of Breath and Strength,
I felt the Blows, ſtill ply'd as faſt,
As if th' had been by [g] Lovers plac'd,

In

In Raptures of Platonick Laſhing,
And chaſte contemplative Bardaſhing:
When facing haſtily about,
To ſtand upon my Guard and Scout,
I found th' infernal Cunning-man,
And th' Under-witch, his CALIBAN,
With Scourges (like the Furies) arm'd,
That on my outward Quarters ſtorm'd.
In Haſte I ſnatch'd my Weapon up,
And gave their helliſh Rage a Stop;
Call'd thrice upon your Name, and fell
Courageouſly on SIDROPHEL:
Who, now transform'd himſelf t' a Bear,
Began to roar aloud and tear;
When I as furiouſly preſs'd on,
My Weapon down his Throat to run;
Laid hold on him, but he broke looſe,
And turn'd himſelf into a Gooſe,
Div'd under Water in a Pond,
To hide himſelf from being found.
In vain I ſought him, but, as ſoon
As I perceiv'd him fled and gone,
Prepar'd, with equal Haſte and Rage,
His Under-ſorcerer t' engage.
But bravely ſcorning to defile
My Sword with feeble Blood and vile;
I judg'd it better from a Quick-
Set Hedge to cut a knotted Stick,
With which, I furiouſly laid on;
Till in a harſh and doleful Tone
It roar'd, O hold for Pity, Sir;
I am too great a Sufferer,
Abus'd, as you have been, b' a Witch,
But conjur'd into a worſe Caprich:

Who ſends me out on many a Jaunt,
Old Houſes in the Night to haunt,
For Opportunities t' improve
Deſigns of Thievery or Love;
With Drugs convey'd in Drink or Meat,
All Feats of Witches counterfeit,
Kill Pigs and Geeſe with powder'd Glaſs,
And make it for Inchantment paſs;
With Cow-Itch meazle like a Leper,
And choak with Fumes of Guiney-Pepper;
Make Leachers, and their Punks with Dewtry,
Commit phantaſtical Advowtry;
Bewitch [h] Hermetick-men to run
Stark ſtaring mad with Manicon:
Believe mechanick Virtuoſi
Can raiſe 'em Mountains in [i] Potosi;
And, fillier than the antick Fools,
Take Treaſure for a Heap of Coals:
Seek out, for Plants with Signatures,
To Quack of univerſal Cures:
With Figures ground on Panes of Glaſs
Make People on their Heads to paſs:
And mighty Heaps of Coin increaſe,
Reflected from a ſingle Piece:
To draw in Fools, whoſe nat'ral Itches
Incline perpetually to Witches;
And keep me in continual Fears,
And Danger of my Neck and Ears:
When leſs delinquent have been ſcourg'd,
And Hemp on Wooden Anvils forg'd,
Which others for Cravats have worn
About their Necks, and took a Turn.
I pity'd the ſad Puniſhment
The wretched Caitiff underwent,

And

And held my Drubbing of his Bones
Too great an Honour for Poltrones;
For Knights are bound to feel no Blows
From paltry and unequal Foes,
Who when they ſlaſh, and cut to pieces,
Do all with civileſt Addreſſes:
Their Horſes never give a Blow,
But when they make a Leg and Bow.
I therefore ſpar'd his Fleſh, and preſt him
About the Witch with many a Queſtion.
Quoth he, for many Years he drove
A kind of Broking-trade in Love;
Employ'd in all th' Intrigues, and Truſt
Of feeble, ſpeculative Luſt:
Procurer to th' Extravagancy,
And crazy Ribaldry of Fancy,
By thoſe the Devil had forſook,
As Things below him to provoke:
But, b'ing a Virtuoſo, able
To ſmatter, quack, and cant, and dabble,
He held his Talent moſt adroit,
For any myſtical Exploit;
As others of his Tribe had done,
And rais'd their Prices three to one:
For one predicting Pimp has th' Odds
Of Chauldrons of plain downright Bawds.
But as an Elf (the Devil's Valet)
Is not ſo ſlight a Thing to get;
For thoſe that do his Buſ'neſs beſt
In Hell are us'd the ruggedeſt;
Before ſo meriting a Perſon
Cou'd get a Grant, but in Reverſion,
He ſerv'd two Prenticeſhips, and longer,
I' th' Myſt'ry of a Lady-monger.

For

For (as ſome write) a Witch's Ghoſt,
As ſoon as from the Body loos'd,
Becomes a Puny-Imp itſelf,
And is another's Witch's Elf.
He, after ſearching far and near,
At length found one in LANCASHIRE,
With whom he bargain'd before-hand,
And, after hanging, entertain'd.
Since which h' has play'd a thouſand Feats,
And practis'd all mechanick Cheats:
Transform'd himſelf to th' ugly Shapes
Of Wolves, and Bears, Baboons, and Apes,
Which he has vary'd more than Witches,
Or Pharaoh's Wizards could their Switches;
And all, with whom h' has had to do,
Turn'd to as monſtrous Figures too.
Witneſs myſelf, whom h' has abus'd,
And to this beaſtly Shape reduc'd,
By feeding me on Beans and Peaſe
He crams in naſty Crevices,
And turns to Comfits by his Arts,
To make me reliſh for Diſſerts,
And one by one, with Shame and Fear,
Lick up the candy'd Provender.
Beſide - - - But as h' was running on,
To tell what other Feats h' had done,
The Lady ſtopt his full Career,
And told him now 'twas Time to hear:
If half thoſe Things (ſaid ſhe) be true, - - -
(They're all quoth he, I ſwear by you)
Why then (ſaid ſhe) that SIDROPHEL
Has damn'd himſelf to th' Pit of Hell;
Who, mounted on a Broom, the Nag,
And Hackney of a Lapland Hag,

In

In Queſt of you came hither Poſt,
Within an Hour (I'm ſure) at moſt;
Who told me all you ſwear and ſay,
Quite contrary another Way;
Vow'd that you came to him to know
If you ſhould carry me or no;
And would have hir'd him and his Imps
To be your Match-makers and Pimps,
T' engage the Devil on your Side,
And ſteal (like PROSERPINE) your Bride.
But, he diſdaining to embrace
So filthy a Deſign and baſe,
You fell to vapouring and huffing,
And drew upon him like a Ruffin;
Surpriz'd him meanly, unprepar'd,
Before h' had Time to mount his Guard;
And left him dead upon the Ground,
With many a Bruiſe and deſperate Wound:
Swore you had broke and robb'd his Houſe,
And ſtole his Taliſmanic Louſe,
And all his new-found old Inventions,
With flat felonious Intentions:
Which he could bring out, where he had,
And what he bought them for, and paid:
His Flea, his Morpion, and Puneſe,
H' had gotten for his proper Eaſe,
And all in perfect Minutes made
By th' ableſt Artiſt of the Trade:
Which (he could prove it) ſince he loſt,
He has been eaten up almoſt:
And altogether might amount
To many Hundreds on Account:
For which h' had got ſufficient Warrant
To ſeize the Malefactors Errant,

Without

Without Capacity of Bail,
But of a Cart's, or Horſe's Tail;
And did not doubt to bring the Wretches
To ſerve for Pendulums to Watches;
Which, modern Virtuoſo's ſay,
Incline to Hanging every Way.
Beſide he ſwore, and ſwore 'twas true
That, e're he went in Queſt of you,
He ſet a Figure to diſcover
If you were fled to Rye or Dover;
And found it clear, that, to betray
Yourſelves and me, you fled this Way;
And that he was upon Purſuit,
To take you ſomewhere hereabout.
He vow'd he had Intelligence
Of all that paſt before and ſince:
And found, that e're you came to him,
Y' had been engaging Life and Limb,
About a Caſe of tender Conſcience,
Where both abounded in your own Senſe:
Till Ralpho, by his Light and Grace,
Had clear'd all Scruples in the Caſe:
And prov'd that you might ſwear and own
Whatever's by the Wicked done,
For which, moſt baſely to requite
The Service of his Gifts and Light,
You ſtrove t' oblige him by main Force
To ſcourge his Ribs inſtead of yours;
But that he ſtood upon his Guard,
And all your Vapouring out-dar'd;
For which, between you both, the Feat
Has never been perform'd as yet.
While thus the Lady talk'd, the Knight
Turn'd th' Outſide of his Eyes to white,

(As

(As Men of inward Light are wont
To turn their Opticks in upon't.)
He wonder'd how ſhe came to know
What he had done, and meant to do:
Held up his Affidavit-Hand,
As if h' had been to be arraign'd:
Caſt towards the Door a ghaſtly Look,
In dread of SIDROPHEL, and ſpoke:
Madam, if but one Word be true
Of all the Wizard has told you,
Or but one ſingle Circumſtance
In all th' Apocryphal Romance:
May dreadful Earthquakes ſwallow down
This Veſſel, that is all your own;
Or may the Heavens fall, and cover
Theſe Reliques of your conſtant Lover.
You have provided well, quoth ſhe,
(I thank you) for yourſelf and me;
And ſhewn your Preſbyterian Wits
Jump punctual with the Jeſuits.
A moſt compendious Way, and civil,
At once to cheat the World, the Devil,
And Heaven and Hell, yourſelves, and thoſe
On whom you vainly think t' impoſe.
Why then (quoth he) may Hell ſurprize---
That Trick (ſaid ſhe) will not paſs twice:
I've learn'd how far I'm to believe
Your pinning Oaths upon your Sleeve.
But there's a better Way of clearing [ing;
What you would prove, than downright Swear-
For, if you have perform'd the Feat,
The Blows are viſible as yet,
Enough to ſerve for Satisfaction
Of niceſt Scruples in the Action.

And

And if you can produce thoſe Knobs,
Although they are but the Witch's Drubs,
I'll paſs them all upon Account,
As if your natural Self had don't,
Provided that they paſs th' Opinion
Of able Juries of old Women;
Who us'd to judge all Matter of Facts,
For Bellies, may do ſo for Backs.
Madam (quoth he) your Love's a Million,
To do is leſs than to be willing,
As I am, were it in my Power,
T' obey what you command and more.
But, for performing what you bid,
I thank you as much, as if I did.
You know I ought to have a Care
To keep my Wounds from taking Air:
For Wounds in thoſe that are all Heart,
Are dangerous in any Part.
I find (quoth ſhe) my Goods and Chattels
Are like to prove but mere drawn Battels;
For ſtill, the longer we contend,
We are but farther off the End.
But granting now we ſhould agree,
What is it you expect from me?
Your plighted Faith (quoth he) and Word
You paſt in Heaven on Record,
Where all Contracts, to have and t' hold,
Are everlaſtingly enroll'd.
And, if 'tis counted Treaſon here
To raze Records, 'tis much more there.
Quoth ſhe, there are no Bargains driv'n,
Nor Marriages clapp'd up in Heav'n,
And that's the Reaſon, as ſome gueſs,
There is no Heav'n in Marriages;

Two Things that naturally preſs
Too narrowly, to be at Eaſe;
Their Buſ'neſs there is only Love,
Which Marriage is not like t' improve.
Love, that's too generous t' abide
To be againſt its Nature ty'd:
For, where 'tis of itſelf inclin'd,
It breaks looſe when it is confin'd;
And like the Soul, it's Harbourer,
Debarr'd the Freedom of the Air,
Diſdains againſt its Will to ſtay,
But ſtruggles out, and flies away:
And therefore never can comply
To endure the matrimonial Tie,
That binds the Female and the Male,
Where th' one is but the other's Bail:
Like Roman Gaolers, when they ſlept,
Chain'd to the Priſoners they kept;
Of which the true and faithfull'ſt Lover
Gives beſt Security, to ſuffer.
Marriage is but a Beaſt, ſome ſay,
That carries double in foul Way;
And therefore 'tis not to be admir'd
It ſhould ſo ſuddenly be tir'd:
A Bargain at a Venture made,
Between two Partners in a Trade;
(For what's inferr'd by t' have, and t' hold,
But ſomething paſt away, and ſold?)
That, as it makes but one of two,
Reduces all Things elſe as low:
And at the beſt is but a Mart
Between the one and th' other Part,
That on the Marriage-Day is paid,
Or Hour of Death, the Bet is laid;

And

And all the reſt of better or worſe,
Both are but Loſers out of Purſe.
For, when upon their ungot Heirs
Th' entail themſelves, and all that's theirs,
What blinder Bargain e'er was driv'n,
Or Wager laid at ſix and ſeven?
To paſs themſelves away, and turn
Their Children's Tenants e're they're born?
Beg one another Idiot
To Guardians, e're they are begot;
Or ever ſhall, perhaps, by th' one,
Who's bound to vouch 'em for his own,
Though got b' implicit Generation,
And gen'ral Club of all the Nation:
For which ſhe's fortify'd no leſs
Than all the Iſland, with four Seas:
Exacts the Tribute of her Dower,
In ready Inſolence and Power:
And makes him paſs away to have
And hold to her, himſelf, her Slave,
More wretched than an ancient Villain,
Condemn'd to Drudgery and Tilling;
While all he does upon the By
She is not bound to juſtify,
Nor at her proper Coſt and Charge
Maintain the Feats he does at large.
Such hideous Sots were thoſe obedient
Old Vaſſals, to their Ladies Regent;
To give the Cheats the eldeſt Hand
In foul Play, by the Laws o' th' Land;
For which ſo many a legal Cuckold
Has been run down in Courts and truckled.
A Law that moſt unjuſtly yokes
All Johns of Stiles to Joans of Nokes,

Without

Without Diſtinction of Degree,
Condition, Age, or Quality;
Admits no Power of Revocation,
Nor valuable Conſideration,
Nor Writ of Error, nor Reverſe
Of Judgment paſt, for better or worſe:
Will not allow the Privileges
That Beggars challenge under Hedges,
Who, when they're griev'd, can make dead Horſes
Their ſpiritual Judges of Divorces;
While nothing elſe but Rem in Re
Can ſet the proudeſt Wretches free:
A Slavery beyond enduring,
But that 'tis of their own procuring:
As Spiders never ſeek the Fly,
But leave him, of himſelf, t' apply;
So Men are by themſelves employ'd,
To quit the Freedom they enjoy'd,
And run their Necks into a Nooſe,
They'd break them after to break looſe.
As ſome, whom Death would not depart,
Have done the Feat themſelves, by Art.
Like [l] Indian Widows, gone to Bed
In flaming Curtains to the Dead;
And Men as often dangled for't,
And yet will never leave the Sport.
Nor do the Ladies want Excuſe
For all the Stratagems they uſe
To gain the Advantage of the Set,
And lurch the amorous Rook and Cheat.
For as the [m] Pythagorean Soul
Runs through all Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
And has a Smack of ev'ry one;
So Love does, and has ever done.

And

And therefore, though 'tis ne'er ſo fond,
Take ſtrangely to the Vagabond.
'Tis but an Ague that's reverſt,
Whoſe hot Fit takes the Patient firſt,
That after burns with Cold as much
As Ir'n in GREENLAND does the Touch;
Melts in the Furnace of Deſire,
Like Glaſs, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And, when his Heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover.
For when he's with Love-Powder laden,
And prim'd and cock'd by Miſs, or Madam,
The ſmalleſt Sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery;
And off the loud Oaths go, but, while
They're in the very Act, recoil.
Hence 'tis ſo few dare take their Chance
Without a ſep'rate Maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Truſt none again, 'till th' have made over.
Or if they do, before th' marry,
The Foxes weigh the Geeſe they carry;
And, e're they venture o'er a Stream,
Know how to ſize themſelves, and them.
Whence witti'ſt Ladies always chooſe
To undertake the heavieſt Gooſe.
For now the World is grown ſo wary,
That few of either Sex dare marry,
But rather truſt on Tick t' Amours,
The Croſs and Pile for bett'r or worſe:
A Mode that is held honourable
As well as French, and faſhionable.
For when it falls out for the beſt,
Where both are incommoded leaſt,

In Soul and Body two unite,
To make up one Hermaphrodite:
Still amorous, and fond, and billing,
Like Philip and Mary on a Shilling,
Th' have more Punctilio's and Capriches
Between the Petticoat and Breeches,
More petulant Extravagances,
Than Poets make 'em in Romances.
Though, when their Heroes 'ſpouſe the Dames,
We hear no more of Charms and Flames:
For then their late Attracts decline,
And turn as eager as prick'd Wine;
And all their caterwauling Tricks
In earneſt to as jealous Piques:
Which the Ancients wiſely ſignify'd
By th' yellow Manto's of the Bride:
For Jealouſy is but a kind
Of Clap and Grincan of the Mind,
The natural Effect of Love,
As other Flames and Aches prove:
But all the Miſchief is, the Doubt
On whoſe Account they firſt broke out.
For though n Chineſes go to Bed,
And lie in, in their Ladies ſtead,
And, for the Pains they took before,
Are nurs'd and pamper'd to do more:
Our Green-men do it worſe, when th' hap
To fall in Labour of a Clap;
Both lay the Child to one another:
But who's the Father, who the Mother,
'Tis hard to ſay in Multitudes,
Or who imported the French Goods.
But Health and Sickneſs b'ing all one,
Which both engag'd before to own,

And

And are not with their Bodies bound
To worſhip, only when they're found.
Both give and take their equal Shares
Of all they ſuffer by falſe Wares:
A Fate no Lover can divert
With all his Caution, Wit, and Art.
For 'tis in vain to think to gueſs
At Women by Appearances;
That paint and patch their Imperfectio
Of intellectual Complexions:
And daub their Tempers o'er with Waſhes
As artificial as their Faces;
Wear, under Vizard-Maſks, their Talents
And Mother-wits, before their Gallants;
Until they're hamper'd in the Nooſe,
Too faſt to dream of breaking looſe:
When all the Flaws they ſtrove to hide
Are made unready, with the Bride,
That with her Wedding-Clothes undreſſes
Her Complaiſance and Gentileſſes:
Tries all her Arts, to take upon her
The Government, from th' eaſy Owner:
Until the Wretch is glad to wave
His lawful Right, and turn her Slave;
Find all his having and his holding
Reduc'd t' eternal Noiſe and Scolding;
The conjugal Petard, that tears
Down all Portcullices of Ears,
And makes the Volley of one Tongue
For all their leathern Shields too ſtrong;
When, only arm'd with Noiſe and Nails,
The Female Silkworms ride the Males,
o Transform 'em into Rams and Goats,
Like Sirens with their charming Notes:

Sweet

Sweet as a Screech-Owl's Serenade,
Or thoſe inchanting Murmurs made
By th' Huſband p Mandrake, and the Wife,
Both bury'd (like themſelves) alive.
Quoth he, Theſe Reaſons are but Strains
Of wanton over-heated Brains,
Which Ralliers, in their Wit or Drink,
Do rather wheedle with, than think.
Man was not Man in Paradiſe,
Until he was created twice,
And had this better Half, his Bride,
Carv'd from the Original, his Side,
T' amend his natural Defects,
And perfect his recruited Sex;
Enlarge his Breed, at once, and leſſen
The Pains, and Labour of increaſing,
By changing them for other Cares,
As by his dry'd-up Paps appears.
His Body, that ſtupendous Frame,
Of all the World the Anagram,
Is of two equal Parts compact,
In Shape and Symmetry exact,
Of which the Left and Female Side
Is, to the manly Right, a Bride,
Both join'd together with ſuch Art,
That nothing elſe but Death can part.
Thoſe heav'nly Attracts of yours, your Eyes,
And Face, that all the World ſurprize,
That dazzle all that look upon ye,
And ſcorch all other Ladies tawny:
Thoſe raviſhing and charming Graces
Are all made up of two half Faces,
That in a mathematick Line,
Like thoſe in other Heavens, join.

Of which if either grew alone,
'Twould fright as much to look upon.
And ſo would that ſweet Bud, your Lip,
Without the other's Fellowſhip.
Our nobleſt Senſes act by Pairs,
Two Eyes to ſee, to hear two Ears.
Th' Intelligencers of the Mind,
To wait upon the Soul deſign'd;
But thoſe that ſerve the Body alone
Are ſingle, and confin'd to one.
The q World is but two Parts, that meet,
And cloſe at th' equinoctial Fit;
And ſo are all the Works of Nature
Stamp'd with her Signature on Matter;
Which all her Creatures, to a Leaf,
Or ſmalleſt Blade of Graſs, receive.
All which ſufficiently declare
How intirely Marriage is her Care,
The only Method that ſhe uſes,
In all the Wonders ſhe produces.
And thoſe that take their Rules from her
Can never be deceiv'd, nor err.
For what ſecures the civil Life
But Pawns of Children and a Wife?
That lie, like Heſtages, at Stake
To pay for all Men undertake;
To whom it is as neceſſary,
As to be born and breathe, to marry.
So univerſal all Mankind,
In nothing elſe, is of one Mind.
For in what ſtupid Age, or Nation,
Was Marriage ever out of Faſhion?
Unleſs among the r Amazons,
Or cloiſter'd Friars and Veſtal Nuns;

Or

Or Stoicks, who, to bar the Freaks
And looſe Exceſſes of the Sex,
Prepoſt'rouſly wou'd have all Women
Turn'd up to all the World in common.
Though Men would find ſuch mortal Fewds
In ſharing of their publick Goods,
'Twould put them to more Charge of Lives,
Than they're ſupply'd with now by Wives;
Until they graze, and wear their Cloaths,
As Beaſts do, of their native Growths:
For ſimple wearing of their Horns
Will not ſuffice to ſerve their Turns.
For what can we pretend t' inherit,
Unleſs the Marriage-deed will bear it?
Could claim no Right to Lands or Rents,
But for our Parents Settlements.
Had been but younger Sons o' th' Earth,
Debarr'd it all, but for our Birth.
What Honours, or Eſtates of Peers,
Cou'd be preſerv'd, but by their Heirs;
And what Security maintains
Their Right and Title, but the Banes?
What Crowns could be hereditary,
If greateſt Monarchs did not marry,
And with their Conſorts conſummate
Their weightieſt Intereſts of State?
For all the Amours of Princes are
But Guarantees of Peace or War.
Or what but Marriage has a Charm
The Rage of Empires to diſarm?
Make Blood and Deſolation ceaſe,
And Fire and Sword unite in Peace,
When all their fierce Conteſts for Forage
Conclude in Articles of Marriage?

Nor does the genial Bed provide
Leſs for th' Int'reſts of the Bride:
Who elſe had not the leaſt Pretence
T' as much as due Benevolence;
Could no more Title take upon her
To Virtue, Quality, and Honour,
Than Ladies Errant, unconfin'd,
And Feme-Cover's t' all Mankind.
All Women would be of one Piece,
The virtuous Matron and the Miſs;
The Nymphs of chaſte [f] Diana's Train
The ſame with thoſe in [t] LEWKNER's Lane,
But for the Difference Marriage makes
'Twixt Wives, and Ladies of the Lakes:
Beſides, the Joys of Place and Birth,
The Sex's Paradiſe on Earth;
A Privilege ſo ſacred held,
That none will to their Mothers yield;
But, rather than not go before,
Abandon Heaven at the Door.
And, if th' indulgent Law allows
A greater Freedom to the Spouſe,
The [u] Reaſon is, becauſe the Wife
Runs greater Hazards of her Life;
Is truſted with the Form and Matter
Of all Mankind by careful Nature.
Where Man brings nothing but the Stuff
She frames the wond'rous Fabrick of:
Who therefore, in a Streight, may freely
Demand the Clergy of her Belly,
And make it ſave her the ſame Way
It ſeldom miſſes to betray,
Unleſs both Parties wiſely enter
Into the Liturgy Indenture.

And though ſome Fits of ſmall Conteſt
Sometimes fall out out among the beſt;
That is no more than ev'ry Lover
Does from his Hackney-Lady ſuffer.
That makes no Breach of Faith and Love,
But rather (ſometimes) ſerves t' improve.
For, as in Running, ev'ry Pace
Is but between two Legs a Race,
In which both do their uttermoſt
To get before, and win the Poſt;
Yet, when they're at their Race's Ends,
They're ſtill as kind and conſtant Friends;
And, to relieve their Wearineſs,
By turns give one another Eaſe:
So all thoſe falſe Alarms of Strife
Between the Huſband and the Wife,
And little Quarrels, often prove
To be but new Recruits of Love;
When thoſe, wh' are always kind or coy,
In Time muſt either tire or cloy.
Nor are their loudeſt Clamours more,
Than as they're reliſh'd, ſweet or ſour:
Like Muſick, that proves bad, or good,
According as 'tis underſtood.
In all Amours a Lover burns,
With Frowns, as well as Smiles, by turns:
And Hearts have been as oft with ſullen,
As charming Looks, ſurpriz'd and ſtolen.
Then why ſhould more bewitching Clamour
Some Lovers not as much enamour?
For Diſcords make the ſweeteſt Airs,
And Curſes are a Kind of Pray'rs:
Too ſlight Alloys, for all thoſe grand
Felicities by Marriage gain'd.

For nothing elſe has Pow'r to ſettle
Th' Intereſts of Love perpetual:
An Act and Deed, that makes one Heart
Become another's Counter-part,
And paſſes Fines on Faith and Love
Inroll'd and regiſter'd above,
To ſeal the ſlippery Knots of Vows,
Which nothing elſe but Death can looſe.
And what Security's too ſtrong
To guard that gentle Heart from Wrong,
That to its Friend is glad to paſs
Itſelf away, and all it has:
And like an Anchorite gives over
This World, for th' Heaven of a Lover?
I grant (quoth ſhe) there are ſome few
Who take that Courſe, and find it true:
But Millions whom the ſame does ſentence
To Heav'n, b' another Way, Repentance.
Love's Arrows are but ſhot at Rovers,
Though all they hit they turn to Lovers:
And all the weighty Conſequents
Depend upon more blind Events,
Than Gameſters, when they play a Set
With greateſt Cunning at Piquet,
Put out with Caution, but take in
They know not what, unſight, unſeen.
For what do Lovers, when they're faſt
In one another's Arms embrac't,
But ſtrive to plunder, and convey
Each other, like a Prize, away?
To change the Property of Selves,
As ſucking Children are by Elves?
And, if they uſe their Perſons ſo,
What will they to their Fortunes do?

Their

Their Fortunes! the perpetual Aims
Of all their Extaſies and Flames.
For when the Money's on the Book,
And, All my Worldly Goods---but ſpoke:
(The formal Livery and Seiſin
That puts a Lover in Poſſeſſion)
To that alone the Bridegroom's wedded,
The Bride a Flam, that's ſuperſeded.
To that their Faith is ſtill made good,
And all the Oaths to us they vow'd,
For, when we once reſign our Pow'rs,
W' have nothing left we can call ours:
Our Money's now become the Miſs
Of all your Lives and Services:
And we forſaken, and poſtpon'd,
But Bawds to what before we own'd;
Which, as it made y' at firſt gallant us,
So now hires others to ſupplant us,
Until 'tis all turn'd out of Doors,
(As we had been) for new Amours.
For what did ever Heireſs yet,
By being born to Lordſhips, get?
When, the more Lady ſh' is of Manours,
She's but expos'd to more Trepanners,
Pays for their Projects and Deſigns,
And for her own Deſtruction fines:
And does but tempt them, with her Riches,
To uſe her, as the Dev'l does Witches;
Who takes it for a ſpecial Grace
To be their Cully for a Space,
That, when the Time's expir'd, the Drazels
For ever may become his Vaſſals:
So ſhe, bewitch'd by Rooks, and Spirits,
Betrays herſelf, and all ſh' inherits;

Is bought and ſold, like ſtolen Goods,
By Pimps, and Match-makers, and Bawds:
Until they force her to convey,
And ſteal the Thief himſelf away.
Theſe are the everlaſting Fruits
Of all your paſſionate Love-Suits,
Th' Effects of all your amorous Fancies,
To Portions and Inheritances;
Your Love-ſick Rapture, for Fruition
Of Dowry, Jointure, and Tuition;
To which you make Addreſs and Courtſhip,
And with your Bodies ſtrive to worſhip,
That th' Infant's Fortunes may partake
Of Love too, for the Mother's Sake.
For theſe you play at Purpoſes,
And love your Loves with A's and B's:
For theſe, at Beſte and L'Ombre woo,
And play for Love and Money too;
Strive who ſhall be the ableſt Man
At right Gallanting of a Fan:
And who the moſt genteelly bred
At ſucking of a Vizard-Bead;
How beſt t' accoſt us, in all Quarters,
T' our Queſtion-and-Command, new Garters;
And ſolidly diſcourſe upon
All Sorts of Dreſſes, Pro and Con.
For there's no Myſtery nor Trade,
But in the Art of Love is made.
And, when you have more Debts to pay
Than Michaelmas and Lady-Day,
And no Way poſſible to do't
But Love and Oaths, and reſtleſs Suit,
To us y' apply, to pay the Scores
Of all your cully'd, paſt Amours:

Act o'er your Flames and Darts again,
And charge us with your Wounds and Pain;
Which others Influences long ſince
Have charm'd your Noſes with, and Shins:
For which the Surgeon is unpaid,
And like to be, without our Aid.
Lord! what an am'rous thing is Want!
How Debts and Mortgages inchant!
What Graces muſt that Lady have,
That can from Executions ſave!
What Charms, that can reverſe Extent,
And null Decree and Exigent!
What magical Attracts, and Graces,
That can redeem from Scire facias!
From Bonds and Statutes can diſcharge,
And from Contempts of Courts enlarge!
Theſe are the higheſt Excellencies
Of all your true or falſe Pretences.
And you would damn yourſelves, and ſwear
As much t' an Hoſteſs Dowager,
Grown fat and purſy by retail
Of Pots of Beer and bottled Ale;
And find her fitter for your Turn,
For Fat is wond'rous apt to burn;
Who at your Flames would ſoon take Fire,
Relent, and melt to your Deſire,
And, like a Candle in the Socket,
Diſſolve her Graces int' your Pocket.
By this Time 'twas grown dark and late,
When they heard a Knocking at the Gate,
Laid on in Haſte with ſuch a Powder,
The Blows grew louder ſtill and louder,
Which HUDIBRAS, as if th' had been
Beſtow'd as freely on his Skin,

Expounding by his inward Light,
Or rather more prophetick Fright,
To be the Wizard, come to ſearch,
And take him napping in the Lurch,
Turn'd pale as Aſhes, or a Clout;
But why, or wherefore, is a Doubt.
For Men will tremble, and turn paler,
With too much, or too little Valour.
His Heart laid on, as if he try'd
To force a Paſſage through his Side,
Impatient (as he vow'd) to wait them,
But in a Fury to fly at 'em;
And therefore beat, and laid about,
To find a Cranny to creep out.
But ſhe, who ſaw in what a Taking
The Knight was by his furious Quaking,
Undaunted cry'd, Courage, Sir Knight,
Know, I'm reſolv'd to break no Rite
Of Hoſpitality t' a Stranger,
But, to ſecure you out of Danger,
Will here myſelf ſtand Centinel,
To guard this Paſs, 'gainſt SIDROPHEL.
Women, you know, do ſeldom fail
To make the ſtouteſt Men turn Tail:
And bravely ſcorn to turn their Backs
Upon the deſp'rateſt Attacks.
At this the Knight grew reſolute
As W^m IRONSIDE and HARDIKNUTE;
His Fortitude began to rally,
And out he cry'd aloud, to ſally.
But ſhe beſought him to convey
His Courage rather out o' th' Way,
And lodge in Ambuſh on the Floor,
Or fortify'd behind a Door:

That,

That, if the Enemy ſhou'd enter,
He might relieve her in th' Adventure.
Mean while they knock'd againſt the Door,
As fierce as at the Gate before;
Which made the renegado Knight
Relapſe again t' his former Fright.
He thought it deſperate to ſtay
Till th' Enemy had forc'd his Way,
But rather poſt himſelf, to ſerve
The Lady, for a freſh Reſerve.
His Duty was not to diſpute,
But what ſh' had order'd execute;
Which he reſolv'd in haſte t' obey,
And therefore ſtoutly march'd away:
And all h' encounter'd fell upon,
Though in the Dark, and all alone.
Till Fear, that braver Feats performs,
Than ever Courage dar'd in Arms,
Had drawn him up before a Paſs,
To ſtand upon his Guard, and Face:
This he courageouſly invaded,
And, having enter'd, barricado'd,
Inſconc'd himſelf as formidable
As could be underneath a Table;
Where he lay down in Ambuſh cloſe,
T' expect th' Arrival of his Foes.
Few Minutes he had lain perdue,
To guard his deſp'rate Avenue,
Before he heard a dreadful Shout,
As loud as putting to the Rout;
With which impatiently alarm'd,
He fancy'd th' Enemy had ſtorm'd,
And after ent'ring SIDROPHEL
Was fall'n upon the Guards pell-mell.

He therefore ſent out all his Senſes,
To bring him in Intelligences;
Which Vulgars, out of Ignorance,
Miſtake, for falling in a Trance;
But thoſe that trade in Geomancy
Affirm to be the ſtrength of Fancy:
In which the × Lapland Magi deal,
And Things incredible reveal.
Mean while the Foe beat up his Quarters,
And ſtorm'd the Out-works of his Fortreſs.
And as another of the ſame
Degree and Party, in Arms and Fame,
That in the ſame Cauſe had engag'd,
And War with equal Conduct wag'd,
By vent'ring only but to thruſt
His Head a Span beyond his Poſt,
B' a Gen'ral of the Cavaliers
Was dragg'd thro' a Window by th' Ears;
So he was ſerv'd in his Redoubt,
And by the other End pull'd out.
Soon as they had him at their Mercy,
They put him to the Cudgel fiercely,
As if they'd ſcorn'd to trade or barter,
By giving or by taking Quarter:
They ſtoutly on his Quarters laid,
Until his Scouts came in t' his Aid.
For, when a Man is paſt his Senſe,
There's no way to reduce him thence,
But twinging him by th' Ears or Noſe,
Or laying on of heavy Blows:
And, if that will not do the Deed,
To y burning with Hot-irons proceed.
No ſooner was he come t' himſelf,
But on his Neck a ſturdy Elf

Clap'd,

BRITISH
MUSEUM

Clap'd, in a Trice, his cloven Hoof,
And thus attack'd him with Reproof:
Mortal, thou art betray'd to us
B' our Friend, thy evil Genius,
Who, for thy horrid Perjuries,
Thy Breach of Faith, and turning Lyes,
The Brethren's Privilege (againſt
The Wicked) on themſelves, the Saints,
Has here thy wretched Carcaſs ſent,
For juſt Revenge and Puniſhment;
Which thou haſt now no Way to leſſen,
But by an open, free Confeſſion;
For, if we catch thee failing once,
'Twill fall the heavier on thy Bones.
What made thee venture to betray
And filch the Lady's Heart away?---
To ſpirit her to Matrimony?
That which contracts all Matches, Money.
It was th' Inchantment of her Riches,
That made m' apply t' your crony Witches;
That in return wou'd pay th' Expence,
The Wear-and-Tear of Conſcience:
Which I cou'd have patch'd up, and turn'd
For th' hundredth Part of what I earn'd.
Didſt thou not love her then? Speak true.
No more (quoth he) than I love you.
How would'ſt th' have us'd her, and her Money?
Firſt turn'd her up to Alimony;
And laid her Dowry out in Law,
To null her Jointure with a Flaw,
Which I before-hand had agreed
T' have put, on Purpoſe, in the Deed,
And bar her Widow's making over
T' a Friend in Truſt, or private Lover.

What

What made thee pick and chuſe her out,
T' employ their Sorceries about?
That, which makes Gameſters play with thoſe
Who have leaſt Wit, and moſt to loſe.
But didſt thou ſcourge thy Veſſel thus,
As thou haſt damn'd thyſelf to us?
I ſee you take me for an Aſs:
'Tis true, I thought the Trick wou'd paſs
Upon a Woman well enough,
As 't has been often found by Proof;
Whoſe Humours are not to be won
But when they are impos'd upon.
For Love approves of all they do
That ſtand for Candidates, and woo.
Why didſt thou forge thoſe ſhameful Lyes
Of Bears and Witches in Diſguiſe?
That is no more than Authors give
The Rabble Credit to believe:
A Trick of following their Leaders,
To entertain their gentle Readers.
And we have now no other Way
Of paſſing all we do or ſay;
Which, when 'tis natural and true,
Will be believ'd b' a very few.
Beſide the Danger of Offence,
The fatal Enemy of Senſe.
Why didſt thou chuſe that curſed Sin,
Hypocriſy, to ſet up in?
Becauſe it is in the thriving'ſt Calling,
The only Saints-Bell that rings all in:
In which all Churches are concern'd,
And is the eaſieſt to be learn'd:
For no Degrees, unleſs th' employ't,
Can ever gain much, or enjoy't.

A Gift

A Gift that is not only able
To domineer among the Rabble,
But by the Laws impower'd to rout,
And awe the greateſt that ſtand out:
Which few hold forth againſt, for fear
Their Hands ſhould ſlip, and come too near;
For no Sin elſe among the Saints
Is taught ſo tenderly againſt.
What made thee break thy plighted Vows?
That which makes others break a Houſe,
And hang, and ſcorn ye all, before
Endure the Plague of being poor.
Quoth he, I ſee you have more Tricks
Than all our doating Politicks,
That are grown old, and out of Faſhion,
Compar'd with your new Reformation:
That we muſt come to School to you,
To learn your more Refin'd and New.
Quoth he, If you will give me leave
To tell you what I now perceive,
You'll find yourſelf an arrant Chouſe,
If y' were but at a Meeting-Houſe.
'Tis true, quoth he, we ne'er come there,
Becauſe w' have let 'em out by th' Year.
Truly, quoth he, you can't imagine
What wond'rous Things they will engage in:
That as your Fellow-Friends in Hell
Were Angels all before they fell:
So are you like to be agen,
Compar'd with th' Angels of us Men.
Quoth he, I am reſolv'd to be
Thy Scholar, in this Myſtery;
And therefore firſt deſire to know
Some Principles, on which you go.

What

What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us?—A Livelihood.
What renders beating out of Brains,
And Murther, Godlineſs?——Great Gains.
What's tender Conſcience?—'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentleſt Touch;
But, breaking out, diſpatches more
Than th' epidemical'ſt Plague-Sore.
What makes y' incroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What's Orthodox and true believing
Againſt a Conſcience?—A good Living.
What makes rebelling againſt Kings
A good old Cauſe?—Adminiſtrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About two Hundred Pounds a Year.
And that, which was prov'd true before,
Prove falſe again?—Two Hundred more.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty?—Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Perſecution?
B'ing out of Power, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?
A Dean and Chapter, and white Sleeves?
And what would ſerve, if thoſe were gone,
To make it Orthodox?—Our own.
What makes Morality a Crime,
The moſt notorious of the Time;
Morality, which both the Saints,
And Wicked too, cry out againſt?
'Cauſe Grace and Virtue are within
Prohibited Degrees of Kin:
And therefore no true Saint allows
They ſhall be ſuffer'd to eſpouſe:

For

For Saints can need no Conſcience,
That with Morality diſpenſe;
As Virtue's impious, when 'tis rooted
In Nature only, and not imputed:
But, why the Wicked ſhould do ſo,
We neither know, or care to do.
What's Liberty of Conſcience,
I' th' natural and genuine Senſe?
'Tis to reſtore, with more Security,
Rebellion to its ancient Purity:
And Chriſtian Liberty reduce
To th' elder Practice of the Jews.
For a large Conſcience is all one,
And ſignifies the ſame with none.
It is enough (quoth he) for once,
And has repriev'd thy forfeit Bones:
NICK MACHIAVEL had ne'er a Trick,
(Though he gave his Name to our Old Nick)
But was below the leaſt of theſe,
That paſs i' th' World, for Holineſs.
This ſaid, the Furies and the Light
In th' Inſtant vaniſh'd out of Sight,
And left him in the Dark alone,
With ſtinks of Brimſtone and his own.
The Queen of Night, whoſe large Command
Rules all the Sea, and half the Land,
And over moiſt and crazy Brains,
In high Spring-tides, at Midnight reigns,
Was now declining to the Weſt,
To go to Bed, and take her Reſt:
When HUDIBRAS, whoſe ſtubborn Blows
Deny'd his Bones that ſoft Repoſe,
Lay ſtill expecting worſe and more,
Stretch'd out at length upon the Floor:

And

And though he ſhut his Eyes as faſt,
As if h' had been to ſleep his laſt,
Saw all the Shapes, that Fear or Wizards
Do make the Devil wear for Vizards,
And pricking up his Ears, to hearк
If he cou'd hear too in the Dark;
Was firſt invaded with a Groan,
And after, in a feeble Tone,
Thoſe trembling Words, Unhappy Wretch,
What haſt thou gotten by this Fetch;
Or all thy Tricks, in this new Trade,
Thy holy Brotherhood o' th' Blade?
By ſauntring ſtill on ſome Adventure,
And growing to thy Horſe a a Centaure?
To ſtuff thy Skin with ſwelling Knobs
Of cruel and hard-wooded Drubs?
For ſtill th' haſt had the worſt on't yet,
As well in Conqueſt as Defeat:
Night is the Sabbath of Mankind,
To reſt the Body and the Mind:
Which now thou art deny'd to keep,
And cure thy labour'd Corps with Sleep.
The Knight, who heard the Words, explain'd,
As meant to him, this Reprimand,
Becauſe the Character did hit,
Point-blank upon his Caſe ſo fit;
Believ'd it was ſome drolling Spright
That ſtaid upon the Guard that Night,
And one of thoſe th' had ſeen and felt
The Drubs he had ſo freely dealt.
When, after a ſhort Pauſe and Groan,
The doleful Spirit thus went on:
This 'tis t' engage with Dogs and Bears
Pell-mell together by the Ears,

And,

And, after painful Bangs and Knocks,
To lie in Limbo, in the Stocks;
And from the Pinnacle of Glory
Fall headlong into Purgatory.
(Thought he, this Devil's full of Malice,
That on my late Diſaſters rallies)
Condemn'd to Whipping, but declin'd it,
By being more Heroick-minded;
And at a Riding handled worſe,
With Treats more ſlovenly and courſe:
Engag'd with Fiends in ſtubborn Wars,
And hot Diſputes with Conjurers:
And, when th' hadſt bravely won the Day,
Waſt fain to ſteal thyſelf away.
(I ſee, thought he, this ſhameleſs Elf
Would fain ſteal me too from myſelf,
That impudently dares to own
What I have ſuffer'd for and done)
And now, but vent'ring to betray,
Haſt met with Vengeance the ſame Way.
Thought he, how does the Devil know
What 'twas that I deſign'd to do?
His Office of Intelligence,
His Oracles, are ceas'd long ſince;
And he knows nothing of the Saints,
But what ſome treacherous Spy acquaints.
This is ſome pettifogging Fiend,
Some under Door-keeper's Friend's Friend,
That undertakes to underſtand,
And juggles at the Second-hand;
And now would paſs for Spirit Po,
And all Men's dark Concerns foreknow.
I think I need not fear him for't;
Theſe rallying Devils do no Hurt.

With

With that he rouz'd his drooping Heart,
And haſtily cry'd, What art?
A Wretch (quoth he) whom want of Grace
Has brought to this unhappy Place.
I do believe thee, quoth the Knight;
Thus far I'm ſure, th' art in the right:
And know what 'tis that troubles thee,
Better than thou haſt gueſs'd of me.
Thou art ſome paultry, black-guard Spright,
Condemn'd to Drudg'ry in the Night;
Thou haſt no Work to do in th' Houſe,
Nor Halfpenny to drop in Shoes:
Without the raiſing of which Sum,
You dare not be ſo troubleſome,
To pinch the Slatterns black and blue,
For leaving you their Work to do.
This is your Buſ'neſs, good Pug-Robin,
And your Diverſion, dull dry Bobbing,
T' entice Fanaticks in the Dirt,
And waſh them clean in Ditches for't.
Of which Conceit you are ſo proud,
At ev'ry Jeſt you laugh aloud,
As now you have done by me,
But that I barr'd your Raillery.
Sir (quoth the Voice) y' are no ſuch [b] Sophi,
As you wou'd have the World judge of ye.
If you deſign to weigh our Talents,
I' the Standard of your own falſe Balance,
Or think it poſſible to know
Us Ghoſts, as well as we do you:
We who have been the everlaſting
Companions of your Drubs and Baſting,
And never left you in Conteſt,
With Male or Female, Man or Beaſt,

But

But prov'd as true t' ye, and intire,
In all Adventures, as your 'Squire.
Quoth he, that may be ſaid as true
By th' idleſt Pug of all your Crew.
For none cou'd have betray'd us worſe,
Than thoſe Allies of ours and yours.
But I have ſent him for a Token
To your Low-Country Hogen-Mogen,
To whoſe infernal Shores I hope
He'll ſwing like Skippers in a Rope.
And, if y' have been more juſt to me
(As I am apt to think) than he,
I am afraid it is as true
What th' Ill-affected ſay of you.
Y' have 'ſpous'd the Covenant and Cauſe,
By holding up your cloven Paws.
Sir, quoth the Voice, 'tis true I grant,
We made and took the Covenant:
But that no more concerns the Cauſe,
Than other Perj'ries do the Laws,
Which when they have prov'd in open Court,
Wear wooden c Peccadillo's for't.
And that's the Reaſon Cov'nanters
Hold up their Hands, like Rogues at Bars.
I ſee, quoth Hudibras, from whence
Theſe Scandals of the Saints commence,
That are but natural Effects
Of Satan's Malice, and his Sects,
Thoſe Spider-Saints, that hang by Threads
Spun out o' th' Entrails of their Heads.
Sir, quoth the Voice, that may as true
And properly be ſaid of you;
Whoſe Talents may compare with either,
Or both the other put together.

For

For all the Independents do
Is only what you forc'd 'em to,
You, who are not content alone
With Tricks to put the Devil down,
But muſt have Armies rais'd to back
The Goſpel-work you undertake:
As if Artillery, and Edge-tools,
Were th' only Engines to ſave Souls.
While he, poor Devil, has no Pow'r
By Force to run down and devour;
Has ne'er a Claſſis, cannot ſentence
To Stools, or Poundage of Repentance;
Is ty'd up only to deſign
T' entice, and tempt, and undermine:
In which you all his Art out-do,
And prove yourſelves his Betters too.
Hence 'tis d Poſſeſſions do leſs Evil
Than mere Temptations of the Devil,
Which all the horrid'ſt Actions done
Are charg'd in Courts of Law upon;
Becauſe, unleſs they help the Elf,
He can do little of himſelf;
And therefore, where he's beſt poſſeſs'd,
Acts moſt againſt his Intereſt;
Surprizes none but thoſe wh' have Prieſts
To turn him out, and Exorciſts,
Supply'd with ſpiritual Proviſion,
And Magazines of Ammunition:
With Croſſes, Relicks, Crucifixes,
Beads, Pictures, Roſaries, and Pixes:
The Tools of working our Salvation
By mere mechanick Operation,
With holy Water, like a Sluice,
To overflow all Avenues.

But thoſe wh' are utterly unarm'd,
T' oppoſe his Entrance if he ſtorm'd,
He never offers to ſurprize,
Although his falſeſt Enemies;
But is content to be their Drudge,
And on their Errands glad to trudge:
For where are all your Forfeitures
Intruſted in ſafe Hands, but ours?
Who are but Jailors of the Holes
And Dungeons, where you clap up Souls:
Like Under-keepers, turn the Keys,
T' your Mittimus Anathemas:
And never boggle to reſtore
The Members you deliver o're
Upon Demand with fairer Juſtice
Than all your covenanting Truſtees:
Unleſs to puniſh them the worſe,
You put them in the ſecular Pow'rs,
And paſs their Souls, as ſome demiſe
The ſame Eſtate in Mortgage twice:
When to a legal [e] Utlegation
You turn your Excommunication,
And, for a Groat unpaid that's due,
[f] Diſtrain on Soul and Body too.
Thought he, 'tis no mean Part of civil
State Prudence to cajole the Devil;
And not to handle him too rough,
When h' has us in his cloven Hoof.
'Tis true, quoth he, that Intercourſe
Has paſs'd between your Friends and ours:
That, as you truſt us, in our Way,
To raiſe your Members, and to lay,
We ſend you others of our own,
Denounc'd to hang themſelves, or drown,

Or

Or frighted with our Oratory,
To leap down headlong many a Story:
Have us'd all Means to propagate
Your mighty Intereſts of State,
Laid out our ſpiritual Gifts to further
Your great Deſigns of Rage and Murder.
For, if the Saints are nam'd from Blood,
We onl' have made that Title good.
And, if it were but in our Power,
We ſhould not ſcruple to do more,
And not be half a Soul behind
Of all Diſſenters of Mankind.
  Right, quoth the Voice, and, as I ſcorn
To be ungrateful, in Return
Of all thoſe kind good Offices,
I'll free you out of this Diſtreſs,
And ſet you down in Safety, where
It is no Time to tell you here.
The Cock crows, and the Morn grows on,
When 'tis decreed I muſt be gone:
And, if I leave you here till Day,
You'll find it hard to get away.
  With that the Spirit grop'd about,
To find th' inchanted Hero out,
And try'd with Haſte to lift him up:
But found his forlorn Hope, his Crup,
Unſerviceable with Kicks and Blows,
Receiv'd from harden'd-hearted Foes.
He thought to drag him by the Heels,
Like Greſham Carts, with Legs for Wheels;
But Fear, that ſooneſt cures thoſe Sores,
In Danger of Relapſe to worſe,
Came in t' aſſiſt him with its Aid,
And up his ſinking Veſſel weigh'd;

No

No sooner was he fit to trudge,
But both made ready to dislodge:
The Spirit hors'd him like a Sack,
Upon the Vehicle, his Back;
And bore him headlong into th' Hall,
With some few Rubs against the Wall.
Where finding out the Postern lock'd,
And th' Avenues as strongly block'd,
H' attack'd the Window, storm'd the Glass,
And in a Moment gain'd the Pass;
Thro' which he dragg'd the worsted Soldier's
Fore-quarters out by th' Head and Shoulders;
And cautiously began to scout,
To find their Fellow-cattle out.
Nor was it half a Minute's Quest,
E're he retriev'd the Champion's Beast,
Ty'd to a Pale, instead of Rack,
But ne'er a Saddle on his Back,
Nor Pistols at the Saddle-Bow,
Convey'd away the Lord knows how.
He thought it was no Time to stay,
And let the Night too steal away;
But in a Trice advanc'd the Knight
Upon the bare Ridge, bolt upright.
And, groping out for RALPHO's Jade,
He found the Saddle too was stray'd:
And in the Place a Lump of Soap,
On which he speedily leap'd up;
And, turning to the Gate the Rein,
He kick'd and cudgell'd on amain.
While HUDIBRAS, with equal haste,
On both Sides laid about as fast,
And spurr'd as Jockies use to break,
Or Padders to secure, a Neck:

Where let us leave 'm for a Time,
And to their Churches turn our Rhyme;
To hold forth their declining State,
Which now come near an even Rate.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt PART.

The ARGUMENT of THE SECOND *CANTO.*

The Saints engage in fierce Conteſts,
About their carnal Intereſts;
To ſhare their ſacrilegious Preys,
According to the Rates of Grace;
Their various Frenzies to reform,
When CROMWELL *left them in a Storm:*
Till, in th' Effigy of RUMP, *the Rabble*
Burns all their Grandees of the Cabal.

CANTO II.

THE Learned write, an 5 Inſect Breeze
Is but a mungrel Prince of Bees,
That falls, before a Storm, on Cows,
And ſlings the Founders of his Houſe;

From whoſe corrupted Fleſh, that Breed
Of Vermin did at firſt proceed.
So, e're the Storm of War broke out,
Religion ſpawn'd a various Rout
Of petulant capricious Sects,
The Maggots of corrupted Texts,
That firſt run all Religion down,
And after ev'ry Swarm its own.
For as the Perſian [h] Magi once,
Upon their Mothers got their Sons,
That were incapable t' enjoy
That Empire any other Way:
So PRESBYTER begot the other
Upon the good old Cauſe, his Mother,
Then bore them like the Devil's Dam,
Whoſe Son and Huſband are the ſame.
And yet no nat'ral Tie of Blood,
Nor Int'reſt for the common Good,
Cou'd, when their Profits interfer'd,
Get Quarter for each other's Beard.
For, when they thriv'd, they never fadg'd,
But only by the Ears engag'd:
Like Dogs that ſnarl about a Bone,
And play together when they've none.
As by their trueſt Characters,
Their conſtant Actions, plainly appears.
Rebellion now began, for lack
Of Zeal and Plunder, to grow ſlack;
The Cauſe and Covenant to leſſen,
And Providence to be out of Seaſon:
For now there was no more to purchaſe
O' th' King's Revenue and the Churches,
But all divided, ſhar'd and gone,
That us'd to urge the Brethren on.

Which

Which forc'd the ſtubborn'ſt for the Cauſe
To croſs the Cudgels to the Laws,
That what by breaking them th' had gain'd
By their Support might be maintain'd;
Like Thieves, that in a Hemp-plot lie,
Secur'd againſt the Hue-and-Cry.
For PRESBYTER and INDEPENDANT
Were now turn'd Plaintiff and Defendant;
Laid out their apoſtolick Functions,
On earnal Orders and Injunctions;
And all their precious Gifts and Graces
On Outlawries and Scire facias;
At i' Michael's Term had many a Trial,
Worſe than the Dragon and St. Michael,
Where Thouſands fell, in Shape of Fees,
Into the bottomleſs Abyſs.
For when, like Brethren, and like Friends,
They came to ſhare their Dividends,
And ev'ry Partner to poſſeſs
His Church and State Joint-Purchaſes,
In which the ableſt Saint, and beſt,
Was nam'd in Truſt by all the reſt,
To pay their Money; and, inſtead
Of ev'ry Brother, paſs the Deed;
He ſtraight converted all his Gifts
To pious Frauds and holy Shifts;
And ſettled all the other Shares
Upon his outward Man and's Heirs:
Held all they claim'd, as forfeit Lands
Deliver'd up into his Hands,
And paſs'd upon his Conſcience,
By Pre-intail of Providence;
Impeach'd the reſt for Reprobates,
That had no Titles to Eſtates,

But by their ſpiritual Attaints
Degraded from the Right of Saints.
This b'ing reveal'd, they now begun
With Law and Conſcience to fall on:
And laid about as hot and brain-ſick
As th' Utter Barriſter of [k] SWANSWICK;
Engag'd with Money-bags, as bold
As Men with Sand-bags did of old;
That brought the Lawyers in more Fees
Than all unſanctify'd Truſtees:
Till he who had no more to ſhow,
P' th' Caſe, receiv'd the Overthrow;
Or, both Sides having had the worſt,
They parted as they met at firſt.
Poor PRESBYTER was now reduc'd,
Secluded, and caſhier'd, and chous'd!
Turn'd out, and excommunicate
From all Affairs of Church and State,
Reform'd t' a Reformado Saint,
And glad to turn Itinerant,
To ſtroll and teach from Town to Town,
And thoſe he had taught up teach down,
And make thoſe Uſes ſerve agen,
Againſt the new-enlighten'd Men:
As fit, as when at firſt they were
Reveal'd againſt the CAVALIER:
Damn ANABAPTIST and FANATIC,
As pat as Popiſh and Prelatic;
And, with as little Variation,
To ſerve for any Sect i' th' Nation.
The good old Cauſe, which ſome believe
To be the Dev'l that tempted EVE
With Knowledge, and does ſtill invite
The World to Miſchief with new Light,

Had

Had Store of Money in her Purſe,
When he took her for bett'r or worſe;
But now was grown deform'd and poor,
And fit to be turn'd out of Door.
The INDEPENDENTS (whoſe firſt Station
Was in the Rear of Reformation,
A mungrel Kind of Church-Dragoons,
That ſerv'd for Horſe and Foot at once:
And in the Saddle of one Steed
The Saracen and Chriſtian rid:
Were free of ev'ry ſpiritual Order,
To preach, and fight, and pray, and murder:)
No ſooner got the Start to lurch
Both Diſciplines of War and Church,
And Providence enough to run
The chief Commanders of 'em down,
But carry'd on the War againſt
The common Enemy o' th' Saints,
And in a while prevail'd ſo far
To win of them the Game of War,
And be at Liberty once more
T' attack themſelves, as th' had before.
For now there was no Foe in Arms
T' unite their Factions with Alarms,
But all reduc'd and overcome,
Except their worſt, themſelves at Home:
Wh' had compaſs'd all they pray'd, and ſwore,
And fought, and preach'd, and plunder'd for,
Subdu'd the Nation, Church and State,
And all Things, but their Laws and Hate.
But when they came to treat and tranſact,
And ſhare the Spoil of all th' had ranſackt,
To botch up what th' had torn and rent,
Religion and the Government,

They met no sooner, but prepar'd
To pull down all the War had spar'd:
Agreed in nothing, but t' abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.
For, Knaves and Fools b'ing near of Kin,
As Dutch Boors are t' a Sooterkin,
Both Parties join'd to do their best,
To damn the publick Interest:
And herded only in Consults,
To put by one another's Bolts;
T' out-cant the m Babylonian Labourers,
At all their Dialects of Jabberers,
And tug at both Ends of the Saw,
To tear down Government and Law.
For as two Cheats, that play one Game,
Are both defeated of their Aim;
So those who play a Game of State,
And only cavil in Debate,
Although there's nothing lost nor won,
The publick Bus'ness is undone,
Which still, the longer 'tis in doing,
Becomes the surer Way to Ruin.
This, when the ROYALISTS perceiv'd,
(Who to their Faith as firmly cleav'd,
And own'd the Right they had paid down
So dearly for, The Church and Crown)
Th' united constanter, and sided
The more, the more their Foes divided.
For though out-number'd, overthrown,
And by the Fate of War run down;
Their Duty never was defeated,
Nor from their Oaths and Faith retreated
For Loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the Game;

True

True as the Dial to the Sun,
Although it be not ſhin'd upon.
But when theſe Brethren in Evil,
Their Adverſaries, and the Devil,
Began once more, to ſhew them Play,
In hopes, at leaſt, to have a Day;
They rally'd in Parades of Woods,
And unfrequented Solitudes:
Conven'd at Midnight, in Out-houſes,
T' appoint new-riſing Rendezvouzes,
And, with a Pertinancy unmatch'd,
For new Recruits of Danger watch'd.
No ſooner was one Blow diverted,
But up another Party ſtarted:
And, as if Nature too, in haſte
To furniſh out Supplies as faſt,
Before her Time had turn'd Deſtruction
T' a new and numerous Production;
No ſooner thoſe were overcome,
But up roſe others in their room,
That, like the Chriſtian Faith, increaſt
The more, the more they were ſuppreſt:
Whom neither Chains, nor Tranſportation
Proſcription, Sale, or Confiſcation,
Nor all the deſperate Events
Of former try'd Experiments,
Nor Wounds, cou'd terrify, nor Mangling,
To leave off Loyalty and Dangling,
Nor Death (with all his Bones) affright
From vent'ring to maintain the Right,
From ſtaking Life and Fortune down
'Gainſt all together, for the Crown:
But kept the Title of their Cauſe
From Forfeiture, like Claims in Laws:

And prov'd no prosp'rous Usurpation
Can ever settle on the Nation:
Until, in spight of Force and Treason,
They put their Loy'lty in Possession:
And by their Constancy and Faith,
Destroy'd the mighty Men of Gath.
Tost'd in a furious [n] Hurricane,
Did OLIVER give up his Rein;
And was believ'd, as well by Saints,
As mortal Men and Miscreants,
To founder in the Stygian Ferry:
Until he was retriev'd by STERRY,
Who in a false erroneous Dream
Mistook the New Jerusalem,
Prophanely for th' Apocryphal
[o] False Heaven at the End o' th' Hall;
Whither it was decreed by Fate
His precious Reliques to translate.
So ROMULUS was seen before
B' as orthodox a [p] Senator;
From whose divine Illumination
He stole the Pagan Revelation.
Next him his [q] Son and Heir apparent
Succeeded, though a lame Vicegerent;
Who first laid by the Parliament,
The only Crutch on which he leant;
And then sunk underneath the State,
That rode him above Horseman's Weight.
And now the Saints began their Reign,
For which th' had yearn'd so long in vain,
And felt such Bowel-Hankerings,
To see an Empire all of Kings,
Deliver'd from th' Egyptian Awe
Of Justice, Government, and Law,

And

And free t' erect what ſpiritual Cantons
Should be reveal'd, or goſpel Hans-Towns,
To edify upon the Ruins
Of [r] JOHN of LEYDEN's old Out-goings;
Who for a Weather-cock hung up,
Upon their Mother-Church's Top;
Was made a Type, by Providence,
Of all their Revelations ſince;
And now fulfill'd by his Succeſſors,
Who equally miſtook their Meaſures:
For, when they came to ſhape the Model,
Not one could fit another's Noddle;
But found their Light and Gifts more wide
From fadging, than th' Unſanctify'd;
While ev'ry individual Brother
Strove Hand to Fiſt againſt another,
And ſtill the maddeſt, and moſt crack't,
Were found the buſieſt to tranſact;
For though moſt Hands diſpatch apace,
And make light Work (the Proverb ſays;)
Yet many diff'rent Intellects
Are found t' have contrary Effects;
And many Heads t' obſtruct Intrigues,
As ſloweſt Inſects have moſt Legs.
Some were for ſetting up a King,
But all the reſt for no ſuch Thing,
Unleſs King JESUS: Others tamper'd [BERT;
For FLEETWOOD, DESBOROUGH, and LAM-
Some for the Rump, and ſome more crafty,
For Agitators and the Safety;
Some for the Goſpel, and Maſſacres
Of ſpiritual Affidavit-makers,
That ſwore, to any human Regence,
Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance:

Yea, though the ableſt ſwearing Saint,
That vouch'd the Bulls o' th' Covenant:
Others for pulling down th' High-places
Of Synods and Provincial Claſſes,
That us'd to make ſuch hoſtile Inroads
Upon the Saints, like bloody NIMRODS:
Some for fulfilling Prophecies,
And th' Expiration of th' Exciſe;
And ſome againſt th' Egyptian Bondage
Of Holy-days, and paying Poundage:
Some for the cutting down of Groves,
And rectifying Bakers Loaves:
And ſome for finding out Expedients
Againſt th' Slav'ry of Obedience.
Some were for Goſpel Miniſters,
And ſome for red-coat Seculars,
As Men moſt fit t' hold forth the Word,
And wield the one, and th' other Sword.
Some were for carrying on the Work
Againſt the Pope, and ſome the Turk;
Some for engaging to ſuppreſs
The Camiſado of Surplices,
That Gifts and Diſpenſations hinder'd,
And turn'd to th' outward Man the inward;
More proper for the cloudy Night
Of Popery, than Goſpel Light.
Others were for aboliſhing
That Tool of Matrimony, a Ring,
With which th' unſanctify'd Bridegroom
Is marry'd only to a Thumb;
(As wiſe as ringing of a Pig,
That us'd to break up Ground, and dig)
The Bride to nothing but her Will,
That nulls the After-Marriage ſtill.

Some

Some were for th' utter Extirpation
Of Linſey Woolſey in the Nation;
And ſome againſt all idolizing
The Croſs in Shop-Books, or Baptizing:
Others, to make all Things recant
The Chriſtian or Surname of Saint;
And force all Churches, Streets, and Towns,
The holy Title to renounce.
Some 'gainſt a third Eſtate of Souls,
And bringing down the Price of Coals:
Some for aboliſhing Black-Pudding,
And eating nothing with the Blood in;
To abrogate them Roots and Branches;
While others were for eating Haunches
Of Warriors, and now and then
The Fleſh of Kings and mighty Men;
And ſome for breaking of their Bones
With Rods of Ir'n, by ſecret ones:
For thraſhing Mountains, and with Spells
For hallowing Carriers Packs and Bells:
Things that the Legend never heard of,
But made the Wicked ſore afear'd of.
The Quacks of Government (who ſate
At th' unregarded Helm of State,
And underſtood this wild Confuſion
Of fatal Madneſs and Deluſion
Muſt, ſooner than a Prodigy,
Portend Deſtruction to be nigh)
Conſider'd timely, how t' withdraw,
And ſave their Wind-pipes from the Law;
For one Rencounter at the Bar
Was worſe than all th' had 'ſcap'd in War;
And therefore met in Conſultation
To cant and quack upon the Nation;

Not

Not for the ſickly Patient's Sake,
Nor what to give, but what to take:
To feel the Pulſes of their Fees,
More wiſe than fumbling Arteries:
Prolong the Snuff of Life in Pain,
And from the Grave recover——Gain.
'Mong theſe there was a ſ Politician,
With more Heads than a Beaſt in Viſion,
And more Intrigues in ev'ry one
Than all the Whores of Babylon:
So politick, as if one Eye
Upon the other were a Spy.
That, to trepan the one to think
The other blind, both ſtrove to blink:
And in his dark pragmatic Way
As buſy as a Child at Play.
H' had ſeen three Governments run down,
And had a Hand in ev'ry one;
Was for 'em, and againſt 'em all,
But barb'rous when they came to fall:
For, by trepanning th' old to ruin,
He made his Int'reſt with the new one;
Play'd true and faithful, though againſt
His Conſcience, and was ſtill advanc'd,
For, by the Witchcraft of Rebellion
Transform'd t' a feeble State-Camelion,
By giving Aim from Side to Side,
He never fail'd to ſave his Tide,
But got the Start of ev'ry State,
And, at a Change, ne'ercame too late;
Cou'd turn his Word, and Oath, and Faith,
As many Ways as in a Lath;
By turning, wriggle, like a Screw,
Int' higheſt Truſt, and out, for New.

For,

For, when h' had happily incur'd,
Instead of Hemp, to be prefer'd,
And pass'd upon a Government,
He play'd his Trick, and out he went:
But being out, and out of Hopes
To mount this Ladder (more) of Ropes;
Wou'd strive to raise himself upon
The publick Ruin, and his own.
So little did he understand
The desp'rate Feats he took in Hand.
For, when h' had got himself a Name
For Fraud and Tricks, he spoil'd his Game;
Had forc'd his Neck into a Noose,
To shew his Play at Fast and Loose;
And, when he chanc'd t' escape, mistook,
For Art and Subtlety, his Luck.
So right his Judgment was cut fit,
And made a Tally to his Wit,
And both together most profound
At Deeds of Darkness under Ground:
As th' Earth is easiest undermin'd
By Vermin impotent and blind.
By all these Arts, and many more,
H' had practis'd long and much before,
Our State-Artificer foresaw
Which Way the World began to draw.
For as old Sinners have all Points
Of th' Compass in their Bones and Joints;
Can by their Pangs and Aches find
All Turns and Changes of the Wind,
And, better than by [t] Napier's Bones,
Feel in their own the Age of Moons:
So guilty Sinners in a State
Can by their Crimes prognosticate,

And

And in their Conſciences feel Pain
Some Days before a Show'r of Rain.
He therefore wiſely caſt about,
All ways he cou'd, t' inſure his Throat;
And hither came t' obſerve and ſmoke
What Courſes other Riſkers took;
And to the utmoſt do his beſt
To ſave himſelf, and hang the reſt.
To match this Saint, there was u another,
As buſy and perverſe a Brother,
An Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares,
In Politicks and State-Affairs:
More Jew than Rabbi ACHITOPHEL,
And better gifted to rebel:
For, when h' had taught his Tribe to 'ſpouſe
The Cauſe, aloft, upon one Houſe,
He ſcorn'd to ſet his own in Order,
But try'd another, and went further;
So ſuddenly addicted ſtill
To's only Principle, his Will,
That, whatſoe'er it chanc'd to prove,
Nor Force of Argument could move:
Nor Law, nor Cavalcade of Ho'burn,
Could render half a Grain leſs ſtubborn.
For he at any Time would hang,
For th' Opportunity to harangue:
And rather on a Gibbet dangle,
Than miſs his dear Delight, to wrangle:
In which his Parts were ſo accompliſht,
That, right or wrong, he ne'er was non-pluſt;
But ſtill his Tongue ran on, the leſs
Of Weight it bore, with greater Eaſe:
And, with its everlaſting Clack,
Set all Men's Ears upon the Rack.

No sooner cou'd a Hint appear,
But up he started to picquer,
And made the stoutest yield to Mercy.
When he engag'd in Controversy.
Not by the Force of carnal Reason,
But indefatigable teazing;
With Vollies of eternal Babble,
And Clamour, more unanswerable.
For, though his Topicks, frail and weak,
Cou'd ne'er amount above a Freak,
He still maintain'd 'em, like his Faults,
Against the desp'ratest Assaults;
And back'd their feeble Want of Sense,
With greater Heat and Confidence.
As Bones of Hectors, when they differ,
The more they're cudgel'd, grow the stiffer.
Yet, when his Profit moderated,
The Fury of his Heat abated:
For nothing but his Interest
Cou'd lay his Devil of Contest:
It was his Choice, or Chance, or Curse,
T' espouse the Cause, for bett'r or worse,
And with his worldly Goods and Wit,
And Soul, and Body, worship'd it:
But when he found the sullen Tropes,
Possess'd with th' Devil, Worms, and Claps;
The w Trojan Mare in Foal with Greeks,
Not half so full of jadish Tricks,
Though squeamish in her outward Woman,
As loose and rampant as Dol Common:
He still resolv'd to mend the Matter,
T' adhere and cleave the obstinater:
And still, the skittisher and looser
Her Freaks appear'd, to fit the closer.

For

For Fools are ſtubborn in their Way,
As Coins are harden'd by th' Allay:
And Obſtinacy's ne'er ſo ſtiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong Belief.
These two, with others, being met,
And cloſe in Conſultation ſet;
After a diſcontented Pauſe,
And not without ſufficient Cauſe,
The Orator we nam'd of late,
Leſs troubled with the Pangs of State,
Than with his own Impatience,
To give himſelf firſt Audience,
After he had a While look'd wiſe,
At laſt broke Silence, and the Ice.
Quoth he, there's nothing makes me doubt
Our laſt Out-goings brought about,
More than to ſee the Characters
Of real Jealouſies and Fears
Not feign'd, as once, but ſadly horrid,
Scor'd upon ev'ry Member's Forehead:
Who, 'cauſe the Clouds are drawn together,
And threaten ſudden Change of Weather,
Feel Pangs and Aches of State-turns,
And Revolutions in their Corns:
And, ſince our Workings-out are croſs'd,
Throw up the Cauſe before 'tis loſt.
Was it to run away, we meant,
When, taking of the Covenant,
The lameſt Cripples of the Brothers
Took Oaths, to run before all others;
But, in their own Senſe, only ſwore
To ſtrive to run away before;
And now would prove, that Words and Oath
Engage us to renounce them both?

'Tis

'Tis true, the Cauſe is in the Lurch,
Between a Right and Mungrel-Church:
The Preſbyter and Independent,
That ſtickle which ſhall make an End on't,
As 'twas made out to us the laſt
Expedient,——(I mean × Marg'ret's Faſt)
When Providence had been ſuborn'd,
What Anſwer was to be return'd.
Elſe why ſhould Tumults fright us now,
We have ſo many Times gone through?
And underſtand as well to tame,
As when they ſerve our Turns t' inflame.
Have prov'd how inconſiderable
Are all Engagements of the Rabble,
Whoſe Frenzies muſt be reconcil'd,
With Drums, and Rattles, like a Child;
But never prov'd ſo proſperous,
As when they were led on by us:
For all our ſcouring of Religion
Began with Tumults and Sedition:
When Hurricanes of fierce Commotion
Became ſtrong Motives to Devotion:
(As carnal Seamen, in a Storm,
Turn pious Converts, and reform)
When ruſty Weapons, with chalk'd Edges,
Maintain'd our feeble Privileges,
And Brown-Bills, levy'd in the City,
Made Bills to paſs the grand Committee:
When Zeal, with aged Clubs and Gleaves,
Gave Chace to Rochets and white Sleeves,
And made the Church, and State, and Laws
Submit t' old Iron, and the Cauſe.
And, as we thriv'd by Tumults then,
So might we better now again,

If

If we knew how, as then we did,
To uſe them rightly in our Need;
Tumults, by which the Mutinous
Betray themſelves inſtead of us:
The Hollow-hearted, Diſaffected,
And cloſe Malignant are detected:
Who lay their Lives and Fortunes down,
For Pledges to ſecure our own;
And freely ſacrifice their Ears
T' appeaſe our Jealouſies and Fears.
And yet for all theſe Providences
W' are offer'd, if we had our Senſes,
We idly ſit like ſtupid Blockheads,
Our Hands committed to our Pockets;
And nothing but our Tongues at large,
To get the Wretches a Diſcharge.
Like Men condemn'd to Thunder-Bolts,
Who, e're the Blow, become mere Dolts:
Or Fools beſotted with their Crimes,
That know not how to ſhift betimes.
And neither have the Hearts to ſtay,
Nor Wit enough to run away:
Who, if he cou'd reſolve on either,
Might ſtand or fall at leaſt together;
No mean or trivial Solaces
To Partners in extreme Diſtreſs;
Who uſe to leſſen their Deſpairs,
By parting them int' equal Shares;
As if, the more they were to bear,
They felt the Weight the eaſier:
And ev'ry one the gentler hung,
The more he took his Turn among.
But 'tis not come to that, as yet,
If we had Courage left, or Wit:

Who, when our Fate can be no worſe,
Are fitted for the braveſt Courſe;
Have Time to rally, and prepare
Our laſt and beſt Defence, Deſpair:
Deſpair, by which the gallant'ſt Feats
Have been atchiev'd in greateſt Straits,
And horrid'ſt Dangers ſafely wav'd,
By being courageouſly out-brav'd;
As Wounds by wider Wounds are heal'd,
And Poiſons by themſelves expell'd:
And ſo they might be now agen,
If we were, what we ſhou'd be, Men;
And not ſo dully deſperate,
To ſide againſt ourſelves with Fate:
As Criminals, condemn'd to ſuffer,
Are blinded firſt, and then turn'd over.
This comes of breaking Covenants,
And ſetting up Exaugns of Saints,
That fine, like Aldermen, for Grace,
To be excus'd the Efficace.
For ſpiritual Men are too tranſcendent,
That mount their Banks, for independent,
To hang like y MAHOMET in th' Air,
Or St. IGNATIUS at his Prayer,
By pure Geometry, and hate
Dependence upon Church or State:
Diſdain the Pedantry o' th' Letter,
And, ſince Obedience is better
(The Scripture ſays) than Sacrifice,
Preſume the leſs on't will ſuffice;
And ſcorn to have the moderat'ſt Stints
Preſcrib'd their peremptory Hints,
Or any Opinion, true or falſe,
Declar'd as ſuch, in Doctrinals:

But

But left at large to make their best on,
Without b'ing call'd t' Account or Question,
Interpret all the Spleen reveals,
As WHITTINGTON explain'd the Bells;
And bid themselves turn back agen
Lord May'rs of New Jerusalem.
But look so big and over-grown,
They scorn their Edifiers t' own,
Who taught them all their sprinkling Lessons,
Their Tones, and sanctify'd Expressions;
Bestow'd their Gifts upon a Saint,
Like Charity, on those that want;
And learn'd th' Apocryphal Bigots
T' inspire themselves with Short-hand Notes;
For which they scorn and hate them, worse
Than Dogs and Cats do Sow-gelders.
For who first bred them up to pray,
And teach, the House of Commons Way?
Where had they all their gifted Phrases,
But from our CALAMYS and CASES?
Without whose Sprinkling and Sowing,
Who e'er had heard of NYE, or OWEN?
Their Dispensations had been stifled,
But for our ADONIRAM BYFIELD:
And, had they not begun the War,
Th' had ne'er been fainted as they are:
For Saints in Peace degenerate,
And dwindle down to reprobate;
Their Zeal corrupts, like standing Water,
In th' Intervals of War and Slaughter;
Abates the Sharpness of its Edge,
Without the Power of Sacrilege.
And though they've Tricks to cast their Skins,
As easy as Serpents do their Skins,

That in a While grow out again,
In Peace they turn mere carnal Men,
And, from the moſt refin'd of Saints,
As [a] naturally grow Miſcreants,
As Barnacles turn Soland Geeſe
In th' Iſlands of the Orcades.
Their Diſpenſation's but a Ticket,
For their conforming to the Wicked;
With whom the greateſt Difference
Lies more in Words, and Shew, than Senſe,
For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud [b] Cerberus, wears three Heads as well:
And, if the World has any Troth,
Some have been canoniz'd in both.
But that which does them greateſt Harm,
Their ſpiritual Gizzards are too warm,
Which puts the over-heated Sots
In Fevers ſtill, like other Goats;
For though the Whore bends Hereticks
With Flames of Fire, like crooked Sticks;
Our Schiſmaticks ſo vaſtly differ,
Th' hotter th' are, they grow the ſtiffer:
Still ſetting off their ſpiritual Goods,
With Fierce and pertinacious Feuds.
For Zeal's a dreadful Termagant,
That teaches Saints to tear and rant,
And Independents to profeſs
The Doctrine of Dependences;
Turns meek, and ſecret, ſneaking ones,
To Raw-heads fierce, and Bloody-bones:
And, not content with endleſs Quarrels
Againſt the Wicked and their Morals,

The

The c Gamblers, for want of Gulls,
Divert their Rage upon themselves.
For now the War is not between
The Brethren and the Men of Sin;
But Saint and Saint, to spill the Blood
Of one another's Brotherhood;
Where neither Side can lay Pretence
To Liberty of Conscience,
Or zealous Suff'ring for the Cause,
To gain one Groat's-worth of Applause:
For, though endur'd with Resolution,
'Twill ne'er amount to Persecution.
Shall precious Saints, and secret ones,
Break one another's outward Bones,
And eat the Flesh of Brethren,
Instead of Kings, and mighty Men?
When Friends agree among themselves,
Shall they be found the greater Elves?
When Bell's at union with the Dragon,
And Baal-Peor Friends with Dagon;
When savage Beasts agree with Bears,
Shall secret ones lug Saints by th' Ears,
And not atone their fatal Wrath,
When common Danger threatens both?
Shall Mastiffs by the Collars pull'd,
Engag'd with Bulls, let go their Hold?
And Saints, whose Necks are pawn'd at Stake,
No Notice of the Danger take?
But though no Pow'r of Heav'n or Hell
Can pacify phanatick Zeal;
Who wou'd not guess there might be Hopes,
The Fear of Gallowses and Ropes,
Before their Eyes, might reconcile
Their Animosities a while?

At

At leaſt until th' had a clear Stage,
And equal Freedom to engage,
Without the Danger of Surprize
By both our common Enemies?
This none but we alone cou'd doubt,
Who underſtand their Workings out;
And know 'em, both in Soul and Conſcience,
Giv'n up t' as Reprobate a Nonſenſe
As ſpiritual Out-Laws, whom the Pow'r
Of Miracle can ne'er reſtore.
We, whom at firſt they ſet up under,
In Revelation only of Plunder,
Who ſince have had ſo many Trials
Of their incroaching Self-denials,
That rook'd upon us with Deſign
To out-reform and undermine;
Took all our Intereſts and Commands,
Perfidiouſly, out of our Hands;
Involv'd us in the Guilt of Blood,
Without the Motive-Gains allow'd,
And made us ſerve as miniſterial,
Like younger Sons of Father BELIAL.
And yet for all th' inhuman Wrong,
Th' had done us, and the Cauſe ſo long,
We never fail'd to carry on
The Work ſtill, as we had begun:
But true and faithfully obey'd,
And neither preach'd them Hurt, nor pray'd;
Nor troubled them to crop our Ears,
Nor hang us like the Cavaliers;
Nor put them to the Charge of Gaols,
To find us Pillories, and Cart's-Tails,
Or Hangman's Wages, which the State
Was forc'd (before them) to be at;

That cut, like Tallies, to the Stumps,
Our Ears for keeping true Accompts,
And burnt our Veſſels, like a new
Seal'd Peck, or Buſhel, for b'ing true;
But Hand in Hand, like faithful Brothers,
Held for the Cauſe againſt all others,
Diſdaining equally to yield
One Syllable of what we held.
And, though we differ'd now and then
'Bout outward Things and outward Men;
Our inward Men, and conſtant Frame
Of Spirit, ſtill were near the ſame.
And till they firſt began to cant,
And ſprinkle down the Covenant,
We ne'er had Call in any Place,
Nor dream'd of teaching down free Grace;
But join'd our Gifts perpetually
Againſt the common Enemy.
Although 'twas ours, and their Opinion,
Each other's Church was but a RIMMON:
And yet for all this Goſpel Union,
And outward Shew of Church-Communion,
They'ld ne'er admit us to our Shares
Of ruling Church or State Affairs;
Nor give us leave t' abſolve, or ſentence
T' our own Conditions of Repentance:
But ſhar'd our Dividend o' th' Crown
We had ſo painfully preach'd down:
And forc'd us, though againſt the Grain,
T' have Calls to teach it up again:
For 'twas but Juſtice to reſtore
The Wrongs we had receiv'd before;
And, when 'twas held forth in our Way,
W' had been ungrateful not to pay:

Who, for the Right w' have done the Nation,
Have earn'd our temporal Salvation;
And put our Veſſels in a way,
Once more, to come again in Play.
For if the turning of us out
Has brought this Providence about;
And that our only Suffering
Is able to bring in the King:
What would our Actions not have done,
Had we been ſuffer'd to go on?
And therefore may pretend t' a Share,
At leaſt, in carrying on th' Affair:
But whether that be ſo, or not,
W' have done enough to have it thought;
And that's as good as if w' had done't,
And eaſier paſs'd upon Account:
For, if it be but half deny'd,
'Tis half as good as juſtify'd.
The World is nat'rally averſe
To all the Truth it ſees or hears;
But ſwallows Nonſenſe and a Lye
With Greedineſs and Gluttony;
And though it have the Pique, and long,
'Tis ſtill for ſomething in the wrong:
As Women long, when they're with Child,
For Things extravagant and wild;
For Meats ridiculous and fulſome,
But ſeldom any Thing that's wholeſome;
And, like the World, Men's Jobbernoles
Turn round upon their Ears, the Poles;
And what they're confidently told
By no Senſe elſe can be controul'd.
And this, perhaps, may prove the Means,
Once more, to hedge-in Providence.

For as Relapſes make Diſeaſes
More deſp'rate than their firſt Acceſſes;
If we but get again in Pow'r,
Our Work is eaſier than before;
And we more ready and expert
I' th' Myſtery, to do our Part.
We, who did rather undertake
The firſt War to create, than make:
And, when of nothing 'twas begun,
Rais'd Funds as ſtrange to carry't on:
Trepann'd the State, and ſac'd it down,
With Plots and Projects of our own:
And, if we did ſuch Feats at firſt,
What can we now w' are better vers'd?
Who have a freer Latitude,
Than Sinners give themſelves, allow'd:
And therefore likelieſt to bring in,
On faireſt Terms, our Diſcipline;
To which, it was reveal'd long ſince,
We were ordain'd by Providence:
When, [d] three Saints Ears, our Predeceſſors,
The Cauſe's primitive Confeſſors,
B'ing crucify'd, the Nation ſtood
In juſt ſo many Years of Blood:
That, multiply'd by Six, expreſt
The perfect Number of the Beaſt,
And prov'd that we muſt be the Men,
To bring this Work about agen;
And thoſe, who laid the firſt Foundation,
Complete the thorough Reformation:
For who have Gifts to carry on
So great a Work, but we alone?
What Churches have ſuch able Paſtors,
And precious, powerful, preaching Maſters?

Poſſeſs'd

Poſſeſs'd with abſolute Dominions
O'er Brethren's Purſes and Opinions?
And truſted with the double Keys
Of Heaven, and their Ware-houſes;
Who, when the Cauſe is in Diſtreſs,
Can furniſh out what Sums they pleaſe,
That brooding lie in Banker's Hands,
To be diſpos'd at their Commands:
And daily increaſe and multiply,
With Doctrine, Uſe, and Uſury:
Can fetch in Parties (as, in War,
All others Heads of Cattle are;)
From th' Enemy of all Religions,
As well as high and low Conditions,
And ſhare them, from blue Ribbands, down
To all blue Aprons in the Town:
From Ladies hurried in Calleches,
With Cornets at their Footmen's Breeches,
To Bawds as fat as Mother Nab;
All Guts and Belly, like a Crab.
Our Party's great, and better ty'd
With Oaths, and Trade, than any Side:
Has one conſiderable Improvement,
To double-fortify the Cov'nant:
I mean our Covenant to purchaſe
Delinquents Titles, and the Churches:
That paſs in Sale, from Hand to Hand,
Among ourſelves, for current Land:
And riſe or fall, like Indian Actions,
According to the Rate of Factions.
Our beſt Reſerve for Reformation,
When new Out-goings give Occaſion:
That keeps the Loins of Brethren girt,
The Covenant (their Creed) t' aſſert:

And, when th' have pack'd a Parliament,
Will once more try th' Expedient:
Who can already muſter Friends,
To ſerve for Members, to our Ends,
That repreſent no Part o' th' Nation,
But e Fiſher's-Folly Congregation;
Are only Tools to our Intrigues,
And ſit like Geeſe, to hatch our Eggs;
Who, by their Precedents of Wit,
T' out-faſt, out-loiter, and out-ſit,
Can order Matters under-hand,
To put all Buſ'neſs to a Stand:
Lay publick Bills aſide for private,
And make 'em one another drive out;
Divert the Great and Neceſſary,
With Trifles to conteſt and vary;
And make the Nation repreſent,
And ſerve for us, in Parliament:
Cut out more Work than can be done
In f PLATO's Year, but finiſh none;
Unleſs it be the Bulls of LENTHAL,
That always paſs'd for fundamental;
Can ſet up Grandee againſt Grandee,
To ſquander Time away and bandy;
Make Lords and Commoners lay Sieges
To one another's Privileges;
And, rather than compound the Quarrel,
Engage, to th' inevitable Peril
Of both their Ruins; th' only Scope
And Conſolation of our Hope:
Who, though we do not play the Game,
Aſſiſt as much by giving Aim;
Can introduce our ancient Arts,
For Heads of Faction t' act their Parts;

Know

Know what a leading Voice is worth,
A ſeconding, a third, or fourth;
How much a caſting Voice comes to,
That turns up Trump, of Ay, or No;
And, by adjuſting all at th' End,
Share ev'ry one his Dividend.
An Art that ſo much Study coſt,
And now's in Danger to be loſt,
Unleſs our ancient Virtuoſo's,
That found it out, get into th' Houſes.
Theſe are the Courſes that we took
To carry Things by Hook, or Crook;
And practis'd down from Forty-four,
Until they turn'd us out of Door:
Beſides the Herds of Boutefeus,
We ſet on Work, without the Houſe;
When ev'ry Knight, and Citizen,
Kept legiſlative Journey-men,
To bring them in Intelligence
From all Points of the Rabble's Senſe;
And fill the Lobbies of both Houſes
With politick important Buzzes:
Set up Committees of Cabals,
To pack Deſigns without the Walls;
Examine, and draw up all News,
And fit it to our preſent Uſe:
Agree upon the Plot o' th' Farce,
And ev'ry one his Part rehearſe:
Make Q's of Anſwers, to way-lay
What th' other Parties like to ſay:
What Repartees, and ſmart Reflections,
Shall be return'd to all Objections:
And who ſhall break the Maſter-Jeſt,
And what, and how, upon the reſt:

Help Pamphlets out, with ſafe Editions,
Of proper Slanders and Seditions:
And Treaſon for a Token ſend,
By Letter to a Country Friend;
Diſperſe Lampoons, the only Wit
That Men, like Burglary, commit;
Wit falſer than a Padder's Face,
That all its Owner does betrays;
Who therefore dares not truſt it, when
He's in his Calling to be ſeen.
Diſperſe the Dung on barren Earth,
To bring new Weeds of Diſcord forth;
Be ſure to keep up Congregations,
In ſpight of Laws and Proclamations:
For Chiarlatans can do no Good,
Until they're mounted in a Crowd;
And, when they're puniſh'd, all the Hurt
Is but to fare the better for't;
As long as Confeſſors are ſure
Of double Pay for all th' endure;
And what they earn in Perſecution
Are paid t' a Groat in Contribution.
Whence ſome Tub-Holders forth have made
In Powd'ring-Tubs their richeſt Trade:
And, while they kept their Shops in Priſon,
Have found their Prices ſtrangely riſen.
Diſdain to own the leaſt Regret
For all the Chriſtian Blood w' have let;
'Twill ſave our Credit, and maintain
Our Title to do ſo again:
That needs not coſt one Dram of Senſe,
But pertinacious Impudence.
Our Conſtancy t' our Principles,
In Time, will wear out all Things elſe:

Like

Like marble Statues, rubb'd in Pieces,
With Gallantry of Pilgrims Kiſſes:
While thoſe, who turn and wind their Oaths,
Have ſwell'd and ſunk, like other Froths.
Prevail'd a while, but 'twas not long
Before from World to World they ſwung:
As they had turn'd from Side to Side,
And, as the Changelings liv'd, they dy'd.
This ſaid, th' impatient States-monger
Could now contain himſelf no longer;
Who had not ſpar'd to ſhew his Piques,
Againſt th' Haranguer's Politicks,
With ſmart Remarks of leering Faces,
And Annotations of Grimaces,
After h' had adminiſter'd a Doſe
Of Snuff-Mundungus to his Noſe,
And powder'd th' Inſide of his Skull,
Inſtead of th' outward Jobbernol,
He ſhook it with a ſcornful Look
On th' Adverſary, and thus he ſpoke:
In dreſſing a Calves Head, although
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep ſo great a Diſtance here,
'Tis ſtrange, if ever they come near;
For who did ever play his Gambols,
With ſuch inſufferable Rambles?
To make the bringing in the KING,
And keeping of him out, one Thing?
Which none could do but thoſe that ſwore
T' as point-blank Nonſenſe heretofore:
That to defend was to invade,
And to aſſaſſinate to aid:
Unleſs, becauſe you drove him out,
(And that was never made a Doubt)

No Pow'r is able to reſtore
And bring him in, but on your Score:
A ſpiritual Doctrine, that conduces
Moſt properly to all your Uſes.
'Tis true, a Scorpion's Oil is ſaid
To cure the Wounds the Vermin made;
And Weapons, dreſt with Salves, reſtore
And heal the Hurts they gave before:
But whether Preſbyterians have
So much good Nature as the Salve,
Or Virtue in them as the Vermin,
Thoſe who have try'd them can determine.
Indeed, 'tis Pity you ſhould miſs
Th' Arrears of all your Services,
And, for th' eternal Obligation
Y' have laid upon th' ungrateful Nation,
Be us'd ſ' unconſcionably hard,
As not to find a juſt Reward,
For letting Rapine looſe, and Murther,
To rage juſt ſo far, but no further:
And ſetting all the Land on Fire,
To burn t' a Scantling, but no higher:
For vent'ring to aſſaſſinate,
And cut the Throats of Church and State:
And not be allow'd the fitteſt Men
To take the Charge of both agen,
Eſpecially, that have the Grace
Of ſelf-denying, gifted Face;
Who, when your Projects have miſcarry'd,
Can lay them, with undaunted Fore-head,
On thoſe you painfully trepann'd,
And ſprinkled in at ſecond Hand:
As we have been, to ſhare the Guilt
Of Chriſtian Blood, devoutly ſpilt;

For

For ſo our Ignorance was flamm'd
To damn ourſelves, t' avoid being damn'd:
Till finding your old Foe, the Hangman,
Was like to lurch you at Back-Gammon,
And win your Necks upon the Set,
As well as ours, who did but bet;
(For he had drawn your Ears before,
And nick'd them on the ſelf-ſame Score)
We threw the Box and Dice away,
Before y' had loſt us, at foul Play;
And brought you down to rook, and lye,
And fancy only, on the Bye;
Redeem'd your forfeit Jobbernoles,
From perching upon lofty Poles;
And reſcu'd all your outward Traitors
From hanging up, like Alligators:
For which ingeniouſly y' have ſhew'd
Your Preſbyterian Gratitude:
Would freely have paid us home in kind,
And not have been one Rope behind.
Thoſe were your Motives to divide,
And ſcruple, on the other Side,
To turn your zealous Frauds, and Force,
To Fits of Conſcience, and Remorſe:
To be convinc'd they were in vain,
And face about for new again:
For Truth no more unveil'd your Eyes,
Than Maggots are convinc'd to Flies:
And therefore all your Lights and Calls
Are but apocryphal, and falſe,
To charge us with the Conſequences
Of all your native Inſolences;
That to your own imperious Wills
Laid Law and Goſpel Neck and Heels,

Corrupted the Old Teſtament,
To ſerve the New for Precedent:
T' amend its Errors and Defects,
With Murder, and Rebellion-texts:
Of which there is not any one
In all the Book to ſow upon;
And therefore (from your Tribe) the Jews
Held Chriſtian Doctrine forth, and Uſe;
As Mahomet (your Chief) began
To mix them in the Alcoran:
Denounc'd and pray'd, with fierce Devotion,
And bended Elbows on the Cuſhion;
Stole from the Beggars all your Tones,
And gifted mortifying Groans;
Had Lights where better Eyes were blind,
As Pigs are ſaid to ſee the Wind:
Fill'd Bedlam with Predeſtination,
And Knights's-bridge with Illumination:
Made Children, with your Tones, to run for't,
As bad as Bloody-Bones, or LUNSFORD;
While Women, great with Child, miſcarry'd,
For being to Malignants marry'd.
Transform'd all Wives to DALILAHS,
Whoſe Huſbands were not for the Cauſe:
And turn'd the Men to ten-horn'd Cattle,
Becauſe they came not out to Battle:
Made Taylor's 'Prentices turn Heroes,
For Fear of being transform'd to MEROZ;
And, rather forfeit their Indentures,
Than not eſpouſe the Saints Adventures.
Could tranſubſtantiate, metamorphoſe,
And charm whole Herds of Beaſts like Orpheus:
Inchant the King's, and Church's Lands,
T' obey, and follow your Commands;

And

And ſettle on a new Freehold,
As MARCLY-HILL had done of old.
Could turn the Covenant, and tranſlate
The Goſpel into Spoons and Plate:
Expound upon all Merchants Caſhes,
And open th' intricateſt Places:
Could catechize a Money-Box,
And prove all Pouches orthodox;
Until the Cauſe became a DAMON,
And PYTHIAS the wicked Mammon.
And yet in ſpight of all your Charms,
To conjure Legion up in Arms;
And raiſe more Devils in the Rout,
Than e'er y' were able to caſt out;
Y' have been reduc'd, and by thoſe Fools,
Bred up (you ſay) in your own Schools;
Who, though but gifted at your Feet,
Have made it plain they have more Wit.
By whom you have been ſo oft trepann'd,
And held forth out of all Command,
Out-gifted, out-impuls'd, out-done,
And out-reveal'd at Carryings-on,
Of all your Diſpenſations worn'd,
Out-Providenc'd, and out-reform'd;
Ejected out of Church and State,
And all Things but the People's Hate;
And ſpirited out of th' Enjoyments
Of precious, edifying Employments,
By thoſe who lodg'd their Gifts and Graces,
Like better Bowlers, in your Places;
All which you bore with Reſolution,
Charg'd on th' Account of Perſecution;
And, though moſt righteouſly oppreſt,
Againſt your Wills, ſtill acquieſc'd;

And

And never hum'd and hah'd Sedition,
Nor ſnuffled Treaſon, nor Miſpriſion.
That is, becauſe you never durſt;
For, had you preach'd and pray'd your worſt,
Alas! you were no longer able
To raiſe your Poſſe of the Rabble:
One ſingle red-coat Centinel
Out-charm'd the Magick of the Spell;
And, with his Squirt-fire, could diſperſe
Whole Troops, with Chapter rais'd and Verſe.
We knew too well thoſe Tricks of yours,
To leave it ever in your Powers;
Or truſt our Safeties, or Undoings,
To your diſpoſing of Out-goings:
Or to your ordering Providence
One Farthing's-worth of Conſequence.
For had you Pow'r to undermine,
Or Wit to carry a Deſign,
Or Correſpondence to trepan,
Inveigle, or betray one Man;
There's nothing elſe that intervenes,
And bars your Zeal to uſe the Means;
And therefore wond'rous like, no doubt,
To bring in Kings, or keep them out:
Brave Undertakers to reſtore,
That cou'd not keep yourſelves in Pow'r:
T' advance th' Int'reſts of the Crown,
That wanted Wit to keep your own.
'Tis true, you have (for I'ld be loth
To wrong ye) done your Parts in both,
To keep him out, and bring him in,
As Grace is introduc'd by Sin;
For 'twas your zealous Want of Senſe,
And ſanctify'd Impertinence;

Your

Your carrying Buſineſs in a Huddle,
That forc'd our Rulers to new-model;
Oblig'd the State to tack about,
And turn you, Root and Branch, all out;
To Reformado, one and all,
T' your great g Croyſado-general.
Your greedy Slav'ring to devour,
Before 'twas in your Clutches, Pow'r,
That ſprung the Game you were to ſet,
Before y' had Time to draw the Net:
Your Spight to ſee the Churches Lands
Divided into other Hands,
And all your ſacrilegious Ventures
Laid out in Tickets and Debentures;
Your Envy to be ſprinkled down
By under Churches in the Town;
And no Courſe us'd to ſtop their Mouths,
Nor th' Independent's ſpreading Growths.
All which conſider'd, 'tis moſt true
None bring him in ſo much as you;
Who have prevail'd beyond their Plots,
Their Midnight Junto's, and ſeal'd Knots;
That thrive more by your zealous Piques,
Than all their own raſh Politicks.
And this Way you may claim a Share,
In carrying (as you brag) th' Affair,
Elſe Frogs and Toads, that croak'd the JEWS
From PHARAOH, and his Brick-kilns looſe;
And Flies and Mange, that ſet them free
From Taſk-Maſters and Slavery,
Were likelier to do the Feat,
In any indiff'rent Man's Conceit:
For who e'er heard of Reſtoration,
Until your thorough Reformation?

That

That is, the King's and Church's Lands
Were ſequeſter'd int' other Hands:
For only then, and not before,
Your Eyes were open'd to reſtore.
And, when the Work was carrying on,
Who croſs'd it, but yourſelves alone?
As by a World of Hints appears,
All plain, and extant as your Ears.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The Iſle of WIGHT
Will riſe up, if you ſhould deny't;
Where HENDERSON, and th' other Maſſes,
Were ſent to cap Texts, and put Caſes:
To paſs for deep and learned Scholars,
Although but paltry [h] Ob and Sollers:
As if th' unſeaſonable Fools
Had been a Courſing in the Schools;
Until th' had prov'd the Devil Author
O' th' Covenant, and the Cauſe his Daughter.
For, when they charg'd him with the Guilt
Of all the Blood that had been ſpilt,
They did not mean he wrought th' Effuſion,
In Perſon, like [i] Sir PRIDE, or HUGHSON:
But only thoſe, who firſt begun
The Quarrel, were by him ſet on.
And who could thoſe be but the Saints,
Thoſe Reformation Termagants?
But, e're this paſs'd, the wiſe Debate
Spent ſo much Time, it grew too late;
For OLIVER had gotten Ground,
T' incloſe him with his Warriors round:
Had brought his Providence about,
And turn'd th' untimely Sophiſts out.
Nor had the UXBRIDGE Bus'neſs leſs
Of Nonſenſe in't, or Sottiſhneſs;

When

When from a Scoundrel Holder-forth,
The Scum, as well as Son o' th' Earth,
Your mighty Senators took Law,
At his Command, were forc'd t' withdraw,
And ſacrifice the Peace o' th' Nation
To Doctrine, Uſe, and Application.
So when the SCOTS, your conſtant Cronies,
Th' Eſpouſers of your Cauſe and Monies,
Who had ſo often, in your Aid,
So many Ways been ſoundly paid:
Came in at laſt for better Ends,
To prove themſelves your truſty Friends:
You baſely left them, and the Church
They train'd you up to, in the Lurch,
And ſuffer'd your own Tribe of Chriſtians
To fall before, as true Philiſtines.
This ſhews what Utenſils y' have been,
To bring the King's Concernments in:
Which is ſo far from being true,
That none but he can bring in you:
And, if he take you into Truſt,
Will find you moſt exactly juſt:
Such as will punctually repay
With double Intereſt, and betray.
Not that I think thoſe Pantomimes,
Who vary Action with the Times,
Are leſs ingenious in their Art,
Than thoſe who dully act one Part;
Or thoſe, who turn from Side to Side,
More guilty, than the Wind and Tide.
All Countries are a wiſe Man's Home,
And ſo are Governments to ſome,
Who change them for the ſame Intrigues,
That Statemen uſe in breaking Leagues:

While

While others in old Faiths, and Troths,
Look odd, as out-of-faſhion'd Cloths:
And naſtier, in an old Opinion,
Than thoſe who never ſhift their Linnen.
For True and Faithful's ſure to loſe,
Which Way ſoever the Game goes:
And, whether Parties loſe or win,
Is always nick'd, or elſe hedg'd in.
While Pow'r uſurp'd, like ſtol'n Delight,
Is more bewitching than the right,
And, when the Times begin to alter,
None riſe ſo high as from the Halter.
And ſo we may, if w' have but Senſe
To uſe the neceſſary Means;
And not your uſual Stratagems
On one another, Lights and Dreams.
To ſtand on Terms as poſitive,
As if we did not take, but give:
Set up the Covenant on Crutches,
'Gainſt thoſe who have us in their Clutches,
And dream of pulling Churches down,
Before w' are ſure to prop our own:
Your conſtant Method of Proceeding,
Without the carnal Means of heeding:
Who, 'twixt your inward Senſe and outward,
Are worſe, than if y' had none, accoutred.
I grant, all Courſes are in vain,
Unleſs we can get in again;
The only Way that's left us now,
But all the Difficulty's, How?
'Tis true, w' have Money, th' only Pow'r
That all Mankind falls down before;
Money, that, like the Swords of Kings,
Is the laſt Reaſon of all Things:

And therefore need not doubt our Play
Has all Advantages that Way:
As long as Men have Faith to ſell,
And meet with thoſe that can pay well;
Whoſe half-ſtarv'd Pride and Avarice
One Church and State will not ſuffice,
T' expoſe to Sale, beſide the Wages
Of ſtoring Plagues to After-ages.
Nor is our Money leſs our own,
Than 'twas before we laid it down:
For 'twill return, and turn t' Account,
If we are brought in Play upon't:
Or but, by caſting Knaves, get in,
What Pow'r can hinder us to win?
We know the Arts we us'd before
In Peace and War, and ſomething more.
And, by th' unfortunate Events,
Can mend our next Experiments:
For, when w' are taken into Truſt,
How eaſy are the Wiſeſt chouſt?
Who ſee but th' Outſides of our Feats,
And not their ſecret Springs and Weights:
And, while they're buſy at their Eaſe,
Can carry what Deſigns we pleaſe.
How eaſy is 't to ſerve for Agents,
To proſecute our old Engagements?
To keep the good old Cauſe on Foot,
And preſent Power from taking Root?
Inflame them both with falſe Alarms
Of Plots and Parties taking Arms:
To keep the Nation's Wounds too wide
From healing up of Side to Side:
Profeſs the paſſionat'ſt Concerns,
For both their Intereſts, by Turns.

The only Way t' improve our own,
By dealing faithfully with none:
(As Bowls run true, by being made
On Purpoſe falſe, and to be ſway'd)
For, if we ſhould be true to either,
'T would turn us out of both together;
And therefore have no other Means
To ſtand upon our own Defence,
But keeping up our ancient Party
In Vigour, confident and hearty:
To reconcile our late Diſſenters,
Our Brethren, though by other Venters;
Unite them, and their different Maggots,
As long and ſhort Sticks are in Faggots,
And make them join again as cloſe,
As when they firſt began t' eſpouſe;
Erect them into ſeparate
New Jewiſh Tribes, in Church and State;
To join in Marriage, and Commerce,
And only among themſelves converſe,
And all, that are not of their Mind,
Make Enemies to all Mankind:
Take all Religion in, and ſtickle
From Conclave down to Conventicle;
Agreeing ſtill, or diſagreeing,
According to the Light in Being.
Sometimes for Liberty of Conſcience,
And ſpiritual Miſ-rule, in one Senſe:
But in another quite contrary,
As Diſpenſations chance to vary:
And ſtand for, as the Times will bear it,
All Contradictions of the Spirit:
Protect their Emiſſaries, impower'd
To preach Sedition, and the Word:

And, when they're hamper'd by the Laws,
Releaſe the Lab'rers for the Cauſe;
And turn the Perſecution back
On thoſe that made the firſt Attack,
To keep them equally in Awe,
From breaking, or maintaining Law:
And when they have their Fits too ſoon,
Before the Full-Tides of the Moon;
Put off their Zeal, t' a fitter Seaſon
For ſowing Faction in, and Treaſon;
And keep them hooded, and their Churches,
Like Hawks from bating on their Perches;
That, when the bleſſed Time ſhall come
Of quitting BABYLON, and ROME,
They may be ready to reſtore
Their own fifth Monarchy once more.
Mean while be better arm'd to fence
Againſt Revolts of Providence:
By watching narrowly, and ſnapping
All blind Sides of it, as they happen:
For, if Succeſs could make us Saints,
Our Ruin turn'd us Miſcreants:
A Scandal that wou'd fall too hard
Upon a few, and unprepar'd.
Theſe are the Courſes we muſt run,
Spight of our Hearts, or be undone:
And not to ſtand on Terms and Freaks,
Before we have ſecur'd our Necks.
But do our Work, as out of Sight,
As Stars by Day, and Suns by Night:
All Licence of the People own,
In Oppoſition to the Crown.
And for the Crown as fiercely ſide,
The Head and Body to divide.

The End of all we first design'd,
And all that yet remains behind:
Be sure to spare no publick Rapine,
On all Emergencies that happen;
For 'tis as easy to supplant
Authority, as Men in Want:
As some of us, in Trusts, have made
The one Hand with the other trade:
Gain'd vastly by their joint Endeavour,
The Right a Thief, the Left Receiver;
And what the one, by Tricks, foreſtall'd,
The other, by as sly, retail'd.
For Gain has wonderful Effects
T' improve the Factory of Sects:
The Rule of Faith in all Professions,
And great DIANA of the EPHESIANS:
Whence turning of Religion's made
The Means to turn, and wind a Trade.
And, though some change it for the worse,
They put themselves into a Course;
And draw in Store of Customers,
To thrive the better in Commerce:
For all Religions flock together,
Like tame and wild Fowl of a Feather;
To nab the Itches of their Sects,
As Jades do one another's Necks.
Hence 'tis Hypocrisy as well
Will serve t' improve a Church, as ZEAL:
As Persecution, or Promotion,
Do equally advance Devotion.
Let Business, like ill Watches, go
Sometime too fast, sometime too slow:
For Things in Order are put out
So easy, Ease itself will do't;

But,

But, when the Feat's deſign'd and meant,
What Miracle can bar th' Event?
For 'tis more eaſy to betray,
Than ruin any other Way.
All poſſible Occaſions ſtart,
The weighty'ſt Matters to divert;
Obſtruct, perplex, diſtract, intangle,
And lay perpetual Trains to wrangle.
But in Affairs of leſs Import,
That neither do us Good nor Hurt,
And they receive as little by,
Out-fawn as much, and out-comply;
And ſeem as ſcrupulouſly juſt,
To bait our Hooks for greater Truſt.
But ſtill be careful to cry down
All publick Actions, though our own:
The leaſt Miſcarriage aggravate,
And charge it all upon the State:
Expreſs the horrid'ſt Deteſtation,
And pity the diſtracted Nation:
Tell Stories ſcandalous and falſe,
I' th' proper Language of Cabals,
Where all a ſubtle Stateſman ſays
Is half in Words, and half in Face;
(As Spaniards talk in Dialogues
Of Heads and Shoulders, Nods and Shrugs)
Intruſt it under ſolemn Vows
Of Mum, and Silence, and the Roſe,
To be retail'd again in Whiſpers,
For th' eaſy Credulous to diſperſe.
Thus far the Stateſman---When a Shout,
Heard at a Diſtance, put him out;
And ſtraight another, all agaſt,
Ruſh'd in with equal Fear and Haſte:

Who

Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And, for a while, as out of Breath:
Till, having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by Fits:
That [k] beaſtly Rabble,—that came down
From all the Garrets—in the Town,
And Stalls, and Shop-boards,—in vaſt Swarms,
With new-chalk'd Bills—and ruſty Arms,
To cry the Cauſe—up, heretofore,
And bawl the BISHOPS—out of Door;
Are now drawn up—in greater Shoals,
To roaſt—and broil us on the Coals,
And all the Grandees—of our Members
Are carbonading—on the Embers;
Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes—
Held forth by Rumps—of Pigs and Geeſe,
That ſerve for Characters—and Badges
To repreſent their Perſonages:
Each Bonefire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they roaſt, and ſcorch, and broil,
And ev'ry Repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive:
And 'tis a Miracle we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate.
For, while we wrangle here and jar,
W' are grilly'd all at TEMPLE-BAR:
Some, on the Sign-Poſt of an Ale-houſe,
Hang in Effigy, on the Gallows,
Made up of Rags, to perſonate
Reſpective Officers of State;
That henceforth they may ſtand reputed,
Proſcrib'd in Law, and executed,
And, while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready lifted under [l] DUN,

That

Who ſtar'd about, as pale as Death,
And, for a while, as out of Breath:
Till, having gather'd up his Wits,
He thus began his Tale by Fits:
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Are now drawn up—in greater Shoals,
To roaſt—and broil us on the Coals,
And all the Grandees—of our Members
Are carbonading—on the Embers;
Knights, Citizens, and Burgeſſes—
Held forth by Rumps—of Pigs and Geeſe,
That ſerve for Characters—and Badges
To repreſent their Perſonages:
Each Boneſire is a Funeral Pile,
In which they roaſt, and ſcorch, and broil,
And ev'ry Repreſentative
Have vow'd to roaſt—and broil alive:
And 'tis a Miracle we are not
Already ſacrific'd incarnate.
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Proſcrib'd in Law, and executed,
And, while the Work is carrying on,
Be ready lifted under [l] DUN,

That

That worthy Patriot, once the Bellows,
And Tinder-Box of all his Fellows:
The activ'ſt Member of the Five,
As well as the moſt primitive:
Who, for his faithful Service then,
Is choſen for a Fifth agen:
(For, ſince the State has made a Quint
Of Generals, he's liſted in't)
This Worthy, as the World will ſay,
Is paid in Specie, his own Way;
For, moulded to the Life in Clouts,
Th' have pick'd from Dung-hills hereabouts,
He's mounted on a Hazel Bavin,
A cropp'd malignant Baker gave 'em:
And to the largeſt Bone-fire riding,
They've roaſted [m] COOK already, and PRIDE in.
On whom, in Equipage and State,
His ſcarecrow Fellow-members wait,
And march in Order, two and two,
As at Thankſgivings th' us'd to do;
Each in a tatter'd Taliſman,
Like Vermin in Effigie ſlain.
But (what's more dreadful than the reſt)
Thoſe Rumps are but the Tail o' th' Beaſt,
Set up by Popiſh Engineers,
As by the Crackers plainly appears;
For none but Jeſuits have a Miſſion
To preach the Faith with Ammunition,
And propagate the Church with Powder;
Their Founder was a blown-up [n] Soldier.
Theſe ſpiritual Pioneers o' th' Whore's,
That have the Charge of all her Stores;
Since firſt they fail'd in their Deſigns
To take in Heav'n by ſpringing Mines,

And, with unanſwerable Barrels
Of Gunpowder, diſpute their Quarrels:
Now take a Courſe more practicable,
By laying Trains to fire the Rabble,
And blow us up, in th' open Streets,
Diſguis'd in Rumps, like Sanbenites;
More like to ruin, and confound,
Than all their Doctrines under Ground.
  Nor have they choſen Rumps amiſs,
For Symbols of State-Myſteries;
Though ſome ſuppoſe 'twas but to ſhew
How much they ſcorn'd the Saints, the Few;
Who, 'cauſe they're waſted to the Stumps,
Are repreſented beſt by Rumps.
But Jeſuits have deeper Reaches
In all their politick Far-fetches:
And from the Coptick Prieſt, o Kircherus,
Found out this myſtick Way to jeer us.
For, as th' p Ægyptians us'd by Bees
T' expreſs their antick Ptolomies;
And by their Stings, the Swords they wore,
Held forth Authority and Pow'r:
Becauſe theſe ſubtle Animals
Bear all their Int'reſts in their Tails;
And, when they're once impair'd in that,
Are baniſh'd their well-ordered State:
They thought all Governments were beſt
By Hieroglyphick Rumps expreſt.
  For as, in Bodies natural,
The Rump's the Fundament of all;
So, in a Common-wealth, or Realm,
The Government is call'd the Helm;
With which, like Veſſels under Sail,
They're turn'd and winded by the Tail,

The Tail, which Birds and Fiſhes ſteer
Their Courſes with, through Sea and Air;
To whom the Rudder of the Rump is
The ſame Thing with the Stern and Compaſs.
This ſhews how perfectly the Rump
And Common-wealth in Nature jump.
For as a Fly, that goes to Bed,
Reſts with his Tail above his Head;
So, in this mungrel State of ours,
The Rabble are the ſupreme Powers;
That hors'd us on their Backs, to ſhow us
A jadiſh Trick at laſt, and throw us.
The learned Rabbins of the Jews
Write there's a Bone, which they call Luez,
I' th' Rump of Man, of ſuch a Vertue,
No Force in Nature can do Hurt to;
And therefore, at the laſt great Day,
All the other Members ſhall, they ſay,
Spring out of this, as from a Seed
All Sorts of Vegetals proceed;
From whence the learned Sons of Art
Os Sacrum juſtly ſtile that Part.
Then what can better repreſent,
Than this Rump-Bone, the Parliament;
That, after ſeveral rude Ejections,
And as prodigious Reſurrections,
With new Reverſions of nine Lives,
Starts up, and like a Cat revives?
But now, alas! they're all expir'd,
And th' Houſe, as well as Members, fir'd;
Conſum'd in Kennels by the Rout,
With which they other Fires put out:
Condemn'd t' ungoverning Diſtreſs,
And paultry, private Wretchedneſs;

Worſe than the Devil, to Privation,
Beyond all Hopes of Reſtoration:
And parted, like the Body and Soul,
From all Dominion and Controul.
We, who cou'd lately, with a Look,
Enact, eſtabliſh, or revoke;
Whoſe arbitrary Nods gave Law,
And Frowns kept Multitudes in Awe;
Before the Bluſter of whoſe Huff,
All Hats, as in a Storm, flew off;
Ador'd and bow'd to by the Great,
Down to the Foot-man and Valet;
Had more bent Knees than Chapel-mats,
And Prayers, than the Crown of Hats;
Shall now be ſcorn'd as wretchedly,
For Ruin's juſt as low as high;
Which might be ſuffer'd, were it all
The Horror that attends our Fall:
For ſome of us have Scores more large
Than Heads and Quarters can diſcharge;
And others, who by reſtleſs Scraping,
With publick Frauds, and private Rapine,
Have mighty Heaps of Wealth amaſs't,
Would gladly lay down all, at laſt:
And, to be but undone, entail
Their Veſſels on perpetual Jail;
And bleſs the Dev'l to let them Farms
Of forfeit Souls, on no worſe Terms.
This ſaid, a near and louder Shout
Put all th' Aſſembly to the Rout,
Who now began t' out-run their Fear,
As Horſes do from whom they bear:
But crowded on with ſo much haſte,
Until th' had block'd the Paſſage faſt,

And

And barricado'd it with Haunches
Of outward Men, and Bulks and Paunches,
That from their Shoulders ſtrove to ſqueeze,
And rather ſave a crippled Piece
Of all their cruſh'd and broken Members,
Than have them grillied on the Embers;
Still preſſing on with heavy Packs
Of one another on their Backs:
The Van-guard could no longer bear
The Charges of the forlorn Rere,
But, born down headlong by the Rout,
Were trampled ſorely under Foot:
Yet nothing prov'd ſo formidable,
As the horrid Cookery of the Rabble:
And Fear, that keeps all Feeling out,
As leſſer Pains are by the Gout,
Reliev'd 'em with a freſh Supply
Of rallied Force, enough to fly,
And beat a Tuſcan Running-Horſe,
Whoſe Jocky-Rider is all Spurs.

HUDIBRAS.

The Third and Laſt PART.

The ARGUMENT of THE THIRD *CANTO.*

The Knight and Squire's prodigious Flight
To quit th' inchanted Bow'r by Night;
He plods to turn his amorous Suit
T' a Plea in Law, and proſecute:
Repairs to Counſel, to adviſe
'Bout managing the Enterpriſe;
But firſt reſolves to try by Letter,
And one more fair Addreſs, to get her.

CANTO III.

WHO wou'd believe what ſtrange Bugbears
Mankind creates itſelf, of Fears;
That ſpring, like Fern, that inſect Weed,
Equivocally, without Seed?

5 And

And have no poſſible Foundation,
But merely in th' Imagination?
And yet can do more dreadful Feats
Than Hags with all their q Imps and Teats;
Make more bewitch and haunt themſelves,
Than all their Nurſeries of Elves.
For Fear does Things ſo like a Witch,
'Tis hard t' unriddle which is which;
Sets up Communities of Senſes,
To chop and change Intelligences;
As r Roſicrucian Virtuoſo's
Can ſee with Ears, and hear with Noſes;
And, when they neither ſee nor hear,
Have more than both ſupply'd by Fear;
That makes 'em in the Dark ſee Viſions,
And hag themſelves with Apparitions;
And, when their Eyes diſcover leaſt,
Diſcern the ſubtleſt Objects beſt:
Do Things, not contrary, alone,
To th' Courſe of Nature, but its own;
The Courage of the braveſt daunt,
And turn Poltroons as valiant:
For Men as reſolute appear,
With too much, as too little Fear;
And, when they're out of Hopes of flying,
Will run away from Death by dying:
Or turn again to ſtand it out;
And thoſe they fled, like Lions, rout.
This HUDIBRAS had prov'd too true,
Who, by the Furies left perdue,
And haunted with Detachments, ſent
From ſ Marſhal Legion's Regiment,
Was by a Fiend, as Counterfeit,
Reliev'd and reſcu'd with a Cheat;

When nothing but himſelf, and Fear,
Was both the Imps and Conjurer:
As, by the Rules o' th' Virtuoſi,
It follows in due Form of Poeſie.
Diſguis'd in all the Maſks of Night,
We left our Champion on his Flight,
At Blindman's Buff, to grope his Way,
In equal Fear of Night and Day,
Who took his dark and deſp'rate Courſe,
He knew no better than his Horſe;
And, by an unknown Devil led,
(He knew as little whither) fled.
He never was in greater Need,
Nor leſs Capacity of Speed;
Diſabled, both in Man and Beaſt,
To fly and run away, his beſt;
To keep the Enemy, and Fear,
From equal falling on his Rere,
And though with Kicks and Bangs he ply'd
The further and the nearer Side:
(As Seamen ride with all their Force,
And tug as if they row'd the Horſe;
And, when the Hackney ſails moſt ſwift,
Believe they lag, or run a-drift)
So, though he poſted e'er ſo faſt,
His Fear was greater than his Haſt:
For Fear, though fleeter than the Wind,
Believes 'tis always left behind.
But when the Morn began t' appear,
And ſhift t' another Scene his Fear;
He found his new officious Shade,
That came ſo timely to his Aid,
And forc'd him from the Foe t' eſcape,
Had turn'd itſelf to RALPHO's Shape,

So

So like in Perſon, Garb, and Pitch,
'Twas hard t' interpret which was which.
For RALPHO had no ſooner told
The Lady all he had t' unfold,
But ſhe convey'd him out of Sight,
To entertain the approaching Knight:
And while he gave himſelf Diverſion,
T' accommodate his Beaſt and Perſon,
And put his Beard into a Poſture
At beſt Advantage to accoſt her;
She order'd th' Antimaſquerade
(For his Reception) aforeſaid:
But when the Ceremony was done,
The Lights put out, and Furies gone;
And HUDIBRAS, among the reſt,
Convey'd away, as RALPHO gueſs't;
The wretched Caitiff all alone,
(As he believ'd) began to moan,
And tell his Story to himſelf;
The Knight miſtook him for an Elf:
And did ſo ſtill, till he began
To ſcruple at RALPH's outward Man;
And thought, becauſe they oft agreed
T' appear in one another's Stead,
And act the Saint's and Devil's Part,
With undiſtinguiſhable Art;
They might have done ſo now, perhaps,
And put on one another's Shapes;
And therefore, to reſolve the Doubt,
He ſtar'd upon him, and cry'd out,
What art? My 'Squire, or that bold Sprite
That took his Place and Shape to Night?
Some buſy independent Pug,
Retainer to his Synagogue?

Alas! quoth he, I'm none of thoſe
Your boſom Friends, as you ſuppoſe;
But RALPH himſelf, your truſty 'Squire,
Wh' has dragg'd your Dunſhip out o' th' Mire,
And from th' Inchantments of a Widow,
Wh' had turn'd you int' a Beaſt, have freed you;
And, though a Priſoner of War,
Have brought you ſafe, where you now are;
Which you would gratefully repay,
Your conſtant Preſbyterian Way. [ſtranger,
That's ſtranger (quoth the Knight) and
Who gave thee Notice of my Danger?
Quoth he, th' infernal Conjurer
Purſu'd, and took me Priſoner;
And, knowing you were hereabout,
Brought me along to find you out.
Where I, in hugger-mugger hid,
Have noted all they ſaid or did:
And, though they lay to him the Pageant,
I did not ſee him, nor his Agent;
Who play'd their Sorceries out of Sight,
T' avoid a fiercer, ſecond Fight.
But didſt thou ſee no Devils then?
Not one (quoth he) but carnal Men,
A little worſe than Fiends in Hell,
And that She-Devil JEZABEL;
That laugh'd and tee-he'd with Deriſion,
To ſee them take your Depoſition.
What then (quoth HUDIBRAS) was he,
That play'd the Dev'l to examine me?
A rallying Weaver in the Town,
That did it in a Parſon's Gown:
Whom all the Pariſh take for gifted,
But, for my Part, I ne'er believ'd it;

In

In which you told them all your Feats,
Your conſcientious Frauds and Cheats;
Deny'd your Whipping, and confeſs't
The naked Truth of all the reſt,
More plainly than the t rev'rend Writer,
That to our Churches veil'd his Miter.
All which they took in black and white,
And cudgell'd me to under-write.
What made thee, when they all were gone,
And none, but thou and I alone,
To act the Devil, and forbear
To rid me of my helliſh Fear?
Quoth he, I knew your conſtant Rate,
And Frame of Sp'rit too obſtinate,
To be by me prevail'd upon
With any Motives of my own:
And therefore ſtrove to counterfeit
The Dev'l a-while, to nick your Wit;
The Devil, that is your conſtant Crony,
That only can prevail upon ye:
Elſe we might ſtill have been diſputing,
And they with weighty Drubs confuting.
The Knight, who now began to find
Th' had left the Enemy behind,
And ſaw no farther Harm remain,
But feeble Wearineſs and Pain;
Perceiv'd, by loſing of their Way,
Th' had gain'd th' Advantage of the Day;
And, by declining of the Road,
They had, by Chance, their Rere made good;
He ventur'd to diſmiſs his Fear,
That Parting's wont to rent and tear,
And give the deſperat'ſt Attack
To Danger ſtill behind its Back.

For having paus'd to recollect,
And on his paſt Succeſs reflect,
T' examine and conſider why,
And whence, and how they came to fly,
And, when no Devil had appear'd,
What elſe, it cou'd be ſaid, he fear'd;
It put him in ſo fierce a Rage,
He once reſolv'd to re-engage;
Toſs'd like a Foot-Ball back again,
With Shame, and Vengeance, and Diſdain.
Quoth he, it was thy Cowardiſe,
That made me from this Leaguer riſe;
And, when I had half reduc'd the Place,
To quit it infamouſly baſe.
Was better cover'd by the new
Arriv'd Detachment, than I knew:
To ſlight my new Acqueſts, and run
Victorioufly, from Battles won.
And, reck'ning all I gain'd or loſt,
To ſell them cheaper than they coſt;
To make me put myſelf to Flight,
And conqu'ring run away by Night;
To drag me out, which th' haughty Foe
Durſt never have preſum'd to do.
To mount me in the Dark by Force,
Upon the bare Ridge of my Horſe,
Expos'd in Querpo to their Rage,
Without my Arms and Equipage;
Leſt, if they ventur'd to purſue,
I might th' unequal Fight renew:
And, to preſerve thy outward Man,
Aſſum'd my Place, and led the Van.
All this, quoth RALPH, I did, 'tis true,
Not to preſerve myſelf, but you.

You,

You, who were damn'd to baſer Drubs
Than Wretches feel in Powd'ring-Tubs,
To mount two-wheel'd Carroches, worſe
Than managing a Wooden-Horſe:
Dragg'd out through ſtraiter Holes by th' Ears,
Eras'd, or coup'd for Perjurers.
Who, though th' Attempt had prov'd in vain,
Had had no Reaſon to complain;
But, ſince it proſper'd, 'tis unhandſome
To blame the Hand that paid your Ranſome;
And reſcu'd your obnoxious Bones
From unavoidable Battoons.
The Enemy was reinforc'd,
And we diſabled, and unhors'd,
Diſarm'd, unqualify'd for Fight,
And no Way left but haſty Flight,
Which, though as deſp'rate in th' Attempt,
Has giv'n you Freedom to condemn 't.
But, were our Bones in fit Condition
To reinforce the Expedition,
'Tis now unſeaſonable, and vain,
To think of falling on again:
No martial Project to ſurprize
Can ever be attempted twice;
Nor caſt Deſign ſerve afterwards,
As Gameſters tear their Loſing-Cards.
Beſide, our Bangs of Man and Beaſt
Are fit for nothing now but Reſt;
And for a-while will not be able
To rally, and prove ſerviceable.
And therefore I, with Reaſon, choſe
This Stratagem, to amuſe our Foes;
To make an honourable Retreat,
And wave a total ſure Defeat:

For

For thoſe that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's ſlain.
Hence timely Running's no mean Part
Of Conduct, in the martial Art;
By which ſome glorious Feats atchieve,
As Citizens by Breaking thrive;
And Cannons conquer Armies, while
They ſeem to draw off and recoil;
Is held the gallanteſt Courſe, and braveſt
To great Exploits, as well as ſafeſt;
That ſpares th' Expence of Time and Pains,
And dangerous beating out of Brains;
And in the End prevails as certain
As thoſe that never truſt to Fortune;
But make their Fear do Execution
Beyond the ſtouteſt Reſolution;
As Earthquakes kill without a Blow,
And, only trembling, overthrow.
If [u] th' Ancients crown'd their braveſt Men,
That only ſav'd a Citizen,
What Victory could e'er be won,
If ev'ry one would ſave but one?
Or fight indanger'd to be loſt,
Where all reſolve to ſave the moſt?
By this Means, when a Battle's won,
The War's as far from being done:
For thoſe that ſave themſelves, and fly,
Go Halves, at leaſt, i' th' Victory;
And ſometimes, when the Loſs is ſmall,
And Danger great, they challenge all;
Print new Additions to their Feats,
And Emendations in Gazets;
And when, for furious Haſte to run,
They durſt not ſtay to fire a Gun,

Have

Have don't with Bonefires, and at Home
Made Squibs and Crackers overcome:
To ſet the Rabble on a Flame,
And keep their Governors from Blame,
Diſperſe the News the Pulpit tells,
Confirm'd with Fire-works, and with Bells;
And, though reduc'd to that Extream,
They have been forc'd to ſing Te Deum;
Yet, with religious Blaſphemy,
By flattering Heaven with a Lye,
And for their Beating giving Thanks,
Th' have rais'd Recruits, and fill'd their Banks;
For thoſe who run from th' Enemy
Engage them equally to fly;
And, when the Fight becomes a Chace,
Thoſe win the Day that win the Race;
And that, which would not paſs in Fights,
Has done the Feat with eaſy Flights;
Recover'd many a deſp'rate Campaign
With Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champaign;
Reſtor'd the fainting High and Mighty
With Brandy-Wine and Aqua-vitæ;
And made 'em ſtoutly overcome
With Bacrack, Hoccamore, and Mum;
Whom the uncontroul'd Decrees of Fate
To Victory neceſſitate;
With which, although they run or burn,
They unavoidably return:
Or elſe their w Sultan Populaces
Still ſtrangle all their routed Baſſa's.
Quoth Hudibras, I underſtand
What Fights thou mean'ſt at Sea and Land,
And who thoſe were that ran away,
And yet gave out th' had won the Day;

Although

Although the Rabble fouc'd them for 't,
O'er Head and Ears in Mud and Dirt.
'Tis true, our modern Way of War
Is grown more politick by far,
But not ſo reſolute, and bold,
Nor ty'd to Honour, as the old.
For now they laugh at giving Battle,
Unleſs it be to Herds of Cattle;
Or fighting Convoys of Proviſion,
The whole Deſign o' the Expedition;
And not with downright Blows to rout
The Enemy, but eat them out:
As Fighting, in all Beaſts of Prey,
And Eating, are perform'd one Way;
To give Defiance to their Teeth,
And fight their ſtubborn Guts to Death;
And thoſe atchieve the high'ſt Renown,
That bring the other Stomachs down.
There's now no Fear of Wounds, nor Main-
All Dangers are reduc'd to Famine; [ing,
And Feats of Arms, to Plot, Deſign,
Surprize, and Stratagem, and Mine:
But have no Need, nor Uſe of Courage,
Unleſs it be for Glory, or Forage:
For, if they fight, 'tis but by Chance,
When one Side, vent'ring to advance,
And come uncivilly too near,
Are charg'd unmercifully i' th' Rere;
And forc'd, with terrible Reſiſtance,
To keep hereafter at a Diſtance,
To pick out Ground to incamp upon,
Where Store of largeſt Rivers run,
That ſerve, inſtead of peaceful Barriers,
To part th' Engagements of their Warriors;

When

Where both from Side to Side may ſkip,
And only encounter at Bo-peep:
For Men are found the ſtouter-hearted,
The certainer th' are to be parted;
And therefore poſt themſelves in Bogs,
As th' ancient × Mice attack'd the Frogs;
And made their mortal Enemy,
The Water-Rat, their ſtrict Ally.
For 'tis not now, who's ſtout and bold?
But who bears Hunger beſt, and Cold?
And he's approv'd the moſt deſerving,
Who longeſt can hold out at Starving:
And he that routs moſt Pigs and Cows,
The formidableſt Man of Proweſs.
So th' Emperor CALIGULA,
That triumph'd o'er the Britiſh Sea,
Took Crabs and Oyſters Priſoners,
And Lobſters, 'ſtead of Cuiraſiers;
Engag'd his Legions in fierce Buſtles,
With Periwinkles, Prawns, and Muſcles;
And led his Troops with furious Gallops,
To charge whole Regiments of Scallops;
Not like their ancient Way of War,
To wait on his triumphal Carr:
But, when he went to dine or ſup,
More bravely eat his Captives up;
And left all War, by his Example,
Reduc'd to Victu'ling of a Camp well.
  Quoth RALPH, By all that you have ſaid,
And twice as much that I cou'd add,
'Tis plain you cannot now do worſe,
Than take this out-of-faſhion'd Courſe;
To hope, by Stratagem, to woo her,
Or waging Battle to ſubdue her:

Though

Though ſome have done it in Romances,
And bang'd them into amorous Fancies;
As thoſe who won the AMAZONS,
By wanton drubbing of their Bones:
And ſtout y Rinaldo gain'd his Bride,
By courting of her Back and Side.
But, ſince thoſe Times and Feats are over,
They are not for a modern Lover;
When Miſtreſſes are too croſs-grain'd,
By ſuch Addreſſes to be gain'd:
And, if they were, wou'd have it out,
With many another Kind of Bout.
Therefore I hold no Courſe ſ' infeaſible,
As this of Force to win the JEZEBEL;
To ſtorm her Heart, by th' antick Charms
Of Ladies Errant, Force of Arms;
But rather ſtrive by Law to win her,
And try the Title you have in her.
Your Caſe is clear, you have her Word,
And me to witneſs the Accord;
Beſides two more of her Retinue
To teſtify what paſs'd between you;
More probable, and like to hold,
Than Hand, or Seal, or breaking Gold;
For which ſo many, that renounc'd
Their plighted Contracts, have been trounc'd;
And Bills upon Record been found,
That forc'd the Ladies to compound;
And that, unleſs I miſs the Matter,
Is all the Bus'neſs you look after:
Beſides, Encounters at the Bar
Are braver now, than thoſe in War,
In which the Law does Execution,
With leſs Diſorder and Confuſion:

Has

Has more of Honour in 't, ſome hold,
Not like the new Way, but the old;
When thoſe the Pen had drawn together
Decided Quarrels with the Feather,
And wing'd with Arrows kill'd as dead,
And more than Bullets now of Lead:
So all their Combats now, as then,
Are manag'd chiefly by the Pen;
That does the Feat, with braver Vigours,
In Words at Length, as well as Figures;
Is Judge of all the World performs
In voluntary Feats of Arms;
And, whatſoe'er's atchiev'd in Fight,
Determines which is wrong or right:
For whether you prevail, or loſe,
All muſt be try'd there in the Cloſe:
And therefore 'tis not wiſe to ſtrun
What you muſt truſt to, e're y' have done.
The Law, that ſettles all you do,
And marries where you did but woo;
That makes the moſt perfidious Lover
A Lady, that's as falſe, recover:
And, if it judge upon your Side,
Will ſoon extend her for your Bride:
And put her Perſon, Goods, or Lands,
Or which you like beſt, int' your Hands.
For Law's the Wiſdom of all Ages,
And manag'd by the ableſt Sages;
Who, though their Buſ'neſs at the Bar
Be but a Kind of Civil War,
In which th' engage with fiercer Dudgeons,
Than e'er the GRECIANS did, and TROJANS;
They never manage the Conteſt
T' impair the publick Intereſt;

Or

Or by their Controverſies leſſen
The Dignity of their Profeſſion;
Not like us Brethren, who divide
Our Common-wealth, the Cauſe and Side;
And though w' are all as near of Kindred
As th' outward Man is to the inward;
We agree in nothing, but to wrangle
About the ſlighteſt Fingle-fangle;
While Lawyers have more ſober Senſe,
Than to argue at their own Expence,
But make their beſt Advantages
Of others Quarrels, like the Swiss:
And out of foreign Controverſies,
By aiding both Sides, fill their Purſes;
But have no Int'reſt in the Cauſe
For which th' engage, and wage the Laws;
Nor further Proſpect than their Pay,
Whether they loſe or win the Day.
And though th' abounded in all Ages,
With ſundry learned Clerks and Sages;
Though all their Buſineſs be Diſpute,
Which Way they canvaſs ev'ry Suit;
Th' have no Diſputes about their Art,
Nor in Polemicks controvert:
While all Profeſſions elſe are found
With nothing but Diſputes t' abound:
Divines of all Sorts, and Phyſicians,
Philoſophers, Mathematicians;
The Galeniſt, and Paracelſian,
Condemn the Way each other deals in:
Anatomiſts diſſect and mangle,
To cut themſelves out Work to wrangle;
Aſtrologers diſpute their Dreams,
That in their Sleeps they talk of Schemes:

And

And Heralds ſtickle, who got who,
So many hundred Years ago.
But Lawyers are too wiſe a Nation,
T' expoſe their Trade to Diſputation;
Or make the buſy Rabble Judges
Of all their ſecret Piques and Grudges;
In which, whoever wins the Day,
The whole Profeſſion's ſure to pay.
Beſide, no Mountebanks, nor Cheats,
Dare undertake to do their Feats;
When in all other Sciences
They ſwarm, like Inſects, and increaſe.
For what Bigot durſt ever draw,
By inward Light, a Deed in Law?
Or could hold forth, by Revelation,
An Anſwer to a Declaration?
For thoſe that meddle with their Tools
Will cut their Fingers, if they're Fools:
And if you follow their Advice,
In Bills, and Anſwers, and Replies;
They'll write a Love-Letter in Chancery,
Shall bring her upon Oath to anſwer ye,
And ſoon reduce her to b' your Wife,
Or make her weary of her Life.
The Knight, who us'd with Tricks and [Shifts
To edify, by RALPHO's Gifts,
But in Appearance cry'd him down,
To make them better ſeem his own,
(All Plagiaries conſtant Courſe
Of ſinking, when they take a Purſe)
Reſolv'd to follow his Advice,
But kept it from him by Diſguiſe:
And after ſtubborn Contradiction,
To counterfeit his own Conviction,

And by Tranſition fall upon
The Reſolution, as his own.
Quoth he, this Gambol thou adviſeſt
Is of all others the unwiſeſt;
For, if I think by Law to gain her,
There's nothing fillier, or vainer.
'Tis but to hazard my Pretence,
Where nothing's certain, but th' Expence;
To act againſt myſelf, and traverſe
My Suit, and Title to their Favours:
And if ſhe ſhou'd, which Heav'n forbid,
O'erthrow me, as the Fidler did;
What After-courſe have I to take,
'Gainſt loſing all I have at Stake?
He that with Injury is griev'd,
And goes to Law to be reliev'd,
Is fillier than a ſottiſh Chowſe,
Who, when a Thief has robb'd his Houſe,
Applies himſelf to Cunning-Men,
To help him to his Goods agen;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to ſquander more in vain:
And yet I have no other Way,
But is as difficult, to play.
For to reduce her, by main Force,
Is now in vain; by fair Means, worſe:
But worſt of all to give her over,
'Till ſhe's as deſp'rate to recover.
For bad Games are thrown up too ſoon,
Until th' are never to be won.
But ſince I have no other Courſe,
But is as bad t' attempt, or worſe;
He, that complies againſt his Will,
Is of his own Opinion ſtill;

Which

Which he may adhere to, yet diſown,
For Reaſons to himſelf beſt known:
But 'tis not to b' avoided now,
For SIDROPHEL reſolves to ſue:
Whom I muſt anſwer, or begin
Inevitably firſt with him.
For I've receiv'd Advertiſement,
By Times enough, of his Intent;
And knowing he, that firſt complains,
Th' Advantage of the Buſineſs gains:
For Courts of Juſtice underſtand
The Plaintiff to be eldeſt Hand;
Who what he pleaſes may aver,
The other, nothing till he ſwear:
Is freely admitted to all Grace,
And lawful Favour, by his Place:
And, for his bringing Cuſtom in,
Has all Advantages to win.
I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky Opportunity,
Will go to Council, to adviſe
Which Way t' encounter, or ſurprize;
And, after long Conſideration,
Have found out one to fit th' Occaſion;
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As Counſellor, and Juſtice too:
And truly ſo, no doubt, he was,
A Lawyer fit for ſuch a Caſe.
An [2] old dull Sot, who told the Clock
For many Years at Bridewell-dock,
At Weſtminſter, and Hicks's Hall,
And Hiccius Doctius play'd in all;
Where, in all Governments and Times,
H' had been both Friend and Foe to Crimes,

And

And us'd two equal Ways of gaining,
By hind'ring Juſtice, or maintaining:
To many a Whore give Priviledge,
And whipp'd, for want of Quarteridge;
Cart-loads of Bawds to Priſon ſent,
For b'ing behind a Fortnight's Rent:
And many a truſty Pimp and Croney
To [a] Puddle-dock, for want of Money:
Engag'd the Conſtable to ſeize
All thoſe that would not break the Peace;
Nor give him back his own foul Words,
Though ſometimes Commoners, or Lords,
And kept 'em Priſoners of Courſe,
For being ſober at ill Hours;
That, in the Morning he might free,
Or bind 'em over for his Fee.
Made [b] Monſters fine, and Puppet-Plays,
For Leave to practiſe in their Ways;
Farm'd out all Cheats, and went a Share
With th' Headborough and Scavenger:
And made the Dirt i' th' Streets compound
For taking up the publick Ground:
The Kennel, and the King's Highway,
For being unmoleſted, pay;
Let out the Stocks, and Whipping-Poſt,
And Cage, to thoſe that gave him moſt;
Impos'd a Tax on Bakers Ears,
And for falſe Weight on Chandelers;
Made Victuallers and Vinters fine
For arbitrary Ale and Wine.
But was a kind and conſtant Friend
To all that regularly offend:
As Reſidentiary Bawds,
And Brokers, that receive ſtol'n Goods;

That

That cheat in lawful Myſteries,
And pay Church-Duties, and his Fees:
But was implacable, and aukward
To all that interlop'd and hawker'd.
To this brave Man the Knight repairs
For Council in his Law-Affairs;
And found him mounted in his Pew,
With Books and Money plac'd for Shew,
Like Neſt-Eggs to make Clients lay,
And for his falſe Opinion pay:
To whom the Knight, with comely Grace,
Put off his Hat to put his Caſe:
Which he as proudly entertain'd
As th' other courteouſly ſtrain'd;
And, to aſſure him 'twas not that
He look'd for, bid him put on's Hat.
Quoth he, there is one SIDROPHEL,
Whom I have cudgell'd—Very well.
And now he brags t' have beaten me;—
Better and better ſtill, quoth he:
And vows to ſtick me to a Wall,
Where-e'er he meets me—Beſt of all.
'Tis true, the Knave has taken's Oath
That I robb'd him—Well done, in Troth.
When h' has confeſs'd he ſtole my Cloak,
And pick'd my Fob, and what he took;
Which was the Cauſe that made me bang him,
And take my Goods again—Marry hang him.
Now whether I ſhould before-hand
Swear he robb'd me?—I underſtand.
Or bring my Action of Converſion
And Trover for my Goods?—Ah Whorſon.
Or if 'tis better to indite,
And bring him to his Trial;—Right;

Prevent what he deſigns to do,
And ſwear for th' State againſt him?—True.
Or whether he that is Defendant,
In this Caſe, has the better End on't;
Who, putting in a new Croſs-Bill,
May traverſe th' Action?—Better ſtill.
Then there's a Lady too,—Aye marry,—
That's eaſily prov'd acceſſary;
A Widow, who, by ſolemn Vows
Contracted to me for my Spouſe,
Combin'd with him to break her Word,
And has abetted all.—Good Lord!
Suborn'd th' aforeſaid SIDROPHEL
To tamper with the Dev'l of Hell;
Who put m' into a horrid Fear,
Fear of my Life,—Make that appear.
Made an Aſſault with Fiends and Men
Upon my Body—Good agen:
And kept me in a deadly Fright,
And falſe Impriſonment, all Night:
Mean while they robb'd me, and my Horſe,
And ſtole my Saddle,—Worſe and worſe.
And made me mount upon the bare Ridge,
T' avoid a wretcheder Miſcarriage.
Sir, quoth the Lawyer, not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a Battery
As Heart can wiſh, and need not ſhame
The proudeſt Man alive to claim.
For if th' have us'd you, as you ſay;
Marry, quoth I, God give you Joy;
I wou'd it were my Caſe, I'd give
More than I'll ſay, or you'll believe:
I would ſo trounce her and her Purſe,
I'd make her kneel for better or worſe;

For Matrimony and Hanging here
Both go by Deſtiny ſo clear,
That you as ſure may pick and chooſe,
As Croſs I win, and Pile you loſe;
And, if I durſt, I would advance
As much in ready Maintenance,
As upon any Caſe I've known,
But we that practiſe dare not own;
The Law ſeverely contrabands
Our taking Bus'neſs off Men's Hands;
'Tis common Barratry, that bears
Point-blank an Action 'gainſt our Ears,
And crops them till there is not Leather,
To ſtick a Pin in, left of either;
For which ſome do the Summer-Sault,
And o'er the Bar, like Tumblers, vault.
But you may ſwear, at any Rate,
Things not in Nature, for the State:
For in all Courts of Juſtice here
A Witneſs is not ſaid to ſwear,
But make an Oath; that is, in plain Terms,
To forge whatever he affirms.
(I thank you, quoth the Knight, for that,
Becauſe 'tis to my Purpoſe pat---)
For Juſtice, though ſhe's painted blind,
Is to the Weaker Side inclin'd,
Like Charity; elſe Right and Wrong
Could never hold it out ſo long;
And, like blind Fortune, with a Slight
Convey Men's Intereſt and Right,
From c Stiles's Pocket into Nokes's,
As eaſily as Hocus Pocus:
Plays faſt and looſe, makes Men obnoxious,
And clear again, like Hiccius Doctius.

Then whether you wou'd take her Life,
Or but recover her for your Wife;
Or be content with what ſhe has,
And let all other Matters paſs;
The Bus'neſs to the Law's alone,
The Proof is all it looks upon:
And you can want no Witneſſes
To ſwear to any Thing you pleaſe,
That hardly get their meer Expences
By th' Labour of their Conſciences;
Or letting out to hire their Ears
To Affidavit-Cuſtomers:
At inconſiderable Values
To ſerve for Jury-Men, or Tales,
Although retain'd in th' hardeſt Matters,
Of Truſtees and Adminiſtrators.
For that, quoth he, let me alone;
W' have Store of ſuch, and all our own;
Bred up and tutor'd by our Teachers,
The ableſt of Conſcience-ſtretchers.
That's well, quoth he, but I ſhould gueſs,
By weighing all Advantages,
Your ſureſt Way is firſt to pitch
On d Bongey, for a Water-Witch;
And, when y' have hang'd the Conjurer,
Y' have Time enough to deal with her.
In th' Int'rim, ſpare for no Trepans
To draw her Neck into the Banes:
Ply her with Love-Letters and Billets,
And bait 'em well, for Quirks and Quillets,
With Trains t' inveigle, and ſurprize
Her heedleſs Anſwers and Replies:
And, if ſhe miſs the Mouſe-trap Lines,
They'll ſerve for other By-Deſigns;

And make an Artiſt underſtand
To copy out her Seal, or Hand;
Or find void Places in the Paper
To ſteal in ſomething to intrap her;
Till with her worldly Goods and Body,
Spight of her Heart, ſhe has indow'd ye:
Retain all Sorts of Witneſſes,
That ply i' th' Temples, under Trees;
Or walk the Round, with Knights o' th' Poſts,
About the croſs-legg'd Knights, their Hoſts;
Or wait for Cuſtomers between
The Pillars-Rows in Lincoln's-Inn:
Where Vouchers, Forgers, Common-bail,
And Affidavit-Men ne'er fail
T' expoſe to Sale all Sorts of Oaths,
According to their Ears and Cloaths,
Their only neceſſary Tools,
Beſides the Goſpel, and their Souls.
And, when y' are furniſh'd with all Purveys,
I ſhall be ready at your Service.
I would not give, quoth HUDIBRAS,
A Straw to underſtand a Caſe,
Without the admirable Skill
To wind and manage it at Will;
To vere, and tack, and ſteer a Cauſe
Againſt the Weather-gage of Laws;
And ring the Changes upon Caſes,
As plain as Noſes upon Faces,
As you have well inſtructed me,
For which you've earn'd (here 'tis) your Fee.
I long to practiſe your Advice,
And try the ſubtle Artifice;
To bait a Letter, as you bid,
As, not long after, thus he did:

For, having pump'd up all his Wit,
And hum'd upon it, thus he writ.

An Heroical

EPISTLE

OF

Hudibras to his Lady.

I Who was once as great as Cæsar,
Am now reduc'd to Nebuchadnezzar;
And from as fam'd a Conqueror
As ever took Degree in War,
Or did his Exercise in Battle,
By you turn'd out to Grass with Cattle:
For since I am deny'd Access
To all my earthly Happiness;
Am fallen from the Paradise
Of your good Graces, and fair Eyes;
Lost to the World, and you, I'm sent
To everlasting Banishment;
Where all the Hopes I had t' have won
Your Heart, b'ing dash'd, will break my own.
Yet, if you were not so severe
To pass your Doom before you hear,

You'ld

Youl'd find, upon my juſt Defence,
How much y'have wrong'd my Innocence.
That once I made a Vow to you,
Which yet is unperform'd, 'tis true;
But not, becauſe it is unpaid,
'Tis violated, though delay'd:
Or, if it were, it is no Fault,
So heinous as you'ld have it thought;
To undergo the Loſs of Ears,
Like vulgar Hackney Perjurers:
For there's a Diff'rence in the Caſe,
Between the Noble, and the Baſe;
Who always are obſerv'd t'have don't
Upon as different an Account:
The one for great and weighty Cauſe,
To ſalve in Hononr ugly Flaws;
For none are like to do it ſooner
Than thoſe who are niceſt of their Honour:
The other, for baſe Gain and Pay,
Forſwear and Perjure by the Day;
And make th' Expoſing and Retailing
Their Souls and Conſciences a Calling.
It is no Scandal, nor Aſperſion
Upon a Great and Noble Perſon,
To ſay he nat'rally abhorr'd
Th' old-faſhion'd Trick, to keep his Word,
Though 'tis Perfidiouſneſs and Shame,
In meaner Men, to do the ſame:
For to be able to forget
Is found more uſeful to the Great,
Than Gout, or Deafneſs, or bad Eyes,
To make 'em paſs for wond'rous wiſe.
But though the Law, on Perjurers,
Inflicts the Forfeiture of Ears;

It is not juſt, that does exempt
The Guilty, and puniſh the Innocent:
To make the Ears repair the Wrong
Committed by th' ungovern'd Tongue;
And, when one Member is forſworn,
Another to be cropt, or torn.
And if you ſhould, as you deſign,
By Courſe of Law recover mine,
You're like, if you conſider right,
To gain but little Honour by't.
For he that for his Lady's Sake
Lays down his Life or Limbs at Stake,
Does not ſo much deſerve her Favour,
As he that pawns his Soul to have her.
This y' have acknowledg'd I have done,
Although you now diſdain to own:
But ſentence what you rather ought
T' eſteem good Service, than a Fault.
Beſides, Oaths are not bound to bear
That literal Senſe the Words infer;
But, by the Practice of the Age,
Are to be judg'd how far th' engage;
And, where the Senſe by Cuſtom's checkt,
Are found Void, and of none Effect.
For no Man takes or keeps a Vow,
But juſt as he ſees others do;
Nor are th' oblig'd to be ſo brittle,
As not to yield, and bow a little:
For as beſt-temper'd Blades are found,
Before they break, to bend quite round;
So trueſt Oaths are ſtill moſt tough,
And, though they bow, are breaking Proof.
Then wherefore ſhould they not b' allow'd
In Love a greater Latitude?

For,

For, as the Law of Arms approves
All Ways to Conqueſt, ſo ſhould Love's;
And not be ty'd to true or falſe,
But make that juſteſt that prevails:
For how can that which is above
All Empire, high and mighty Love,
Submit its great Prerogative
To any other Power alive?
Shall Love, that to no Crown gives Place,
Become the Subject of a Caſe?
The fundamental Law of Nature
Be over-rul'd by thoſe made after?
Commit the Cenſure of its Cauſe
To any, but its own great Laws?
Love, that's the World's Preſervative,
That keeps all Souls of Things alive;
Controuls the mighty Pow'r of Fate,
And gives Mankind a longer Date;
The Life of Nature that reſtores,
As faſt as Time and Death devours;
To whoſe Free-Gift the World does owe,
Not only Earth, but Heav'n too:
For Love's the only Trade that's driven,
The Intereſt of State in Heav'n,
Which nothing but the Soul of Man
Is capable to entertain.
For what can Earth produce, but Love,
To repreſent the Joys above?
Or who, but Lovers, can converſe,
Like Angels, by the Eye-Diſcourſe?
Addreſs, and Compliment by Viſion,
Make Love, and court by Intuition?
And burn in amorous Flames as fierce
As thoſe celeſtial Miniſters?

Then how can any Thing offend,
In order to ſo great an End?
Or Heav'n itſelf a Sin reſent,
That for its own Supply was meant?
That merits, in a kind Miſtake,
A Pardon for th' Offence's Sake.
Or if it did not, but the Cauſe
Were left to th' Injury of Laws,
What Tyranny can diſapprove
There ſhould be Equity in Love?
For Laws that are inanimate,
And feel no Senſe of Love, or Hate;
That have no Paſſion of their own,
Nor Pity to be wrought upon;
Are only proper to inflict
Revenge on Criminals as ſtrict:
But to have Power to forgive
Is Empire, and Prerogative;
And 'tis in Crowns a nobler Gem
To grant a Pardon, than condemn.
Then, ſince ſo few do what they ought,
'Tis great t' indulge a well-meant Fault;
For why ſhould he who made Addreſs
All humble Ways, without Succeſs,
And met with nothing in Return,
But Inſolence, Affronts, and Scorn,
Not ſtrive by Wit to countermine,
And bravely carry his Deſign?
He who was us'd ſo unlike a Soldier
Blown up with Philtres of Love-powder?
And after letting Blood, and Purging,
Condemn'd to voluntary Scourging:
Alarm'd with many a horrid Fright,
And claw'd by Goblins in the Night;

Inſulted

Inſulted on, revil'd, and jeer'd,
With rude Invaſion of his Beard;
And, when your Sex was foully ſcandal'd,
As foully by the Rabble handled:
Attack'd by deſpicable Foes,
And drubb'd with mean and vulgar Blows;
And, after all, to be debarr'd
So much as ſtanding on his Guard:
When Horſes, being ſpurr'd and prick'd,
Have Leave to kick for being kick'd?
Or why ſhould you, whoſe Mother-Wits
Are furniſh'd with all Perquiſits;
That with your Breeding Teeth begin,
And nurſing Babies, that lie in;
B' allow'd to put all Tricks upon
Our cully Sex, and we uſe none?
We, who have nothing but frail Vows,
Againſt your Stratagems t' oppoſe,
Or Oaths more feeble than your own,
By which we are no leſs put down?
You wound like g Parthians, while you fly,
And kill with a retreating Eye:
Retire the more, the more we preſs,
To draw us into Ambuſhes.
As Pyrates all falſe Colours wear
T' intrap th' unwary Mariner;
So Women to ſurprize us ſpread
The borrow'd Flags of White and Red;
Diſplay 'em thicker on their Cheeks,
Than their old Grandmothers, the Picts;
And raiſe more Devils with their Looks,
Than Conjurers leſs ſubtle Books;
Lay Trains of amorous Intrigues,
In Tow'rs, and Curls, and Perriwigs,

With greater Art and Cunning rear'd,
Than h Philip Nye's Thanksgiving Beard,
Prepost'rously t' entice, and gain
Those to adore 'em they disdain;
And only draw 'em in, to clog
With idle Names a Catalogue.
A Lover is, the more he's brave
T' his Mistress, but the more a Slave;
And whatsoever she commands
Becomes a Favour from her Hands;
Which he's oblig'd t' obey, and must;
Whether it be unjust, or just.
Then, when he is compell'd by her
T' Adventures he would else forbear,
Who with his Honour can withstand,
Since Force is greater than Command?
And, when Necessity's obey'd,
Nothing can be unjust, or bad:
And therefore when the mighty Pow'rs
Of Love, our great Ally, and yours,
Join'd Forces not to be withstood
By frail inamour'd Flesh and Blood:
All I have done, unjust or ill,
Was in Obedience to your Will;
And all the Blame, that can be due,
Falls to your Cruelty and you.
Nor are those Scandals I confest,
Against my Will and Interest,
More than is daily done of Course,
By all Men, when they're under Force.
When some, upon the Rack, confess
What th' Hangman and their Prompters please;
But are no sooner out of Pain,
Than they deny it all again.

But,

But, when the Devil turns Confeſſor,
Truth is a Crime he takes no Pleaſure
To hear, or pardon like the Founder
Of Lyars, whom they all claim under.
And therefore, when I told him none,
I think it was the wiſer doſe.
Nor am I without Precedent,
The firſt that on th' Adventure went:
All Mankind ever did of Courſe,
And daily does the ſame, or worſe.
For what Romance can ſhew a Lover
That had a Lady to recover,
And did not ſteer a nearer Courſe,
To fall a-board on his Amours?
And what at firſt was held a Crime
Has turn'd to Honourable in Time.
To what a Height did [i] Infant ROME,
By Raviſhing of Women, come?
When Men upon their Spouſes ſeiz'd,
And freely marry'd where they pleas'd:
They ne'er forſwore themſelves, nor ly'd,
Nor, in the Mind they were in, dy'd:
Nor took the Pains t' addreſs and ſue,
Nor play'd the Maſquerade to woo:
Diſdain'd to ſtay for Friends Conſents:
Nor juggled about Settlements;
Did need no Licenſe, nor no Prieſt,
Nor Friends, nor Kindred, to aſſiſt;
Nor Lawyers, to join Land and Money
In th' holy State of Matrimony,
Before they ſettled Hands and Hearts,
Till [k] Alimony, or Death, departs:
Nor wou'd endure to ſtay until
Th' had got the very Bride's good Will,

But

But took a wiſe and ſhorter Courſe
To win the Ladies, down-right Force:
And juſtly made 'em Priſoners then,
As they have, often ſince, us Men;
With acting Plays, and dancing Jigs,
The luckieſt of all Love's Intrigues.
And, when they had them at their Pleaſure,
Then talk'd of Love, and Flames, at Leiſure:
For, after Matrimony's over,
He that holds out but half a Lover
Deſerves for ev'ry Minute more,
Than half a Year of Love before;
For which the Dames, in Contemplation
Of that beſt Way of Application,
Prov'd nobler Wives than e'er was known,
By Suit, or Treaty, to be won:
And ſuch as all Poſterity
Cou'd never equal, nor come nigh.
For Women firſt were made for Men,
Not Men for them.---it follows then,
That Men have Right to ev'ry one,
And they no Freedom of their own:
And therefore Men have Pow'r to chuſe,
But they no Charter to refuſe.
Hence 'tis apparent, that what Courſe
Soe'er we take to your Amours,
Though by the indirecteſt Way,
'Tis no Injuſtice, nor foul Play;
And that you ought to take that Courſe,
As we take you, for better or worſe;
And gratefully ſubmit to thoſe
Who you, before another, choſe.
For why ſhould ev'ry ſavage Beaſt
Exceed his great Lord's Intereſt?

Have

Have freer Pow'r, than he, in Grace
And Nature, o'er the Creature has?
Becauſe the Laws he ſince has made
Have cut off all the Pow'r he had;
Retrench'd the abſolute Dominion
That Nature gave him over Women;
When all his Pow'r will not extend
One Law of Nature to ſuſpend:
And but to offer to repeal
The ſmalleſt Clauſe is to rebel.
This, if Men rightly underſtood
Their Privilege, they would make good;
And not, like Sots, permit their Wives
T' incroach on their Prerogatives;
For which Sin they deſerve to be
Kept, as they are, in Slavery:
And this ſome precious gifted Teachers,
Unrev'rently reputed Leachers,
And diſobey'd in making Love,
Have vow'd to all the World to prove,
And make ye ſuffer, as you ought
For that uncharitable Fault.
But I forget myſelf, and rove
Beyond th' Inſtructions of my Love.
Forgive me, (Fair) and only blame
Th' Extravagancy of my Flame,
Since 'tis too much at once to ſhow
Exceſs of Love and Temper too.
All I have ſaid that's bad, and true,
Was never meant to aim at you,
Who have ſo ſov'reign a Controul
O'er that poor Slave of yours, my Soul:
That, rather than to forfeit you,
Has ventur'd Loſs of Heaven too:

Both with an equal Pow'r poſſeſt,
To render all that ſerve you bleſt:
But none like him, who's deſtin'd either
To have, or loſe you, both together.
And if you'll but this Fault releaſe,
(For ſo it muſt be, ſince you pleaſe)
I'll pay down all that Vow, and more,
Which you commanded, and I ſwore,
And expiate upon my Skin
Th' Arrears in full of all my Sin.
For 'tis but juſt, that I ſhould pay
Th' accruing Penance, for Delay,
Which ſhould be done, until it move
Your equal Pity, and your Love.
The Knight, peruſing this Epiſtle,
Believ'd h' had brought her to his Whiſtle;
And read it like a jocund Lover,
With great Applauſe t' himſelf, twice over;
Subſcrib'd his Name, but at a fit
And humble Diſtance to his Wit;
And dated it with wond'rous Art,
Given from the Bottom of his Heart;
Then ſeal'd it with his Coat of Love,
A ſmoking Faggot,---and above,
Upon a Scroll----I burn, and weep,
And near it----For her Ladyſhip,
Of all her Sex moſt excellent,
Theſe to her gentle Hands preſent.
Then gave it to his faithful 'Squire,
With Leſſons how t' obſerve, and eye her.
She firſt conſider'd which was better,
To ſend it back or burn the Letter.
But, gueſſing that it might import,
Though nothing elſe, at leaſt her Sport,

She

She open'd it, and read it out,
With many a Smile and leering Flout:
Resolv'd to answer it in kind,
And thus perform'd what she design'd.

THE LADY's ANSWER TO THE KNIGHT.

THAT you're a Beast, and turn'd to Grass,
Is no strange News, nor ever was,
At least to me, who once, you know,
Did from the Pound replevin you,
When both your Sword and Spurs were won
In Combat by an Amazon:
That Sword, that did (like Fate) determine
Th' inevitable Death of Vermine;
And never dealt its furious Blows,
But cut the Throats of Pigs and Cows;
By Trulla was, in single Fight,
Disarm'd, and wrested from its Knight,
Your Heels degraded of your Spurs,
And in the Stocks close Prisoners.

Where

Where ſtill they'd lay'n, in baſe Reſtraint,
If I, in Pity of your Complaint,
Had not, on honourable Conditions,
Releas'd 'em from the worſt of Priſons;
And what Return that Favour met,
You cannot (though you wou'd) forget;
When, being free, you ſtrove t' evade
The Oaths you had in Priſon made;
Forſwore yourſelf, and firſt deny'd it,
But after own'd and juſtify'd it:
And, when y' had falſly broke one Vow,
Abſolv'd yourſelf, by breaking two.
For while you ſneakingly ſubmit,
And beg for Pardon at our Feet,
Diſcourag'd by your guilty Fears
To hope for Quarter for your Ears;
And, doubting 'twas in vain to ſue,
You claim us boldly as your Due;
Declare that Treachery and Force,
To deal with us, is th' only Courſe;
We have no Title nor Pretence
To Body, Soul, or Conſcience:
But ought to fall to that Man's Share
That claims us for his proper Ware.
Theſe are the Motives, which t' induce,
Or fright us into Love, you uſe.
A pretty new Way of Gallanting,
Between Solliciting and Ranting;
Like ſturdy Beggars, that intreat
For Charity at once, and threat.
But ſince you undertake to prove
Your own Propriety in Love,
As if we were but lawful Prize
In War between two Enemies;

Or

Or Forfeitures, which ev'ry Lover,
That wou'd but ſue for, might recover;
It is not hard to underſtand
The Myſt'ry of this bold Demand,
That cannot at our Perſons aim,
But ſomething capable of Claim.
'Tis not thoſe paultry counterfeit
French Stones, which in our Eyes you ſet,
But our right Diamonds, that inſpire
And ſet your am'rous Hearts on Fire:
Nor can thoſe falſe St. Martin's Beads
Which on our Lips you lay for Reds,
And make us wear, like Indian Dames,
Add Fuel to your ſcorching Flames:
But thoſe true Rubies of the Rock,
Which in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not thoſe Orient Pearls our Teeth,
That you are ſo tranſported with:
But thoſe we wear about our Necks
Produce thoſe amorous Effects.
Nor is't thoſe Threads of Gold, our Hair,
The Perriwigs you make us wear;
But thoſe bright Guinea's in our Cheſts,
That light the Wild-fire in your Breaſts.
Theſe Love-tricks I've been vers'd in ſo,
That all their ſly Intrigues I know,
And can unriddle by their Tones
Their myſtick Cabals and Jargones;
Can tell what Paſſions, by their Sounds,
Pine for the Beauties of my Grounds;
What Raptures fond and amorous
O' th' Charms and Graces of my Houſe;
What Extaſy, and ſcorching Flame,
Burns for my Money, in my Name:

What

What from th' unnatural Deſire
To Beaſts and Cattle takes its Fire;
What tender Sigh, and trickling Tear,
Longs for a thouſand Pounds a Year;
And languiſhing Tranſports are fond
Of Statute, Mortgage, Bill, and Bond.
These are th' Attracts which moſt Men fall
Inamour'd, at firſt Sight, withal;
To theſe th' addreſs with Serenades,
And court with Balls and Maſquerades;
And yet, for all the yearning Pain
Y' have ſuffer'd for their Loves in vain,
I fear they'll prove ſo nice and coy
To have, and t' hold, and to enjoy;
That, all your Oaths and Labour loſt,
They'll ne'er turn Ladies of the Poſt.
This is not meant to diſapprove
Your Judgment, in your Choice of Love;
Which is ſo wiſe, the greateſt Part
Of Mankind ſtudy't as an Art;
For Love ſhou'd, like a Deodand,
Still fall to th' Owner of the Land:
And, where there's Subſtance for its Ground,
Cannot but be more firm and ſound,
Than that which has the ſlighter Baſis
Of airy Virtue, Wit, and Graces;
Which is of ſuch thin Subtlety,
It ſteals and creeps in at the Eye,
And, as it can't endure to ſtay,
Steals out again, as nice a Way.
But Love, that its Extraction owns
From ſolid Gold, and precious Stones,
Muſt, like its ſhining Parents, prove
As ſolid, and as glorious Love.

Hence

Hence 'tis you have no Way t' expreſs
Our Charms and Graces, but by theſe:
For what are Lips, and Eyes, and Teeth,
Which Beauty invades and conquers with;
But Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds,
With which a Philtre-Love Commands?
This is the Way all Parents prove,
In managing their Childrens Love;
That force 'em t' inter-marry and wed,
As if th' were bur'ing of the Dead.
Caſt Earth to Earth, as in the Grave,
To join in Wedlock all they have;
And, when the Settlement's in Force,
Take all the reſt, for better, or worſe:
For Money has a Power above
The Stars, and Fate, to manage Love;
Whoſe Arrows, learned Poets hold,
That never miſs, are | tipp'd with Gold.
And though ſome ſay, the Parents Claims
To make Love in their Children's Names;
Who, many Times, at once provide
The Nurſe, the Huſband, and the Bride;
Feel Darts and Charms, Attracts and Flames,
And Woo, and Contract in their Names:
And, as they chriſten, uſe to marry 'em,
And like their Goſſips anſwer for 'em;
Is not to give in Matrimony,
But ſell and proſtitute for Money.
'Tis better than their own Betrothing,
Who often do't for worſe than nothing:
And, when th' are at their own Diſpoſe,
With greater Diſadvantage chooſe.
All this is right; but for the Courſe
You take to do't, by Fraud, or Force,

'Tis

'Tis ſo ridiculous, as ſoon
As told, 'tis never to be done,
No more than Settters can betray,
That tell what Tricks they are to play.
Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow,
Which all Men either break, or bow:
Then what will thoſe forbear to do,
Who perjure, when they do but woo?
Such as before-hand ſwear and lye,
For Earneſt to their Treachery:
And, rather than a Crime confeſs,
With greater ſtrive to make it leſs:
Like Thieves, who, after Sentence paſt,
Maintain their Innocence to the laſt;
And when their Crimes were made appear
As plain as Witneſſes can ſwear;
Yet, when the Wretches come to die,
Will take upon their Death a Lye.
Nor are the Virtues, you confeſt
T' your Ghoſtly Father, as you gueſt,
So ſlight, as to be juſtify'd
By being, as ſhamefully, deny'd.
As if you thought your Word would paſs,
Point-blank, on both Sides of a Caſe:
Or Credit were not to be loſt,
B' a brave Knight-Errant of the Poſt,
That eats perfidiouſly his Word,
And ſwears his Ears, through a two Inch Board:
Can own the ſame Thing, and diſown,
And perjure Booty, Pro and Con:
Can make the Goſpel ſerve his Turn,
And help him out, to be forſworn:
When 'tis laid Hands upon, and kiſt,
To be betray'd, and ſold like Chriſt.

Theſe

These are the Virtues, in whose Name,
A Right to all the World you claim,
And boldly challenge a Dominion,
In Grace and Nature, o'er all Women:
Of whom, no less will satisfy,
Than all the Sex, your Tyranny.
Although you'll find it a hard Province,
With all your crafty Frauds and Covins,
To govern such a num'rous Crew,
Who, one by one, now govern you:
For, if you all were SOLOMONS,
And Wise and Great as he was once,
You'll find they're able to subdue
(As they did him) and baffle you.
And, if you are impos'd upon,
'Tis by your own Temptation done,
That with your Ignorance invite,
And teach us how to use the Slight.
For when we find y' are still more taken
With false Attracts of our own making,
Swear that's a Rose, and that a Stone,
Like Sots, to us that laid it on;
And what we did but slightly prime
Most ignorantly daub in Rhime;
You force us, in our own Defences,
To copy Beams and Influences:
To lay Perfections on the Graces,
And draw Attracts upon our Faces;
And, in Compliance to your Wit,
Your own false Jewels counterfeit.
For, by the Practice of those Arts,
We gain a greater Share of Hearts;
And those deserve in Reason most
That greatest Pains and Study cost:

For

For great Perfections are, like Heav'n,
Too rich a Preſent to be given.
Nor are thoſe Maſter-Strokes of Beauty
To be perform'd, without hard Duty,
Which, when they're nobly done and well,
The ſimple Natural excell.
How fair and ſweet the planted Roſe
Beyond the wild in Hedges grows!
For without Art the nobleſt Seeds
Of Flow'rs degen'rate into Weeds.
How dull and rugged, e're 'tis ground,
And poliſh'd, looks a Diamond?
Though Paradiſe were e'er ſo fair,
It was not kept ſo, without Care.
The whole World, without Art and Dreſs,
Would be but one great Wilderneſs;
And Mankind but a ſavage Herd,
For all that Nature has conferr'd.
This does but Rough-hew, and Deſign;
Leaves Art to Poliſh, and Refine.
Though Women firſt were made for Men,
Yet Men were made for them agen:
For when (outwitted by his Wife)
Man firſt turn'd Tenant but for Life;
If Women had not interven'd,
How ſoon had Mankind had an End!
And that it is in Being yet,
To us alone, you are in Debt.
And where's your Liberty of Choice,
And our unnatural No Voice?
Since all the Privilege you boaſt,
And falſly uſurp'd, or vainly loſt,
Is now our Right; to whoſe Creation
You owe your happy Reſtoration.

And, if we had not weighty Cauſe
To not appear, in making Laws,
We could, in ſpight of all your Tricks,
And ſhallow, formal Politicks,
Force you our Managements t' obey,
As we to yours (in Shew) give Way.
Hence 'tis that, while you vainly ſtrive
T' advance your high Prerogative,
You baſely, after all your Braves,
Submit, and own yourſelves our Slaves;
And 'cauſe we do not make it known,
Nor publickly our Int'reſts own;
Like Sots, ſuppoſe we have no Shares
In ord'ring you and your Affairs:
When all your Empire and Command
You have from us, at ſecond Hand:
As if a Pilot, that appears
To ſit ſtill only, while he ſteers,
And does not make a Noiſe and ſtir,
Like ev'ry common Mariner,
Knew nothing of the Card, nor Star,
And did not guide the Man of War:
Not we, becauſe we don't appear
In Councils, do not govern there:
While, like the mighty [m] PRESTER JOHN,
Whoſe Perſon none dares look upon,
But is preſerv'd, in cloſe Diſguiſe,
From being made cheap to vulgar Eyes,
W' enjoy as large a Pow'r unſeen,
To govern him, as he does Men:
And, in the Right of our Pope JOAN,
Make Emp'rors at our Feet fall down;
Or [n] JOAN DE PUCEL's braver Name,
Our Right to Arms and Conduct claim;

Who, though a Spinſter, yet was able
To ſerve France for a Grand Conſtable.
We make and execute all Laws,
Can judge the Judges and the Cauſe;
Preſcribe all Rules of Right or Wrong,
To th' Long Robe, and the longer Tongue;
'Gainſt which the World has no Defence,
But our more pow'rful Eloquence.
We manage Things of greateſt Weight,
In all the World's Affairs of State;
Are Miniſters of War and Peace,
That ſway all Nations, how we pleaſe.
We rule all Churches, and their Flocks,
Heretical, and Orthodox;
And are the heavenly Vehicles
O' th' Spirits, in all Conventicles:
By us is all Commerce and Trade
Improv'd, and manag'd, and decay'd;
For nothing can go off ſo well,
Nor bears that Price, as what we ſell.
We rule in ev'ry publick Meeting,
And make Men do what we judge fitting;
Are Magiſtrates in all great Towns,
Where Men do nothing, but wear Gowns.
We make the Man of War ſtrike Sail,
And to our braver Conduct veil,
And, when h' has chac'd his Enemies,
Submit to us upon his Knees.
Is there an Officer of State
Untimely rais'd, or Magiſtrate,
That's haughty and imperious?
He's but a Journeyman to us,
That, as he gives us Cauſe to do't,
Can keep him in, or turn him out.

We

We are your Guardians, that increaſe,
Or waſte your Fortunes how we pleaſe;
And, as you humour us, can deal
In all your Matters, ill or well.
'Tis we that can diſpoſe alone,
Whether your Heirs ſhall be your own,
To whoſe Integrity you muſt,
In Spight of all your Caution, truſt;
And, 'leſs you fly beyond the Seas,
Can fit you with what Heirs we pleaſe;
And force you t' own 'em, though begotten
By French Valets, or Iriſh Footmen.
Nor can the rigorouſeſt Courſe
Prevail, unleſs to make us worſe;
Who ſtill, the harſher we are us'd,
Are further off from b'ing reduc'd;
And ſcorn t' abate, for any Ills,
The leaſt Punctilio's of our Wills.
Force does but whet our Wits t' apply
Arts, born with us, for Remedy;
Which all your Politicks, as yet,
Have ne'er been able to defeat:
For, when y' have try'd all Sorts of Ways,
What Fools d' we make of you in Plays?
While all the Favours we afford
Are but to girt you with the Sword,
To fight our Battles in our Steads,
And have your Brains beat out o' your Heads;
Encounter, in deſpite of Nature,
And fight, at once, with Fire and Water,
With Pirates, Rocks, and Storms, and Seas,
Our Pride and Vanity t' appeaſe;
Kill one another, and cut Throats,
For our good Graces, and beſt Thoughts;

To do your Exercise for Honour,
And have your Brains beat out the sooner;
Or crack'd, as learnedly, upon
Things that are never to be known:
And still appear the more industrious,
The more your Projects are prepost'rous;
To square the Circle of the Arts,
And run stark mad to shew your Parts;
Expound the Oracle of Laws,
And turn them which Way we see Cause;
Be our Sollicitors and Agents,
And stand for us in all Engagements.
And these are all the mighty Pow'rs
You vainly boast, to cry down ours;
And what in real Value's wanting
Supply with Vapouring and Ranting:
Because yourselves are terrified,
And stoop to one another's Pride;
Believe we have as little Wit
To be Out-Hector'd, and submit:
By your Example, lose that Right
In Treaties, which we gain'd in Fight:
And, terrify'd into an Awe,
Pass on ourselves a o Salic Law:
Or, as some Nations use, give Place,
And truckle to your mighty Race,
Let Men usurp th' unjust Dominion,
As if they were the Better Women.

THE

THE

NOTES to Part III. Canto I.

15 [a] AND *more*, &c.] *Caligula* was one of the Emperors of *Rome*, Son of *Germanicus* and *Agrippina*. He would needs pass for a God, and had the Heads of the ancient Statues of the Gods taken off, and his own placed on in their Stead, and used to stand between the Statues of *Castor* and *Pollux* to be worshipped; and often bragged of lying with the *Moon*.

43 [b] *And us'd*, &c.] *Philters* were Love-Potions reported to be much in Request in former Ages; but our true *Knight-Errant* Hero made use of no other, but what his noble Atchievements by his Sword produced.

52 *To th'* [c] Ordeal, &c.] Ordeal Trials were, when supposed *Criminals*, to discover their Innocence, went over several red-hot Coulter-Irons. These were generally such whose Chastity was suspected, as the Vestal Virgins, &c.

93 *So* [d] Spanish *Heroes*, &c.] The young *Spaniards* signalized their Valour before the *Spanish* Ladies at *Bull-Feasts*, which often proved very hazardous, and sometimes fatal to them. It is performed by attacking of a wild Bull, kept on Purpose, and let loose at the Combatant; and he that kills most carries the Laurel, and dwells highest in the Ladies Favour.

137 [e] *To pawn*, &c.] His *exterior Ears* were gone before, and so out of Danger; but by *inward Ears* is here meant his Conscience.

252 [f] *Loud as*, &c.] A *Speaking-Trumpet*, by which the Voice may be heard at a great Distance, very useful at Sea.

276 g *As if th' had*, &c.] This alludes to ſome abject Letchers, who uſed to be diſciplined with *amorous Laſſes* by their *Miſtreſſes*.

323 *Bewitch* h Hermetick Men, &c.] *Hermes Triſmegiſtus*, an *Egyptian* Philoſopher, and ſaid to have liv'd *Anno Mundi* 2076, in the Reign of *Ninus*, after *Moſes*. He was a wonderful Philoſopher, and proved that there was but one *God*, the Creator of all Things; and was the Author of ſeveral moſt excellent and uſeful Inventions; but thoſe *Hermetick Men* here mentioned, though the pretended Sectators of this great Man, are nothing elſe but a wild and extravagant Sort of Enthuſiaſts, who make a Hodge-podge of *Religion* and *Philoſophy*, and produce nothing but what is the Object of every conſidering Perſon's Contempt.

326 i *Potoſi*.] *Potoſi* is a City of *Peru*, the Mountains whereof afford great Quantities of the fineſt Silver in all the *Indies*.

603 k *More wretched*, &c.] *Villainage* was an ancient Tenure, by which the Tenants were obliged to perform the moſt abject and ſlaviſh Services for their Lords.

639 *Like* l Indian Widows, &c.] The *Indian* Women, richly attired, are carried in a ſplendid and pompous Machine to the funeral Pile, where the Bodies of their deceaſed Huſbands are to be conſumed, and there voluntarily throw themſelves into it, and expire; and ſuch as refuſe, their Virtue is ever after ſuſpected, and they live in the utmoſt Contempt.

647 *For as the* m Pythagorean, &c.] It was the Opinion of *Pythagoras* and his Followers, that the Soul tranſmigrated (as they termed it) into all the diverſe Species of Animals; and ſo was differently diſpoſed and affected, according to their different Natures and Conſtitutions.

707 *For tho'* n Chineſes, &c.] The *Chineſe Men* of Quality, when their Wives are brought to Bed, are nurſed and tended with as much Care as Women here, and

are

are ſupplied with the beſt ſtrengthening and nouriſhing Diet, in order to qualify them for future Services.

751 o *Transform them into Rams*, &c.] The *Sirens*, according to the Poets, were three Sea-Monſters, half *Women* and half *Fiſh*; their Names were *Parthenope*, *Ligea*, and *Leucoſia*. Their uſual Reſidence was about the Iſland of *Sicily*, where, by the charming Melody of their Voices, they uſed to detain thoſe that heard them, and then transformed them into ſome ſort of brute Animals.

755 *By the Huſband* p Mandrake, &c.] Naturaliſts report, that, if a *Male* and *Female Mandrake* lie near each other, there will often be heard a ſort of murmuring Noiſe.

797 *The* q *World is but two Parts*, &c.] The *Equinoctial* divides the Globe into *North* and *South*.

829 *Unleſs among the* r Amazons, &c.] The *Amazons* were Women of *Scythia*, of heroick and great Atchievements; they ſuffered no Men to live among them; but once every Year uſed to have Converſation with Men of the neighbouring Countries, by which if they had a Male Child, they preſently either killed or crippled it; but, if a Female, they brought it up to the Uſe of Arms, and burnt off one Breaſt, leaving the other to ſuckle Girls.

865 *The Nymphs of chaſte* s Diana's, &c.] *Diana's Nymphs*, all of them, vowed perpetual Virginity, and were much celebrated for the exact Obſervation of their Vow.

866 t *Lewkner's Lane*] Some Years ago, ſwarmed with notoriouſly laſcivious and proſtigate Strumpets.

877 *The* u *Reaſon of it is*, &c.] Demanding the *Clergy of her Belly*, which, for the Reaſons aforeſaid, is pleaded in Excuſe by thoſe who take the Liberty to oblige themſelves and Friends.

1086 *As* w IRONSIDE *or* HARDIKNUTE, &c.]

Two famous and valiant Princes of this Country, the one a *Saxon*, the other a *Dane*.

1131 *But those that trade in* Geomancy, &c.—*The* [x] *Lapland Magi.*] The *Laplanders* are an idolatrous People, far North; and it is very credibly reported by Authors and Persons that have travelled in their Country, that they do perform Things incredible by what is vulgarly called *Magick*.

1158 *To* [y] *burning with*, &c.] An Allusion to Cauterizing in Apoplexies, &c.

1321 *The* [z] Queen of Night, &c.] The *Moon* influences the Tides, and predominates over all humid Bodies; and Persons distempered in Mind are called *Lunaticks*.

1344 [a] *And growing to thy Horse*, &c.] The *Centaurs* were a People of *Thessaly*, and supposed to be the first Managers of Horses, and the neighbouring Inhabitants, never having seen any such Thing before, fabulously reported them *Monsters*, half Men and half Horses.

1423 [b] *Sir* (quoth the Voice,) &c.] *Sophy* is at present the Name of the Kings of *Persia*, not superadded as *Pharaoh* was to the Kings of *Egypt*; but the Name of the Family itself, and Religion of *Hali*, whose Descendants by *Fatimas*, *Mahomet*'s Daughter, took the Name of *Sophy*.

1454 *Wear wooden* [c] Peccadillo's, &c.] *Peccadillo's* were stiff Pieces that went about the Neck, and round about the Shoulders to pin the Band, worn by Persons nice in Dressing; but his wooden one is a *Pillory*.

1483 [d] *Hence 'tis Possessions*, &c.] Criminals, in their Indictments, are charged with *not having the Fear of God before their Eyes, but being led by the Instigation of the Devil*.

1521 *When to a legal* [e] Ut'egation, &c.] When they return the Excommunication into the *Chancery*, there is issued out a Writ against the Person.

1524 [f] *Distrain.*

1524 [f] *Diſtrain on Soul*, &c.] Excommunication which deprives Men from being Members of the viſible Church, and formally delivers them up to the Devil.

NOTES to Part III. Canto II.

1 *The Learned write, an* 2 *Inſect Breeze*, &c.] Breezes often bring along with them great Quantities of Inſects, which, ſome are of Opinion, are generated from viſcous Exhalations in the Air; but our Author makes them proceed from a *Cow*'s Dung, and afterwards become a Plague to that whence they received their Original.

13 *For as the* Perſian, [h] *&c.*] The Magi were Prieſts and Philoſophers among the *Perſians*, intruſted with the Government both civil and eccleſiaſtick, much addicted to the Obſervation of the Stars. *Zoroaſter* is reported to be their firſt Author: They had this Cuſtom amongſt them to preſerve and continue their Families, by inceſtuous Copulation with their own Mothers. Some are of Opinion, that the three wiſe Men that came out of the *Eaſt* to worſhip our Saviour were ſome of theſe.

51 *As* [i] Michael's *Term*, &c.] St. *Michael*, an Archangel, mentioned in St. *Jude*'s Epiſtle, *Verſe* 9.

78 [k] *And laid about*, &c.] *William Prynne* of *Lincoln's Inn*, Eſq; born at *Swanſwick*, who ſtyled himſelf *Utter Barriſter*, a very warm Perſon, and voluminous Writer; and, after the Reſtoration, Keeper of the Records in the *Tower*.

146 *As* [l] Dutch Boors, *&c.*] It is reported of the *Dutch Women*, that, making ſo great uſe of Stoves, and often putting them under their Petticoats; they ingender a kind of ugly Monſter, which is called a *Sooterkin*.

151 *T' out-cant the* [m] Babylonian, *&c.*] At the Building of the Tower of *Babel*, when God made the Confuſion of Languages.

215 *Toſs'd in a furious* n Hurricane, &c.] At *Oliver's* Death was a moſt furious Tempeſt, ſuch as had not been known in the Memory of Man, or hardly ever recorded to have been in this Nation.

This *Sterry* reported ſomething ridiculouſly fabulous concerning *Oliver*, not unlike what *Proculus* did of *Romulus*.

224 *Falſe* o Heaven, &c.] After the Reſtoration, *Oliver's* Body was dug up, and his Head ſet up at the farther End of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, near which Place there is an Houſe of Entertainment, which is commonly known by the Name of *Heaven*.

227 *So* Romulus, p &c.] A *Roman* Senator, whoſe Name was *Proculus*, and much beloved by *Romulus*, made Oath before the *Senate*, that this Prince appeared to him after his Death, and predicted the future Grandeur of that *City*, promiſing to be Protector of it; and expreſly charged him, that he ſhould be adored there under the Name of *Quirinus*; and he had his Temple on *Mount Quirinale*.

231 *Next his* q Son, &c.] *Oliver's* eldeſt Son *Richard* was, by him before his Death, declared his Succeſſor; and, by Order of Privy-Council, proclaimed *Lord-Protector*, and received the Compliments of *Congratulation* and *Condolence*, at the ſame Time, from the *Lord-Mayor* and *Court of Aldermen*; and Addreſſes were preſented to him from all Parts of the *Nation*, promiſing to ſtand by him with their Lives and Fortunes. He ſummoned a Parliament to meet at *Weſtminſter*, which recognized him *Lord-Protector*: yet, notwithſtanding, *Fleetwood*, *Deſborow*, and their Partiſans, managed Affairs ſo, that he was obliged to reſign.

245 r *To edify upon the* Ruins, &c.] *John* of *Leyden*, whoſe Name was *Buckhold*, was a *Butcher* of the ſame Place, but a crafty, eloquent, and ſeditious Fellow, and one of thoſe called *Anabaptiſts*: He went and ſet up at *Munſter*, where with *Knipperdoling*, and others of the ſame

ſame Faction, they ſpread their abominable Errors, and ran about the Streets in enthuſiaſtical Raptures, crying *Repent, and be baptized*, pronouncing diſmal *Woes* againſt all thoſe that would not embrace their Tenets. About the Year 1533 they broke out into an open Inſurrection, and ſeized the *Palace* and *Magazines*, and grew ſo formidable, that it was very dangerous for thoſe who were not of their Perſuaſion to dwell in *Munſter*; but at length, he and his Aſſociates being ſubdued and taken, he was executed at *Munſter*, had his Fleſh pulled off by two Executioners with red-hot Pincers for the Space of an Hour, and then run thro' with a Sword.

351 *'Mong theſe there was a* [f] Politician, *&c.*] This was the famous E. of *S.* who was endued with a particular Faculty of undermining and ſubverting all Sorts of Government.

400 *And better than by* [t] Napier's Bones, *&c.*] The famous Lord *Napier* of *Scotland*, the firſt Inventer of *Logarithms*, contrived alſo a Set of ſquare Pieces, with Numbers on them, made generally of Ivory (which perform Arithmetical and Geometrical Calculations) and are commonly called *Napier's Bones*.

421 [u] *To match this* Saint, *&c.*] The great Colonel *John Lilbourn*, whoſe Trial is ſo remarkable, and well known at this Time.

473 *The* [w] Trojan Mare, *&c.*] After the *Grecians* had ſpent ten Years in the Siege of *Troy* without the leaſt Proſpect of Succeſs, they bethought of a Stratagem, and made a wooden Horſe capable of containing a conſiderable Number of armed Men; this they filled with the choiceſt of their Army, and then pretended to raiſe the Siege; upon which the credulous *Trojans* made a Breach in the Walls of the City to bring in this fatal Plunder; but, when it was brought in, the incloſed Heroes ſoon appeared, and, ſurprizing the City, the reſt entered in at the Breach.

520 *(I mean* x Margaret's *Fast) &c.*] That Parliament used to have publick Fasts, kept in St. *Margaret's* Church, *Westminster*, as it is done to this present Time.

605 *To hang like* y Mahomet, *&c.*] It is reported of *Mahomet*, the great Impostor, that, having built a *Mosque*, the Roof whereof was a Loadstone, and ordering his Corpse, when he was dead, to be put into an Iron Coffin, and brought into that Place, the Loadstone soon attracted it near the Top, where it still hangs in the Air.

No less fabulous is what the Legend says of *Ignatius Loyola*, that his Zeal and Devotion transported him so, that at his Prayers he has been seen to be raised from the Ground for some considerable Time together.

650 *As easy as* z Serpents, *&c.*] Naturalists report, that *Snakes*, *Serpents*, &c. cast their Skins every Year.

655 a *As Barnacles turn* Solan Geese, *&c.*] It is said, that, in the Islands of the *Orcades* in *Scotland*, there are Trees which bear those *Barnacles*, which, dropping off into the Water, receive Life, and become those Birds called *Solan Geese*.

663 b *So he that keeps the* Gate *of* Hell, *&c.*] The Poets feign the Dog *Cerberus*, that is the Porter of Hell, to have three Heads.

685 *The* c Gibellines, *&c.*] Two great Factions in *Italy*, distinguished by those Names, which miserably distracted and wasted it about the Year 1130.

841 *When* d *three* Saints Ears, *&c.*] *Burton*, *Prynne*, and *Eastwick*, three notorious Ringleaders of the Factions, just at the Beginning of the late horrid Rebellion.

894 *But* e Fisher's Folly, *&c.*] *Fisher's Folly* was where *Devonshire-Square* now stands, and was a great Place of Consultation in those Days.

907 f *Cut out more Work*, &c.] *Plato's* Year, or the grand Revolution of the intire Machine of the World, was accounted 4000 Years.

1200 Y

1200 *T' your great* g Croysado *General*, &c.] *General Fairfax*, who was soon laid aside, after he had done some of their Drudgery for them.

1241 h *To pass for deep and learned Scholars*, &c.] Two ridiculous Scribblers that were often pestering the World with Nonsense.

1250 i *Like Sir* Pride, &c.] The one a *Brewer*, the other a *Shoemaker*, and both Colonels in the Rebels Army.

1505 *The* k Beastly Rabble *that came down*, &c.] This is an accurate Description of the Mob's burning Rumps upon the Admission of the secluded Members, in Contempt of the Rump Parliament.

1534 *Be ready listed under* l Don.] The Hangman's Name at that Time was *Don*.

1550 *They've roasted* m Cook *already and* Pride *in*.] *Cook* acted as Sollicitor-General against King *Charles the First*, at his Trial; and afterwards received his just Reward for the same. *Pride*, a Colonel in the Parliament's Army.

1564 *Their Founder was* n *a blown-up Soldier*.] *Ignatius Loyola*, the Founder of the Society of the Jesuits, was a Gentleman of *Biscay* in *Spain*, and bred a Soldier; was at *Pampelune* when it was besieged by the *French* in the Year 1521, and was so very lame in both Feet, by the Damage he sustained there, that he was forced to keep his Bed.

1585 *And from their Coptick Priests*, o Kircherus.] *Athanasius Kircher*, a Jesuit, hath wrote largely on the *Ægyptian* Mystical Learning.

1587 *For, as th'* p Ægyptians *us'd by* Bees, &c.] The *Ægyptians* represented their Kings (many of whose Names were *Ptolemy*) under the Hieroglyphick of a *Bee*, dispensing Honey to the Good and Virtuous, and having a Sting for the Wicked and Dissolute.

NOTES

NOTES to Part III. Canto III.

8 *Than* Hags *with all their* q Imps *and Teats.*] Alluding to the vulgar Opinion that *Witches* have their *Imps*, or *Familiar* Spirits, that are employ'd in their Diabolical Practices, and ſuck private *Teats* they have about them.

15 *As* r Roſicrucian Virtuoſo's, &c.] The *Roſicrucians* were a Sect that appeared in *Germany*, in the Beginning of the XVIIth Age. They are alſo called the *Inlightened, Immortal, and Inviſible*; they are a very *Enthuſiaſtical* Sort of Men, and hold many *Wild and Extravagant* Opinions.

36 *From* s Marſhal Legion's Regiment.] He uſed to preach, as if they might expect Legions to drop down from Heaven, for the Propagation of the good Old Cauſe.

145 *More plainly than the* t *Reverend* Writer, &c.] A moſt Reverend Prelate, A. B. of *Y.* who ſided with the diſaffected Party.

261 *If* u *the Ancients crown'd their braveſt Men*, &c.] The *Romans* highly honoured and nobly rewarded thoſe Perſons that were inſtrumental in the Preſervation of the Lives of their Citizens, either in Battle or otherwiſe.

305 *Or elſe their* w Sultan Populaces, &c.] The Author compares the arbitrary Actings of the ungovernable *Mob* to the *Sultan* or *Grand Seignior*, who very ſeldom fails to ſacrifice any of his chief Commanders, called *Baſſas*, if they prove unſucceſsful in Battle.

350 *As the ancient* x Mice *attack'd the* Frogs.] *Homer* wrote a Poem of the *War* between the *Mice* and the *Frogs*.

383 *And ſtout* Rinaldo y *gain'd his* Bride, &c.] A Story in *Taſſo*, an *Italian* Poet, of a Hero that gained his Miſtreſs by conquering her Party.

577 *An* [a] *old dull Set, who told the* Clock, *&c.*] *Prideaux*, a Juſtice of Peace, a very pragmatical buſy Perſon, in thoſe Times, and a mercenary and cruel Magiſtrate, infamous for the following Methods of getting of Money, among many others.

589 [a] *And many a truſty* Pimp, *and* Crony, *&c.*] There was a Gaol for puny Offenders.

599 *Made* [b] Monſters fine, and Puppet-plays, *&c.*] He extorted Money from thoſe that kept Shows.

715 *From* [c] Stiles's *Pocket into* Nokes's, *&c.*] *John a Nokes*, and *John a Stiles*, are two fictitious Names made uſe of in ſtating Caſes of Law only.

742 *On* [d] BONGEY, *for a* Water-Witch.] *Bongey* was a *Franciſcan*, and lived towards the End of the thirteenth Century, a Doctor of Divinity in *Oxford*, and a particular Acquaintance of Friar *Bacon*'s. In that ignorant Age, every Thing that ſeemed extraordinary was reputed Magick, and ſo both *Bacon* and *Bongey* went under the Imputation of ſtudying the *Black Art*. *Bongey* alſo, publiſhing a Treatiſe of *Natural Magick*, confirmed ſome well-meaning credulous People in this Opinion; but it was altogether groundleſs, for *Bongey* was choſen Provincial of his Order, being a Perſon of moſt excellent *Parts* and *Piety*.

NOTES on HUDIBRAS's *Epiſtle to his* LADY.

113 [e] *Or who but* Lovers *can converſe*, &c.] Metaphyſicians are of Opinion, that Angels and Souls departed, being diveſted of all groſs Matter, underſtand each other's Sentiments by *Intuition*, and conſequently maintain a Sort of Converſation without the Organs of Speech.

121 *Or*

121 *Or* Heav'n *itself a Sin* f *resent*, &c.] In regard Children are capable of being Inhabitants of *Heaven*, therefore it should not resent it as a Crime, to supply Store of Inhabitants for it.

173 *You wound like* g Parthians *while you fly*, &c.] *Parthians* are the Inhabitants of a Province in *Persia*: They were excellent *Horsemen*, and very exquisite at their *Bows*; and it is reported of them, that they generally slew more upon their Retreat than they did in the Engagement.

188 h *Than* Philip Nye's *Thanksgiving* Beard.] One of the Assembly of *Divines*, very remarkable for the Singularity of his Beard.

237 *To what a Height did* i Infant Rome, &c.] When *Romulus* had built *Rome*, he made it an *Asylum*, or Place of *Refuge* for all Malefactors and others obnoxious to the Laws, to retire to; by which means it soon came to be very populous; but, when he began to consider that without Propagation it would soon be destitute of Inhabitants, he invented several fine Shows, and invited the young *Sabine* Women, then Neighbours to them; and, when they had them secure, they ravished them; from whence proceeded so numerous an Offspring.

252 *Till* k Alimony, *or* Death, *departs*.] *Alimony* is an Allowance that the Law gives the Woman for her separate Maintenance upon living from her Husband. That and Death are reckoned the only Separations in a married State.

NOTES on the LADY's ANSWER to the KNIGHT.

133 l *Whose Arrows learned Poets hold*, &c.] The Poets feign *Cupid* to have two sorts of Arrows, the one tipped with *Gold*, and the other with *Lead*; the *Golden* always inspire and inflame *Love* in the Persons he wounds with them;

them; but, on the contrary, the *Leaden* create the utmoſt Averſion and Hatred; with the firſt of theſe he ſhot *Apollo*, and with the other *Daphne*, according to *Ovid*.

277 *While, like the mighty* [m] Preſter John, &c.] *Preſter John*, an abſolute *Prince*, Emperor of *Abyſſinia* or *Ethiopia*; one of them is reported to have had ſeventy Kings for his Vaſſals, and ſo ſuperb and arrogant, that none durſt look upon him without his Permiſſion.

285 *Or* [n] Joan de Pucel's *braver Name.*] *Joan* of *Arc*, called alſo the *Pucelle*, or Maid of *Orleans*: She was born at the Town of *Dauremi* on the *Meuſe*, Daughter of *James de Arc*; and *Iſabella Romee* was bred up a Shepherdeſs in the Country. At the Age of Eighteen or Twenty ſhe pretended to an expreſs Commiſſion from God to go to the Relief of *Orleans*, then beſieged by the *Engliſh*, and defended by *John Comte de Dennis*, and almoſt reduced to the laſt Extremity. She went to the Coronation of *Charles the Seventh*, when he was almoſt ruined. She knew that Prince in the Midſt of his Nobles, though meanly habited. The Doctors of Divinity and Members of Parliament openly declared that there was ſomething ſupernatural in her Conduct. She ſent for a Sword which lay in the Tomb of a Knight, which was behind the great Altar of the Church of St. *Catharine de Forbois*, upon the Blade of which the *Croſs* and *Flower-de luces* were engraven, which put the King in a very great Surprize, in regard none beſides himſelf knew of it; upon this he ſent her with the Command of ſome Troops, with which ſhe relieved *Orleans*, and drove the *Engliſh* from it, defeated *Talbot* at the Battle of *Pattai*, and recovered *Champagne*. At laſt ſhe was unfortunately taken Priſoner in a Sally at *Champagne* in 1430, and tried for a Witch or Sorcereſs, condemned, and burnt in *Rouen* Market-Place, in *May* 1430.

378 *Paſs on ourſelves a* [o] Salic Law.] The *Salic Law* is a Law in *France*, whereby it is enacted, that no *Female* ſhall inherit that Crown.

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